Carols, Hymns,

and

Songs.

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Carols, Hymns,

AND

Songs;

BY

John Henry Hopkins.

THIRD EDITION, FURTHER ENLARGED.

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Preface.

In this, the Third Edition of a little work which has been more kindly received than I anticipated, only two new *Carols* have been added—one for Christmas and one for Easter.

In the *Songs* there are seven added, mostly reprints from Magazines of long ago, inserted here at the request of old friends.

The chief part of the new material will be found in the *Hymns*.

Of these, *nineteen* are *German Chorals*, which I have tried to naturalize with English words ; and in this difficult work, I have disregarded some of the usual ideas in regard to literary property. When the object is, to provide something suitable—in some degree—to be used in the worship of Almighty God, it seems to be very small business to permit that object to be embarrassed by the punctilio of literary authorship. I have therefore made no scruple to embody, in my own work, such lines from other translations as were beyond my power to improve. This will apply, among others, to the words set to the two celebrated German Chorals, "*Ein' Feste Burg*" and "*Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt.*" The translations of these which appear in our present Hymnal are from the hand of one who is revered wherever his name is known, and he was unquestionably the most accomplished Hymnologist in the American Church. His collection of Hymnals is the most extensive and perfect ever made in this country. But *music* is an art that he had not cultivated to an equal degree ; and it must *never* be forgotten, that a *Hymn* is meant to *be sung ;* and, in cases like those we are speaking of, it is to be sung to *a certain melody*. Now, the melody of *Ein' Feste Burg* begins on upper D, that first note requiring a force and emphasis almost equal to the accented note which follows it. To begin such a melody

with the *indefinite article* is hardly the best imaginable union of words and music.

A Mountain Fastness is our God

will not be found quite so *singable* to *that tune*, as

High Tower and Stronghold is our God,

where all desirable stress may be laid on the first syllable, without any danger of overdoing it. To be critical, moreover, *Burg* is not a "Mountain Fastness," which would require *Berg* in the German: but it *is* a "Tower," or "Stronghold." And the whole structure of the Hymn in German, as well as of the 46th Psalm on which it is founded, points to the *Incarnation*—which is connected with the idea of a Tower or Stronghold—made not without human effort; whereas the other—like the term *Rock*—is rather connected with the idea of absolute Deity. In the words of this Hymn I have adopted *eight* lines, unaltered, from that Hymnal version, and *seven* other lines more or less changed. The doxology in the Hymnal is not in the original German, and was altered from Dr. Walter's *Chorals and Hymns*, to which I contributed it in the year 1866; but instead of improving it, the compilers of the Hymnal rather spoiled it, even putting an *extra* syllable into one line, so that it will not sing well to its own tune!

In the other *Choral*, previously mentioned, the two opening lines—

Jerusalem! high tower thy glorious walls,
Would God I were in thee!

are adopted by me, unchanged. They cannot be improved; but in all the rest of the Hymn, there are only approximations.

The burden at the beginning and end of each verse of "*Eternity, Eternity,*" is also adopted entire—from Miss Winkworth—with only one change at the end of the last verse. All the rest, however, is different in idea as well as in words.

In "*Slumberers, wake,*" the larger portion of two verses is taken, with slight alteration, from Miss Winkworth, but the fourth verse has no counterpart in the German.

In "*O God of love*" there is only the faintest connection between the English and the German words.

In "*Day-spring of Eternity*," little beyond the first line is from Miss Winkworth, though the adherence to the idea of each verse is close enough.

In "*Jesu, Fount of Pleasure*," there is very little borrowed, though the ideas are substantially the same.

Similar remarks might be made of several others. Some of them, however, have no connection with any German original. But in each case the words have been written expressly for that one particular melody, and each verse has been fitted to that melody while it was in the act of composition. The only way to *test* a Hymn, is, not merely to read it silently, or even aloud, but to sing it, over and over again, to *its own tune*. There is nothing in this little book that has not been abundantly subjected to this test before being offered to the public. The fact, that in part of my work I have written words for other people's music, in another part have written music for other people's words, while in the rest I furnish both words and music myself, is some evidence that I have bestowed equal care and labor upon *both* the things which are essential to good Hymnody. The reason why we have so much of unsatisfactory material thrust upon the Church, is that, for the most part, the writers of the words have known little about music, and the writers of music have had little taste or power in the poetic field, and therefore there was no *felt organic connection* betwixt the two.

In the arrangement of "*Jesu, Fount of Pleasure*," I have ventured to harmonize it in the *Dorian* mode, instead of the usual *D minor*, which hardly seems to suit the character of the words as well.

The Oriental Hymn, "*Joyful Light*," is not versified. Nor is the translation so critically exact as would suit the Revisers of the New Testament. But I have followed carefully the *structure* of the original, which corresponds remarkably with that of the *Gloria in Excelsis*. One is the Morning, the other the Evening Hymn to the Trinity, with special prominence given, in each case, to the LORD CHRIST. Each consists of *three* chief parts, each of which is again subdivided into *three;* so that

three times three stamps the mark of the Trinity upon the whole. In the Second Book of Edward VI., a "*printer's doublet*," as it is called, slipped into the middle division of the *Gloria in Excelsis*, overloading that part with an *extra* repetition unknown to any other Liturgy in the world; and every subsequent edition of the English and American Prayer Books has copied the typographical error as conscientiously, and as absurdly, as the Chinese tailor copied the patch. To make it correct, the phrase, *Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us,* should be struck out. The arrangement would then be as follows:

I. (1) Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men.
(2) We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory,
(3) O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

II. (1) O Lord, the only-begotten Son Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.
(2) Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer.
(3) Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

III. (1) For thou only art holy;
(2) Thou only art the Lord;
(3) Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

In the setting of "*Joyful Light*" to music of a Gregorian character, it will be seen that I have carefully preserved the *triplicity* of division—the *three times three*—so strongly marked in both these most ancient Hymns.

With only two or three exceptions, I have not thought it advisable to reprint here such other Hymn-tunes of mine as have been published in the "*Tune Book*," or my brother Jerome's "*Church Music*," or Dr. Tucker's edition of "*The Hymnal*," or other works. Dr. Walter's collection of "*Chorals and Hymns*" being now entirely out of print, he has kindly permitted me to include here such as I wished, of those in that work to which I contributed the words. I have kept his harmonies unaltered. My responsibility as Author extends to everything in this

volume, whether words or music, for which no other source is indicated. The Hymns that are *numbered* are from our present Hymnal.

It may be asked: "Why publish any Hymns, the words of which are not in the Hymnal?" This question *assumes* that the Church has *prohibited* the singing of any other Hymns beside those in the Hymnal. *This is altogether incorrect.*

The Church has set forth a Hymnal, which is "allowed to be sung," but there are no words *prohibiting* the singing of any others. When the present Hymnal was first set forth, it was by "Joint Resolution of the two Houses in General Convention," and that Resolution contained a distinct prohibition of all Hymns except those in the old Collection and in the new Hymnal. But being *only* a "Joint Resolution," and *not* a *Canon*, it was *not Law*, and was not binding on anybody. Since that time, the law of the Church has been put into Canonical form—"CANON 23 of TITLE I. of the *Digest*." And in thus giving it the form of *law*, the *prohibition* was deliberately and totally *omitted*. Nothing, therefore, can be clearer than that the singing of other Hymns is *not* a canonical offence; though no such Hymns can claim the same *authority* as the Hymnal, or are likely to come into such general use.

But, if Church Hymnody is to grow and improve, this door—small as it is—*must be left open*. The singing unto the Lord "a *new* song" is a loving duty of perpetual obligation. Every generation of Christians feels the impulse, and ought, in some measure, to obey it. Of the Latin Hymns used in Mediæval times, 90,000 have already been printed, and innumerable others still remain in manuscript. How many of *these* were ever canvassed by a Committee, or voted upon by a Church Council? A German Hymn Book, now at my elbow, contains 3,067 Hymns, all equally innocent of conciliar authority. The writing of Hymns, and the power of composing suitable music to them, are *personal gifts*, and do not belong to Church Councils in *any* sense. I should like to see the General Convention go to work to *compose a Hymn*, or watch one of its Committees trying to produce a suitable *tune* to a Hymn! No; as these are individual gifts, so they appeal, not to Church Councils, which are meant for very different business, but to

the *individual consciousness* of other Church people who *share in the same gifts*. As spiritual things are spiritually discerned, so the things of poetry are poetically discerned, and musical things are musically discerned. The gifts of God, in these departments, do not need to be tied up by Committees and Canons. *At present, they are free.* And they are likely to remain so.

In closing, I have only to say, that there is nothing in this little book which is not as good as I could make it. I have conscientiously done my best. Instead of writing *down* to the present general taste in regard to sacred music, the *attempt* has been made to infuse a *little* of the older and better and *more distinctly religious* style of earlier times. He who furnishes one good Hymn as a permanent part of the devotions of the Church, has done more than he who publishes several volumes of "Sermons." And if, notwithstanding my best exertions, nothing in this book shall be found worthy to live, no one who believes in the "survival of the fittest" can witness the result, and see the volume die, more contentedly than

THE AUTHOR.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., *January*, 1882.

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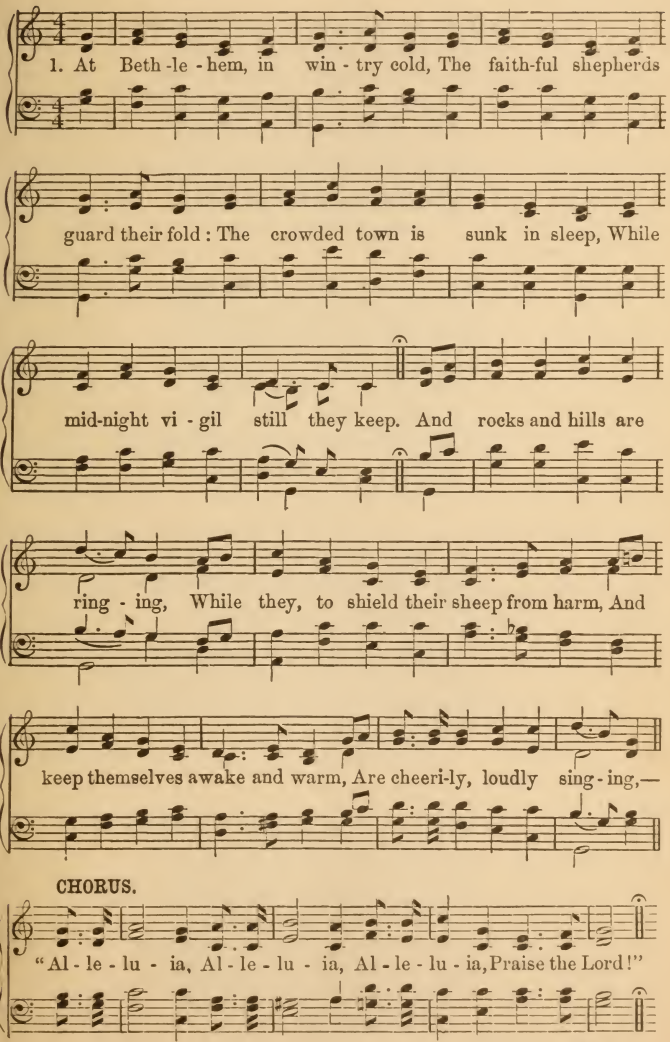
Christmas-tide.

The Shepherds of Bethlehem.



2. Their fleecy flocks are gathered round,
All lying on the frosty ground,
And new-born lambkins may be seen,
Close nestling, here and there, between.
Their shepherds thus surrounding,
With tuneful heart and wakeful ear
The livelong night they love to hear,
The rocks and hills resounding,
"Alleluia," &c.

3. When lo! an Angel, from on high,
Came sailing down the starry sky;
A glory all around him shined,
And left a track of light behind.
His way thus swiftly winging,
From far he smiles with radiant joy,
That shepherds thus their voice employ,
All night in sweetly singing—
"Alleluia," &c.

4. "Fear not," said he.—for at the sight
The simple shepherds start with fright,—
"Fear not, for unto you, this morn,
"In David's town a Babe is born:
"'Tis Christ, your Lord and Saviour,
"Whose reign, when He is crowned King,
"Shall make both men and angels sing,
"For ever and for ever,—
"Alleluia," &c.

5. While yet he spake, in robes of flame
A flying cloud of angels came;
Upon the midnight air loud rang
Their golden harps, while thus they sang:
"To God on high be glory:
"And peace on earth, good will to men!"
Angels and shepherds joining then,
Thus hail the wondrous story,—
"Alleluia," &c.

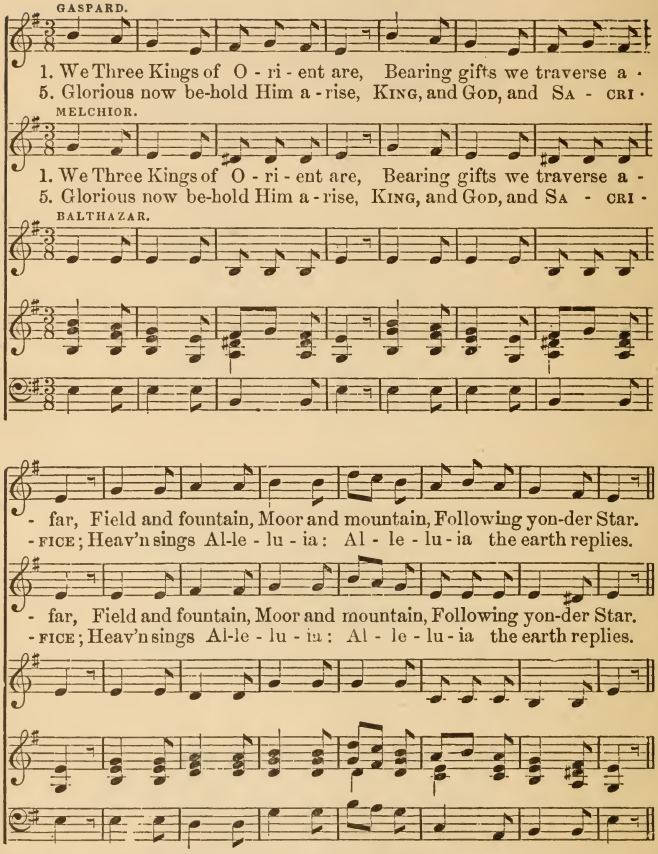
6. Their leader then those hosts obey,
Unfold their wings and soar away:
Yet loud their golden strings they ply,
All singing, harping, as they fly;
Chorus to chorus calling,
Till past the stars they disappear,
That song the listening shepherds hear,
Still faint and fainter falling,—
"Alleluia," &c.

7. Then straight they go to Bethlehem,
(Their flocks all following after them),
They find the Babe in manger laid,
With Joseph and the Mother-Maid.
Before Him lowly kneeling,
They tell their tale: the infant King
Smiles sweetly on them while they sing
With joy that cavern thrilling,—
"Alleluia," &c.

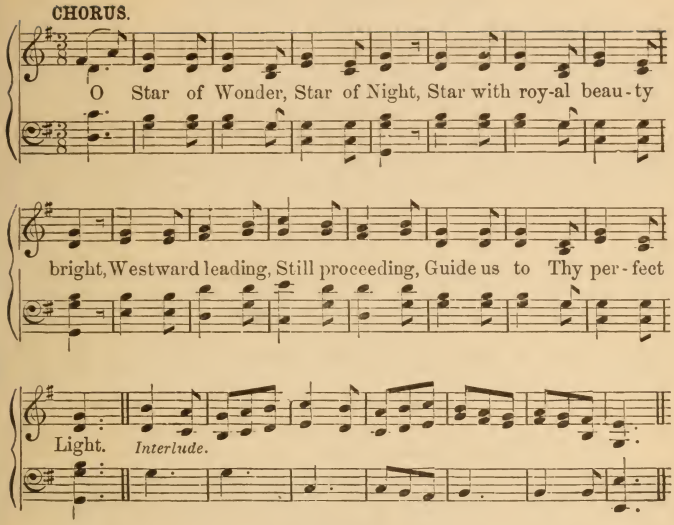
8. Returning, they the tale repeat
Through all the long day-dawning street;
From door and window crowds look out,
To hear their strange, yet joyous shout.
Their sheep still follow, bleating;
And all that hear the shepherds' song,
With burning heart and tingling tongue,
Send on the angelic greeting,—
"Alleluia," &c.

9. And every Christmas-tide, that song
More numerous sounds, and yet more strong;
From age to age, from pole to pole,
It rolls along, and yet shall roll:
'Till, crowned with splendor glorious,
That Babe shall come again, a King,
And saints and angels all shall sing,
In endless, boundless chorus,—
"Alleluia," &c.

Three Kings of Orient.



N. B.—Each of verses 2, 3, and 4, is sung as a solo, to the music of Gaspard's part in the 1st and 5th verses, the accompaniment and chorus being the same throughout. Only verses 1 and 5 are sung as a trio. Men's voices are best for the parts of the Three Kings, but the music is set in the G clef for the accommodation of children.



GASPARD.

2. Born a KING on Bethlehem plain,
GOLD I bring to crown Him again,
King for ever,
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign.
Chorus.—O Star, &c.

MELCHIOR.

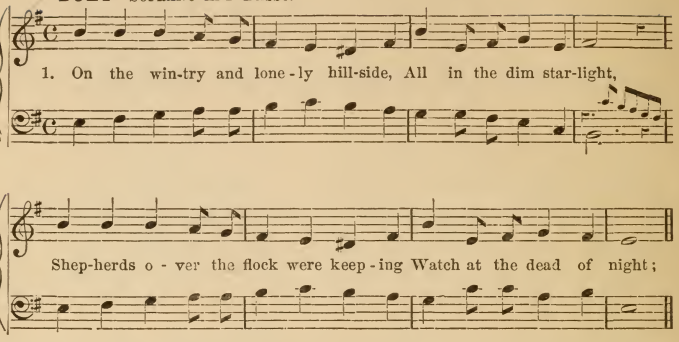
3. FRANKINCENSE to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh:
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship Him GOD on High.
Chorus.—O Star, &c.

BALTHAZAR.

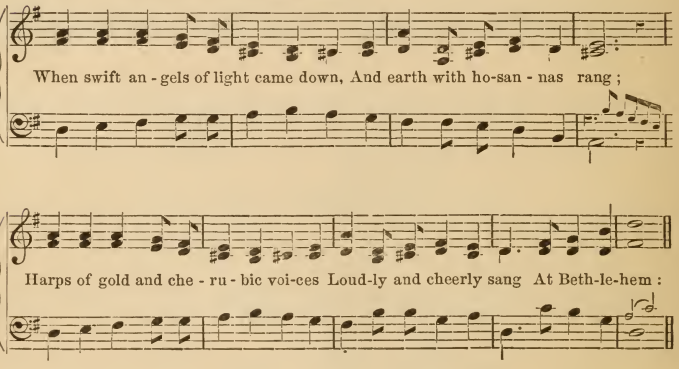
4. MYRRH is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;—
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
Chorus.—O Star, &c.

The Angel Chorus.

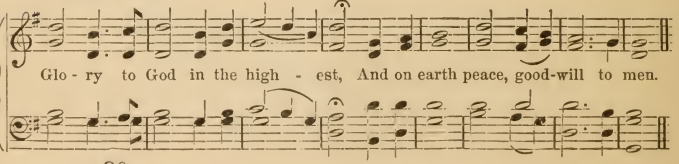
DUET—Soprano and Basso.



TRIO—Soprano, Alto, and Basso.



CHORUS—Full.



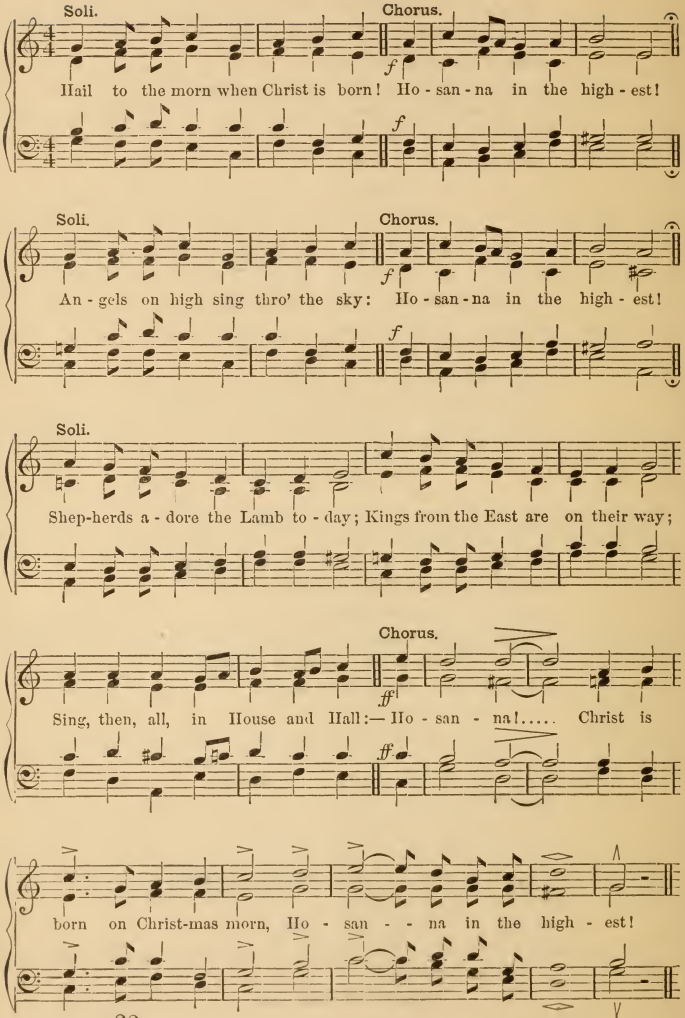
2. Earth was wrapped in a robe of winter;
Kindly the new-fall'n snow
Drew the veil of a virgin whiteness
Pure over guilt and woe.
Beasts of prey on the frozen mountain,
Flocks on the charmed plain,
Nature all, in entranced rapture,
Listened to that sweet strain
From Bethlehem:—
GLORY TO GOD, &c.

3. Proudly marching along the forum,
Priests, with a pompous train,
Closed the gates of the Roman Janus
Under a Cæsar's reign.
Every where, and in every nation,
War, with its carnage grim,
Shouts and groans, and the roar of battle,
Ceased for the Angel's hymn
At Bethlehem:—
GLORY TO GOD, &c.

4. Lo! each oracle of the heathen
Soon disenchanted proves:
Through the gloom of the dark Dodona,
Dumb are the oaken groves;
Dumb the voice of Apollo's priestess,
Delphi is left forlorn;
All the realms of the demons tremble,
Knowing their Conqueror born
At Bethlehem:—
GLORY TO GOD, &c.

5. Wide and wider at every Christmas
Echoes the joyful sound;
From Judea the glad good tidings
Now run the wide world round.
Sing, then, sing, for the listening Angels,
Bending on eager wing,
Join us *now* in the royal chorus
They were the first to sing,
At Bethlehem:—
GLORY TO GOD, &c.

Evergreen, Holly and Laurel.



1.

Hail to the morn when Christ is born!
Hosanna in the highest!
Angels on high sing through the sky:
Hosanna in the highest!
Shepherds adore the Lamb to-day;
Kings from the East are on their way;
Sing, then, all, in House and Hall:—
Hosanna!
Christ is born on Christmas morn,
Hosanna in the highest!

2.

Cedar and Pine now cheerily twine:
Hosanna in the highest!
Crown every scene with Evergreen:
Hosanna in the highest!
Now is the reign of Darkness o'er;
JESU is King for evermore!
Sing, then, all, &c.

3.

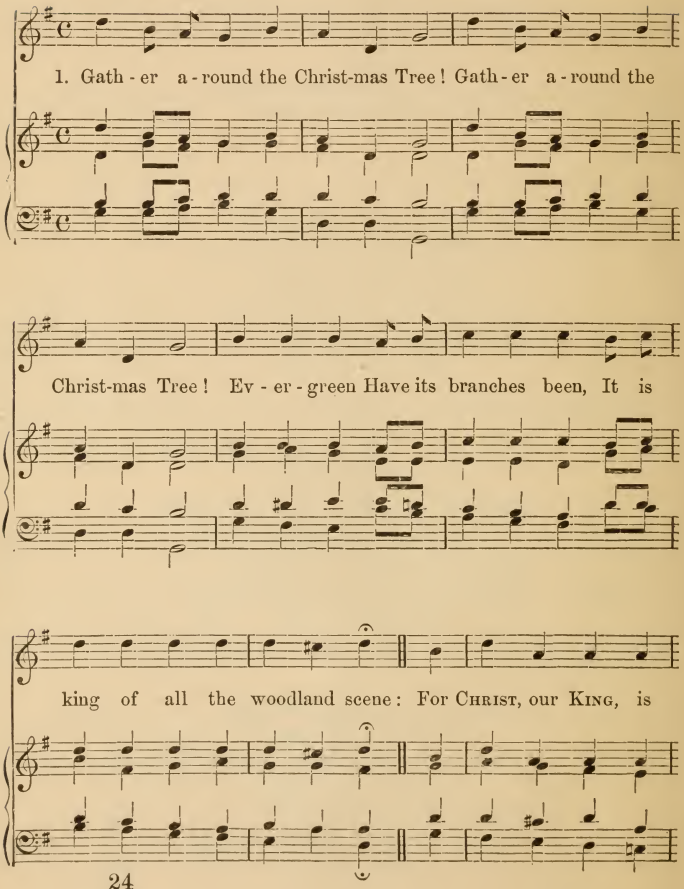
Boughs of the Holly this day adorn:
Hosanna in the highest!
Sharp are the leaves as crowns of Thorn:
Hosanna in the highest!
See, in the berries all blood-red,
Blood that, for us, this Babe shall shed:
Sing, then, all, &c.

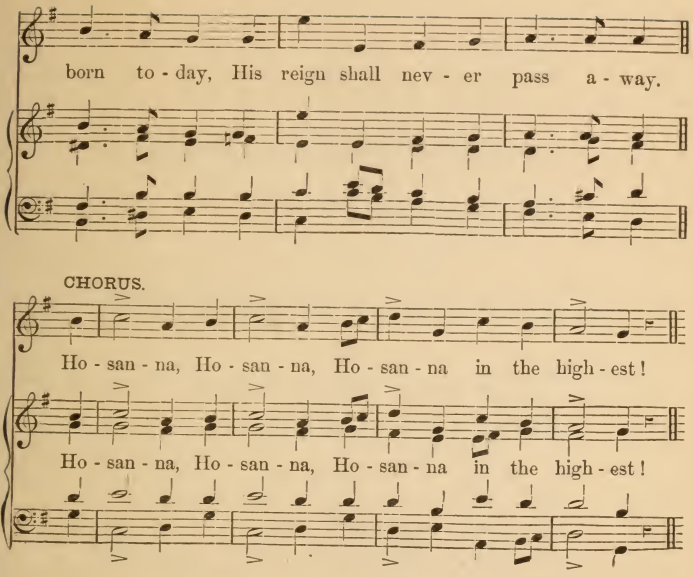
4.

Laurel and Bay bring forth to-day:
Hosanna in the highest!
Matchless His Might in deadly fight:
Hosanna in the highest!
Hail to the Child Immanuel!
Conqueror is He of Death and Hell!
Sing, then, all, &c.

The Christmas Tree.

TO BE SUNG BEFORE THE DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS.





2.

Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Once the pride
Of the mountain side,
Now cut down to grace our Christmas-tide:
For CHRIST from heaven to earth came down,
To gain, through Death, a nobler crown.
Hosanna, &c.

3.

Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Every bough
Bears a burden now,
They are gifts of love for us, we trow:
For CHRIST is born, His love to show,
And give good gifts to men below.
Hosanna, &c.

Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Tapers bright
In the branches light,
Till our eyes all shine at the goodly sight,
For CHRIST, our LIGHT, is born to-day,
His glory ne'er shall fade away.
Hosanna, &c.

TO BE SUNG AFTER THE DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS.

5.

Farewell to thee, O Christmas Tree!
Farewell to thee, O Christmas Tree!
Thy part is done,
And thy gifts are gone,
And thy lights are dying one by one:
For earthly pleasures die to-day,
But heavenly joys shall last alway.
Hosanna, &c.

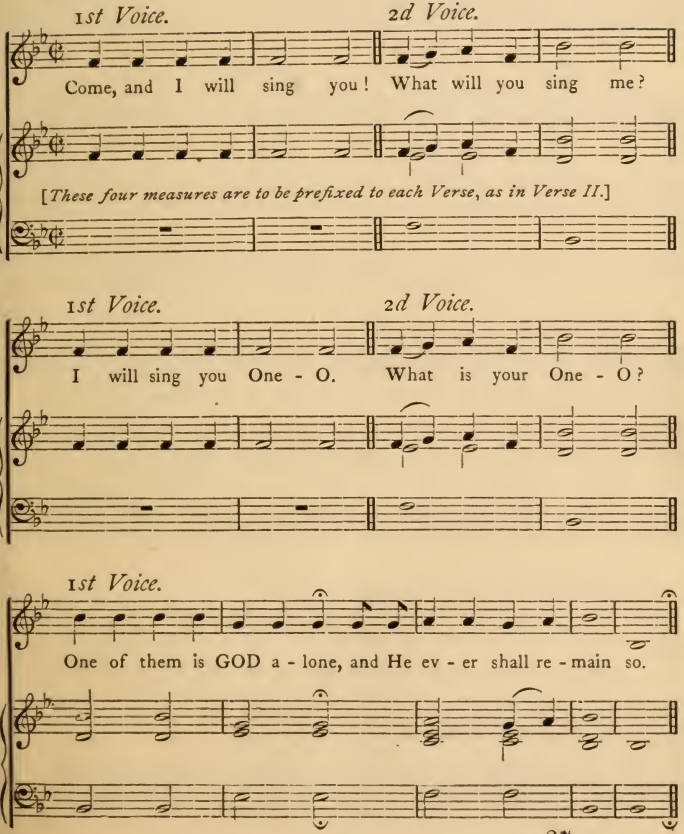
6.

Farewell to thee, O Christmas Tree!
Farewell to thee, O Christmas Tree!
Twelve months o'er,
We shall meet once more,
Merry welcome singing, as of yore:
For CHRIST now reigns, our SAVIOUR dear,
And gives us Christmas every year!
Hosanna, Hosanna,
Hosanna in the highest!

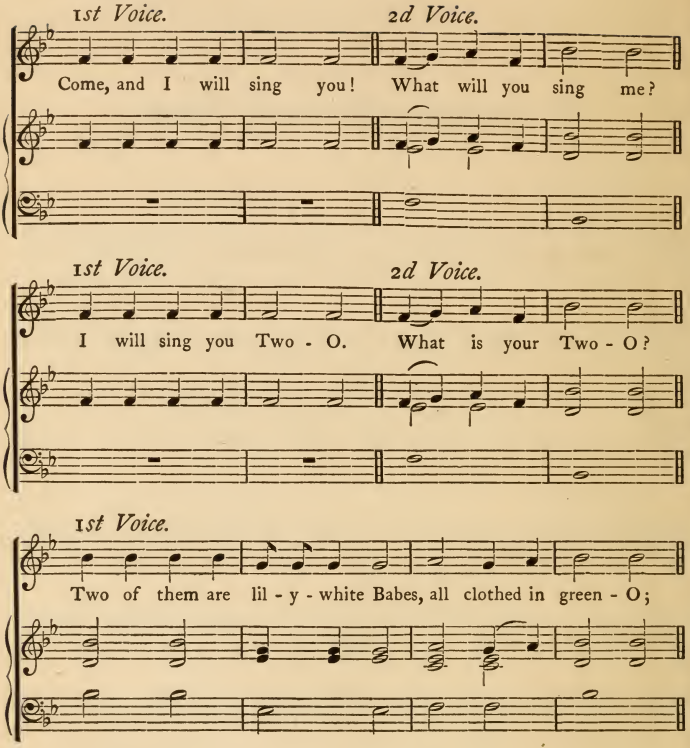
1860.

A Cornish Christmas Carol.

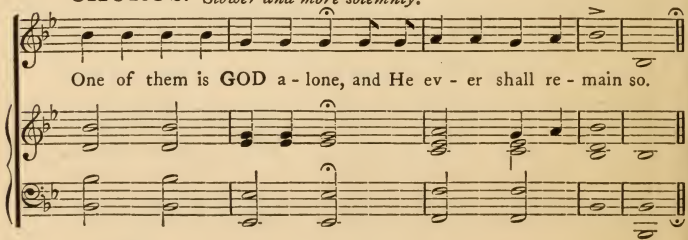
VERSE I.



VERSE II.



CHORUS. *Slower and more solemnly.*



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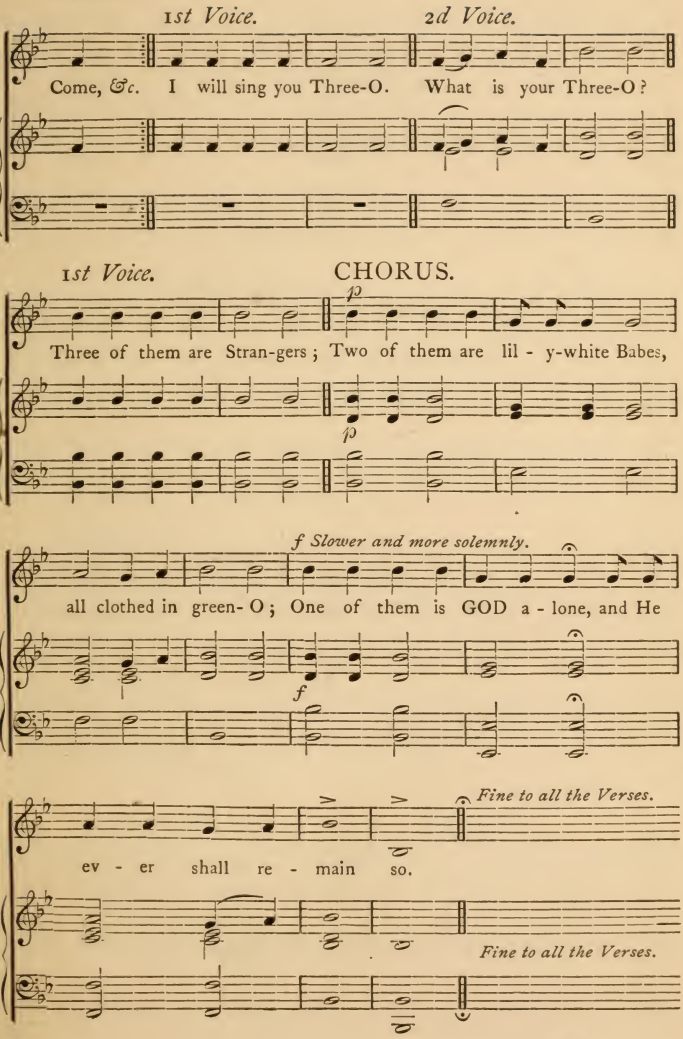
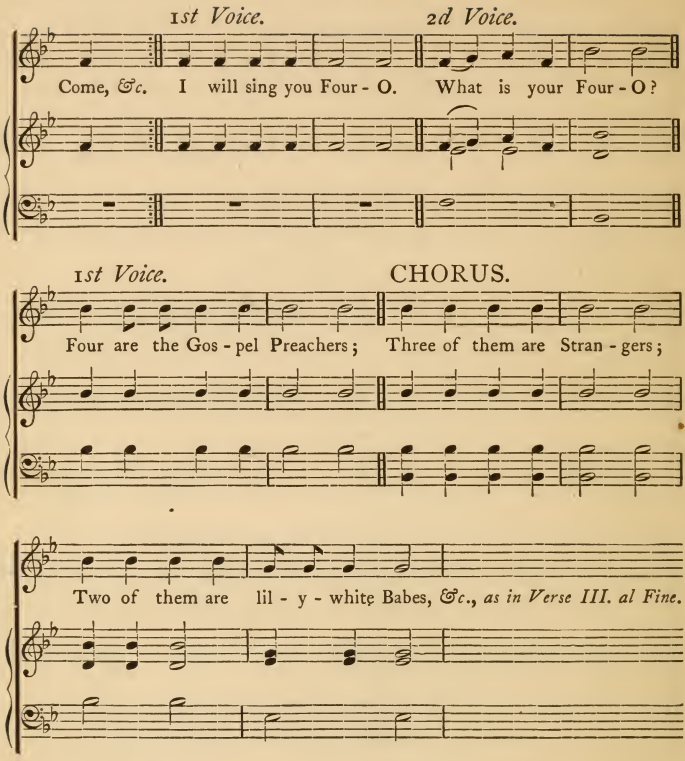
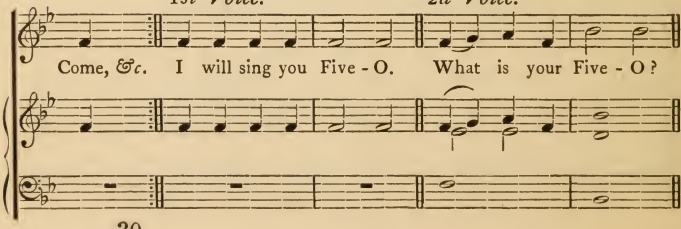
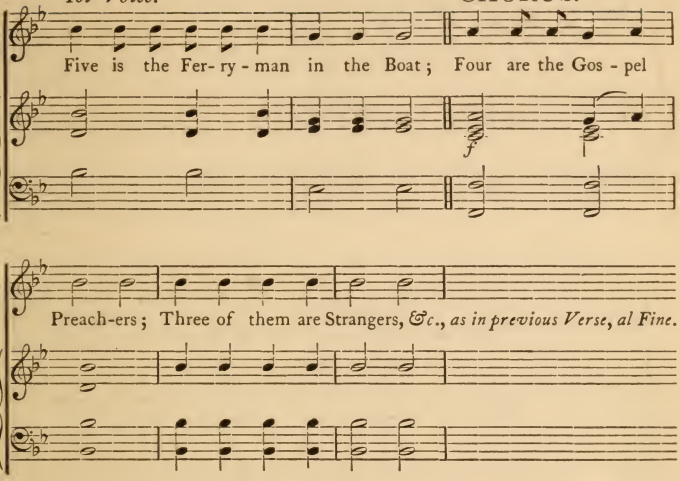

1st Voice.
2d Voice.
Come, &c. I will sing you Three-O. What is your Three-O?
1st Voice.
CHORUS.
p
Three of them are Stran-gers; Two of them are lil - y-white Babes,
p
f Slower and more solemnly.
all clothed in green- O; One of them is GOD a - lone, and He
f
Fine to all the Verses.
ev - er shall re - main so.
Fine to all the Verses.

VERSE IV.

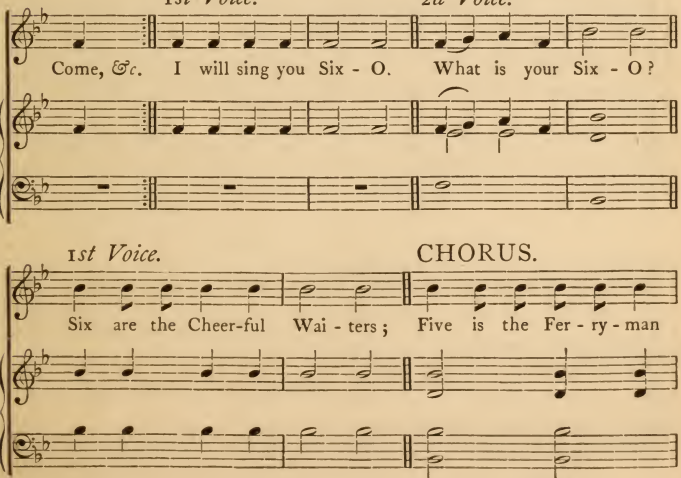


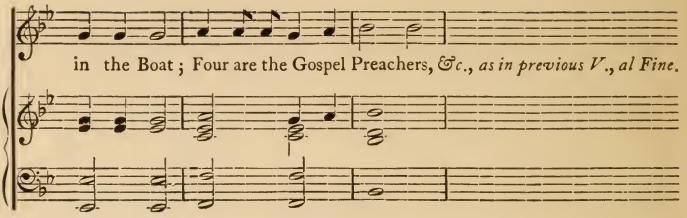
VERSE V.



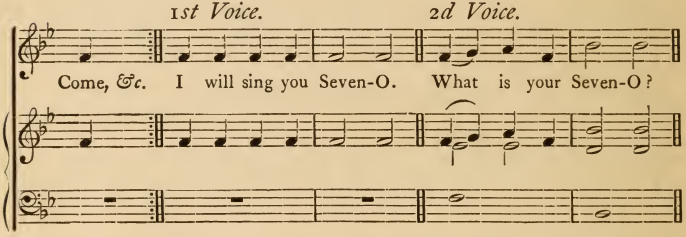

1st Voice.
CHORUS.
Five is the Fer- ry - man in the Boat; Four are the Gos - pel
Preach-ers; Three of them are Strangers, &c., as in previous Verse, al Fine.

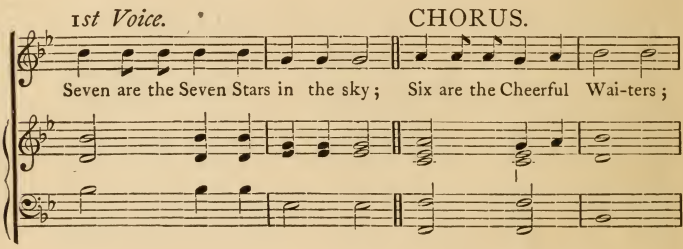
VERSE VI.

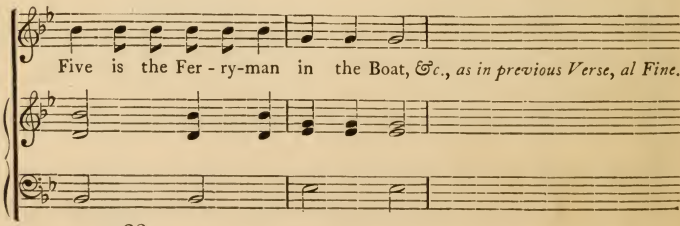

1st Voice.
2d Voice.
Come, &c. I will sing you Six - O. What is your Six - O?
1st Voice.
CHORUS.
Six are the Cheer-ful Wai - ters; Five is the Fer - ry - man


in the Boat ; Four are the Gospel Preachers, &c., as in previous V., al Fine.

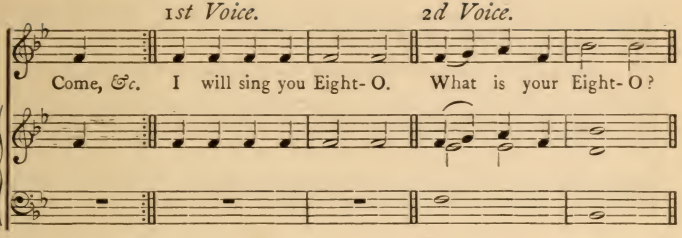
VERSE VII.

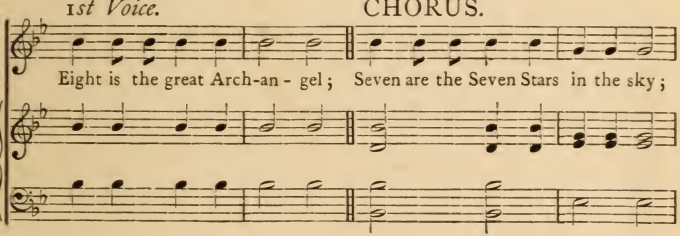

1st Voice.
2d Voice.
Come, &c. I will sing you Seven-O. What is your Seven-O ?

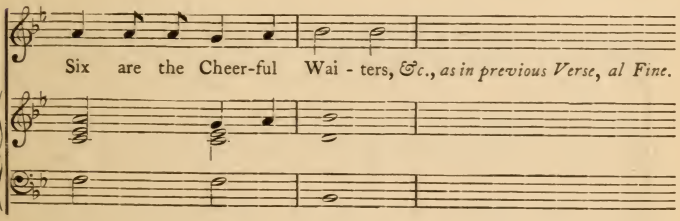

1st Voice.
CHORUS.
Seven are the Seven Stars in the sky ; Six are the Cheerful Wai-ters ;


Five is the Fer - ry-man in the Boat, &c., as in previous Verse, al Fine.

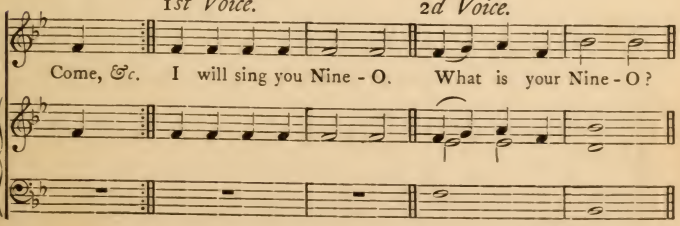
VERSE VIII.

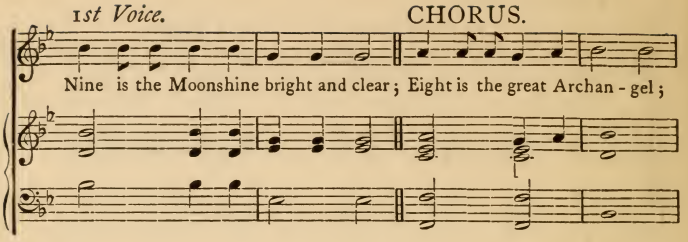


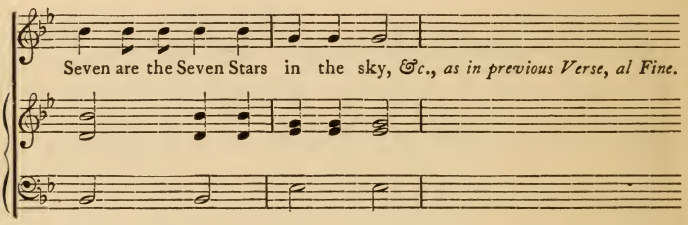




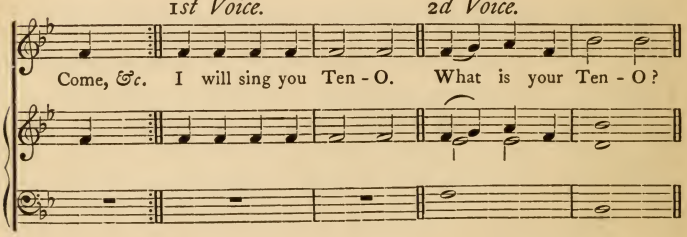
VERSE IX.

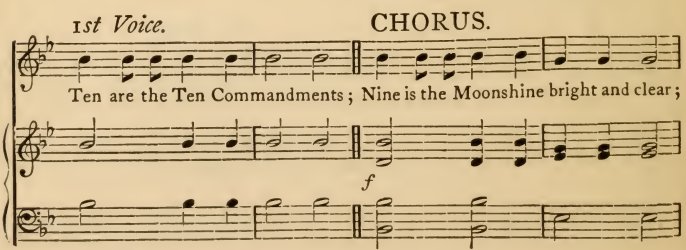


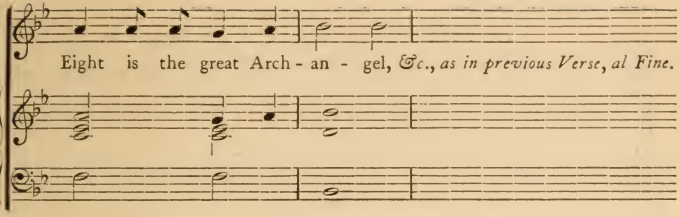

1st Voice.
CHORUS.
Nine is the Moonshine bright and clear; Eight is the great Archan - gel;


Seven are the Seven Stars in the sky, &c., as in previous Verse, al Fine.

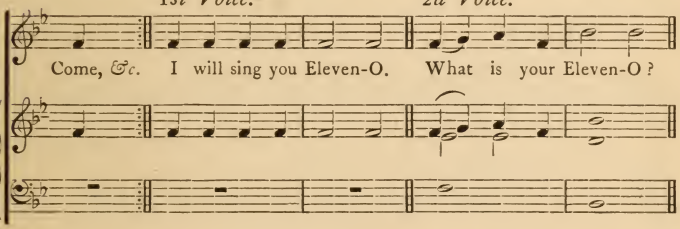
VERSE X.

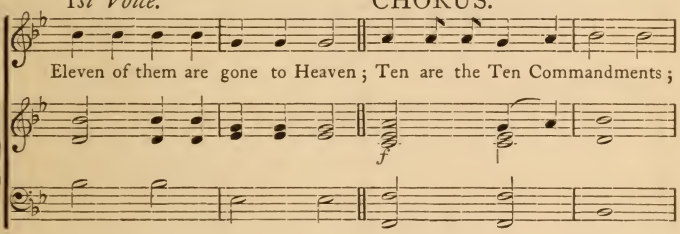

1st Voice.
2d Voice.
Come, &c. I will sing you Ten - O.
What is your Ten - O?

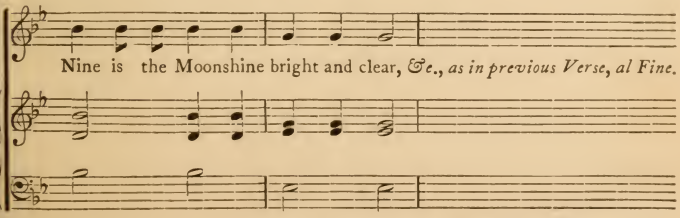

1st Voice.
CHORUS.
Ten are the Ten Commandments; Nine is the Moonshine bright and clear;
f


Eight is the great Arch - an - gel, &c., as in previous Verse, al Fine.

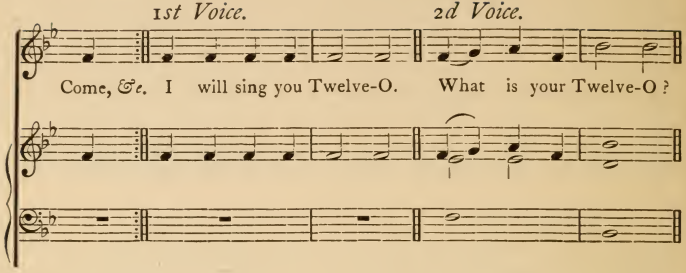
VERSE XI.

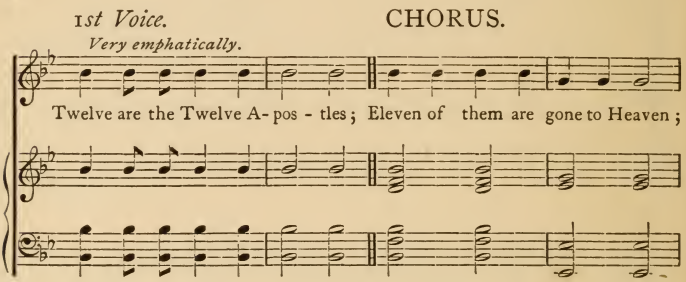

1st Voice.
2d Voice.
Come, &c. I will sing you Eleven-O. What is your Eleven-O ?

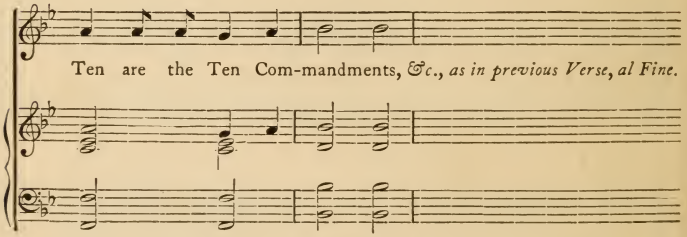

1st Voice.
CHORUS.
Eleven of them are gone to Heaven ; Ten are the Ten Commandments ;
f


Nine is the Moonshine bright and clear, &c., as in previous Verse, al Fine.

VERSE XII.







1870.

NOTE.

THIS quaint old Carol has been set from the singing of three Children in Essex, N. Y., who, during a residence on the southern shore of Lake Superior, caught it, by ear, from the Cornishmen engaged in the copper mines of that region. There is something strikingly beautiful in the constant recognition of the Deity of Christ, as well as in the skill with which the Incarnation and Birth of our Lord are made the central point of History as well as of the Universe. But the allusions are sometimes not self-evident.

The *two* "lily-white Babes" are our Lord and S. John the Baptist: and they are "clothed in green" as a type of their growth—the one to be the greatest of those who had preceded Christ, and the other to be the "stone cut out without hands," which should fill the whole world.

The *three* "Strangers" are the Magi, or Three Kings of Orient.

The *four* "Gospel Preachers" are the Four Evangelists.

The number *five* is the number of the Books of Moses, and "the Ferryman in the Boat" represents the Law in the ship of the Mosaic Church, as "the Schoolmaster" bringing us to Christ.

The *six* "Cheerful Waiters" are Zacharias and Elizabeth, Joseph and Mary, Simeon and Anna, who "waited" (S. Luke ii. 25) for the Consolation of Israel.

The "*seven* Stars" are meant to include our whole solar system: perhaps they stand for the whole starry firmament.

The *eight*, the peculiarly Dominical number, is given to "the great Archangel" who announced the Birth of Christ.

There is no reason that I know of for giving *nine* to the Moonlight, unless that there was no other number of the series left vacant.

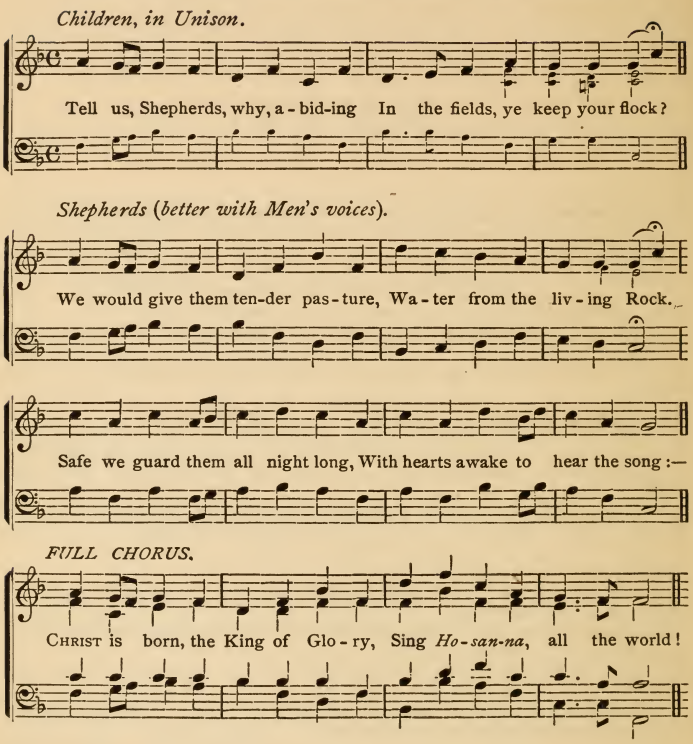
The "*Ten* Commandments" are not a duplicate of the mention of the Law; but refer to Christ alone as having perfectly kept them all.

The *eleven* recognizes the presence of Apostles in "Heaven," where they still pray for the Church; while Judas went to his own place.

The *Twelve* Apostles nevertheless crown the end with the full number, as completed in the foundations of the New Jerusalem.

See further NOTE *at the end of the Volume.*

Christ is born, the King of Glory.



Children.—Tell us, Shepherds, watching, waking,
What ye saw at dead of night?
Shepherds.—Clouds of Angels, downward sailing,
Filled the midnight heaven with light.
Harps of gold thrilled all the air,
And songs reëchoed everywhere :—
CHORUS.—CHRIST is born, the King of Glory,
Sing *Hosanna*, all the world!

Children.—Tell us, Shepherds, trembling, listening,
What ye heard those Angels sing?
Shepherds.—"CHRIST is born, the Son of Mary,
"David's Son, and Israel's King.
"Glory be to GOD on high;
"And peace, goodwill to men," they cry:
CHORUS.—CHRIST is born, the King of Glory,
Sing *Hosanna*, all the world!

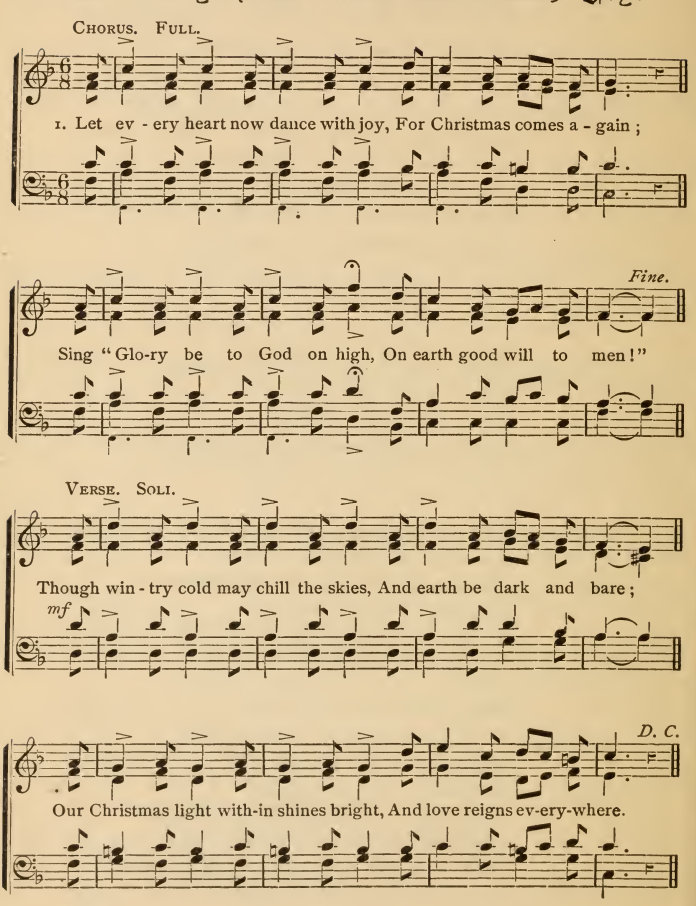
Children.—Tell us, Shepherds, what ye found, when
Ye to Bethlehem had gone?
Shepherds.—Blessed Mary, Mother-Maiden,
Kneeling down before her Son:
Swaddling bands the Babe arrayed,
And in the manger He was laid:—
CHORUS.—CHRIST is born, the King of Glory,
Sing *Hosanna*, all the world!

Children.—Tell us, Shepherds, who were bending,
Lowly, in that rock-hewn cell?
Shepherds.—Three great Eastern Kings, adoring,
Kissed the King of Israel:
Gave each royal worshipper
His gold, and frankincense, and myrrh:—
CHORUS.—CHRIST is born, the King of Glory,
Sing *Hosanna*, all the world!

Children.—Tell us, Shepherds, all these wonders,
Are they for yourselves alone?
Shepherds.—Nay! to all our flock we tell them,
Tell them o'er to every one.
Praises loud their tongues employ,
And all the lambkins leap for joy:—
CHORUS.—CHRIST is born, the King of Glory,
Sing *Hosanna*, all the world!

Children.—O sweet Shepherds, may we follow,
Follow now, His loving call?
Shepherds.—In His fold are ye already,
Your GOOD SHEPHERD knows you all.
Children's souls He loves the best,
And bears His lambs in His own Breast:—
CHORUS.—CHRIST is born, the King of Glory,
Sing *Hosanna*, all the world!

Let every Heart now dance with Joy.



2.

Though summer trees are leafless all,
And grey on Nature's brow;
Our Christmas tree now sparkling see,
With lights on every bough!

CHORUS.—Let every heart, &c.

3.

Though fields are stripped of Autumn fruits,
And snow-storms end the Fall;
By loving hands well loaded, stands
Our Tree, so strong and tall!

CHORUS.—Let every heart, &c.

4.

No room was found for CHRIST the King,
When He was born of yore;
But hearts *now* yearn for His return,
To reign for evermore!

CHORUS.—Let every heart, &c.

5.

No love like His was ever known,
Our earthly life to share;
It is *His* light makes Christmas bright,
His love reigns everywhere!

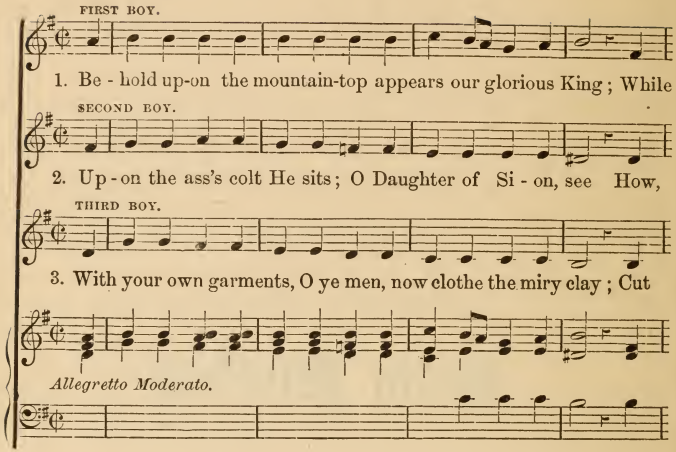
CHORUS.—Let every heart, &c.

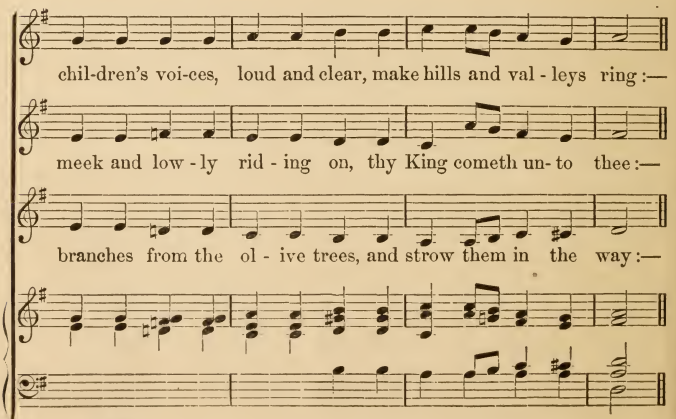
1877.

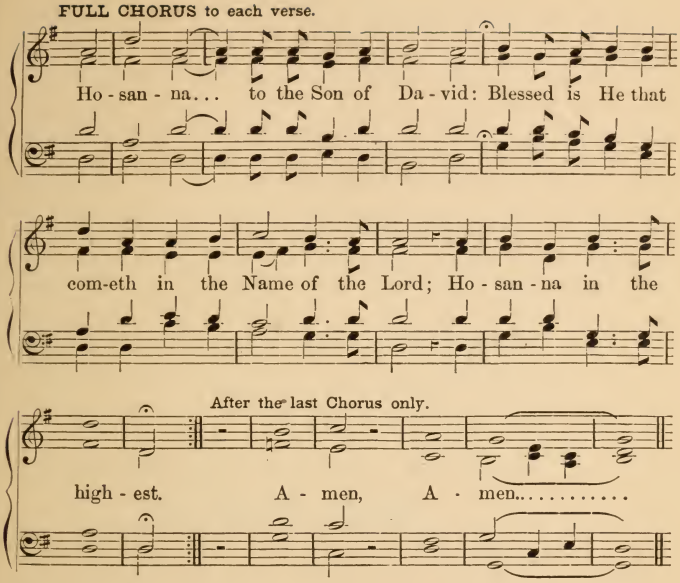
Palm Sunday.

Hosanna.

TRIO, BY THREE BOYS.







4. All down the vale and o'er the brook the lengthening army swells;
And louder, clearer, peals their hymn among the echoing hills:—
Chorus—Hosanna, &c.

5. Forth from the city gate outpour the glad, triumphal throngs;
The advancing train they meet, and greet with palms and answering songs:—
Chorus—Hosanna, &c.

6. Ten thousands line the lofty street, and "Who is this?" they cry:
"The Prophet come from Galilee,—'t is JESUS!" they reply,—
Chorus—Hosanna, &c.

7. "O Master," say the priests, "now make the children cease their shout!"
"If these," saith He, "should hold their peace, the stones would then cry out,"—
Chorus—Hosanna, &c.

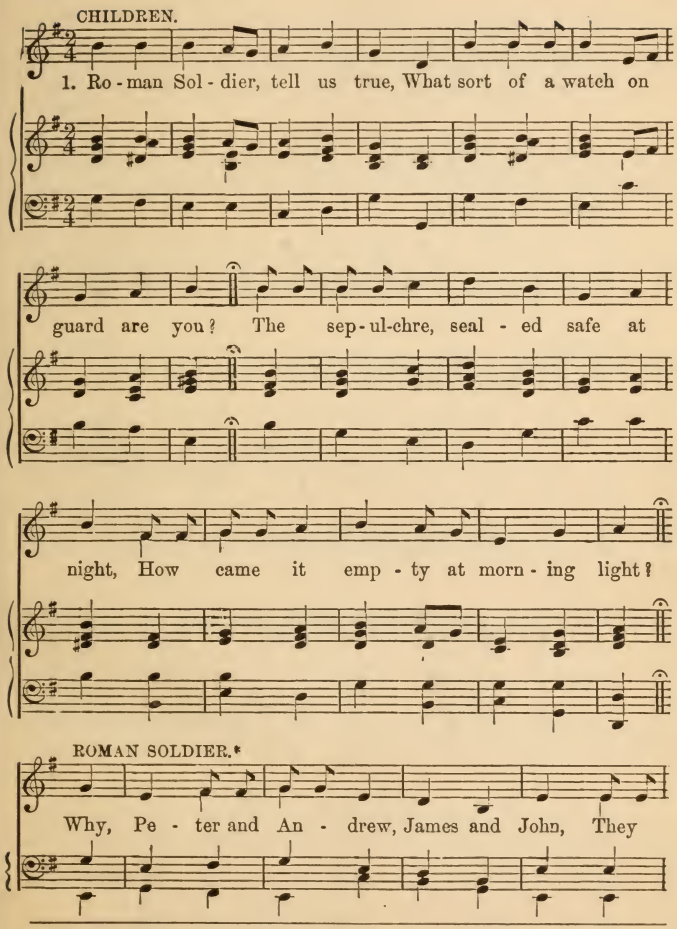
8. The thieves that crowd His sacred courts fast flee from before His path;
With sounding lash He routs His foes, and scourges in royal wrath:—
Chorus—Hosanna, &c.

9. Now open wide the Temple gate, on high lift up the Vail;
The King hath come unto His own: His own bid Him, "All hail!"
Chorus—Hosanna, &c.

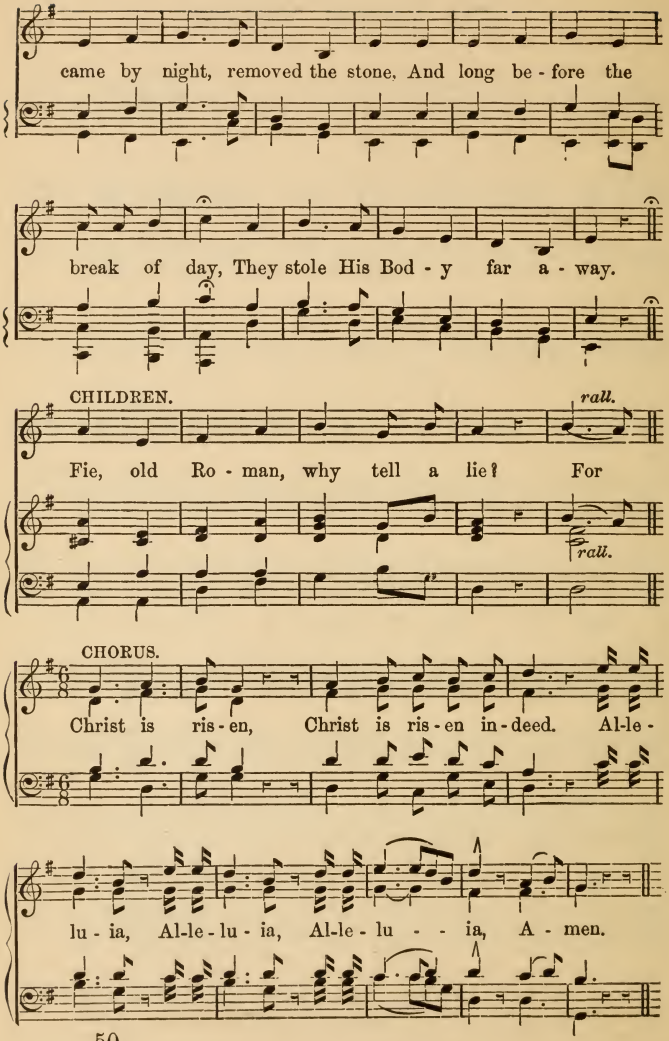
10. Once more upon Mount Olivet His beauteous feet shall stand;
When clouds of saints and angels bright shall sing, o'er sea and land,—
Chorus—Hosanna, &c.

Easter-tide.

The Roman Soldier.



* Note.—The Roman Soldier's part is set in the G clef for the convenience of children; but it is much better when sung by a man, an octave below.


came by night, removed the stone, And long be - fore the
break of day, They stole His Bod - y far a - way.
CHILDREN.
rall.
Fie, old Ro - man, why tell a lie? For
rall.
CHORUS.
Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en in - deed. Al-le -
lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - - ia, A - men.

2.

Children. Roman Soldier, tell us, then,
Why slew you not those thieving men?
Were a few unarmed Jews too hard
For a veteran, mail-clad, Roman guard?

Soldier. O no! you Jews we never fear;
But we had no chance for sword or spear,
For up so softly they did creep,
While we were all of us fast asleep.

Children. Fie, old Roman, why tell a lie? For

Chorus. CHRIST is risen, &c.

3.

Children. Roman Soldier, if you were
All fast asleep, as you declare,
How could you know, or see, or say,
Who 't was that stole the Lord away?

Soldier. Old Annas and Caiaphas told me so;
The truth they wished that none should know
They gave me, therefore, silver and gold,
To tell the story I have told.

Children. Fie, old Roman, why tell a lie? For

Chorus. CHRIST is risen, &c.

4.

Children. Roman Soldier, tell no more
The stories you have told before,—
Too foolish to deceive our youth:
But tell us now the simple truth.

Soldier. An earthquake rolled the stone away
Half dead with fear we Romans lay:
While, like full sunrise at midnight,
CHRIST rose, and vanished from our sight,

Children. Aye, old Roman, why tell a lie? For

Chorus. CHRIST is risen, &c.

5.

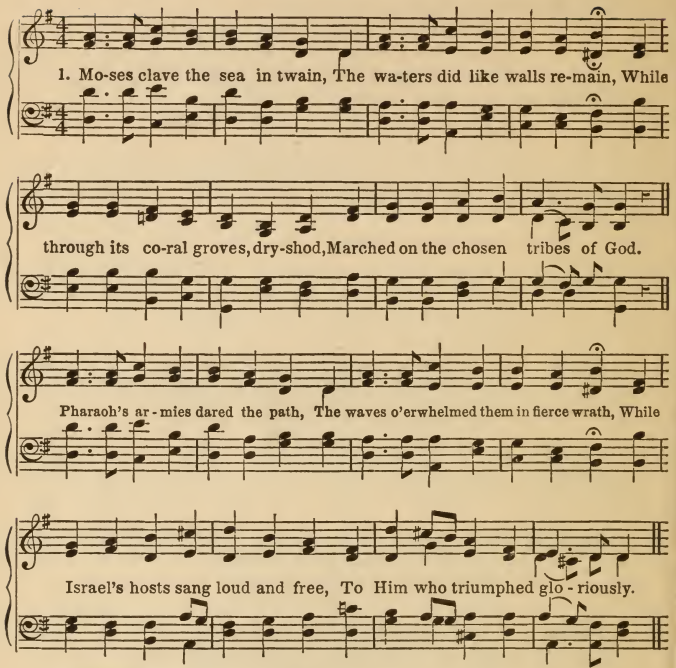
Children. Roman Soldier, your own eyes
Have seen our LORD and GOD arise;
How can you, now that He is known,
Still worship gods of wood and stone?

Soldier. We Romans conquer where we come;
But CHRIST hath power to vanquish Rome:
My idols all I cast away,—
CHRIST'S soldier till my dying day!

Children. Right, old Roman, fight for THE LIGHT; For

Chorus. CHRIST is risen, &c.

The Mighty Men of Old.



2. Samson, when the sun went down,
Invaded Gaza's godless town;
His foes all night await their prey,
While bound by sin and death he lay.
Midnight sees the hero risen;
The gates and bars that formed his prison,
Swift from the massive wall he tears,
And up the hill in triumph bears.
Thus Christ arose, &c.

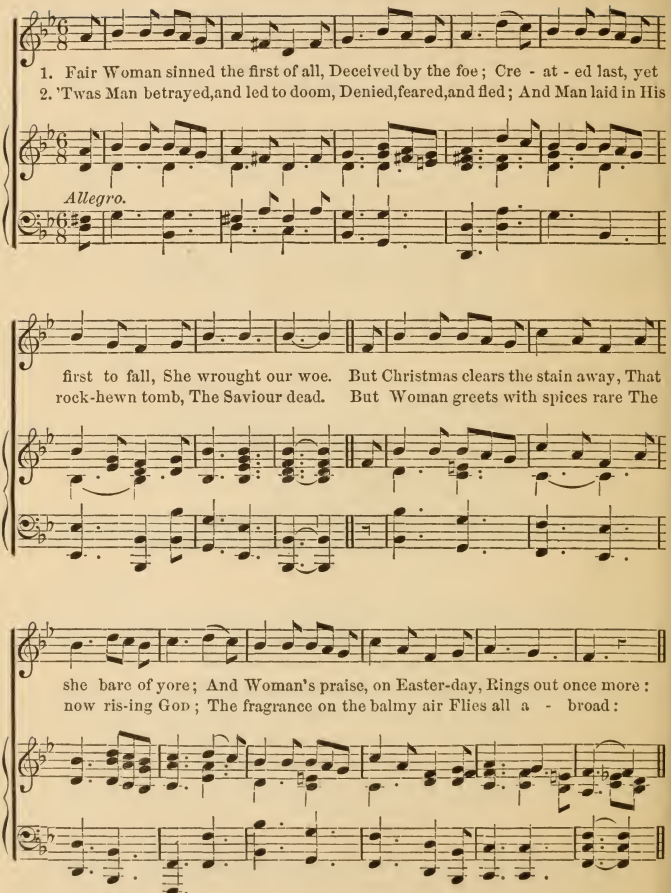
3. Jonah calmed the raging sea,
When swallowed by the fish was he;
From out the belly of deep hell,*
He prayed the God of Israel.
Risen from out that living tomb,
With new-born power behold him come;
While Nineveh's thousands, old and young,
Melt at the charming of his tongue.
Thus Christ arose, &c.

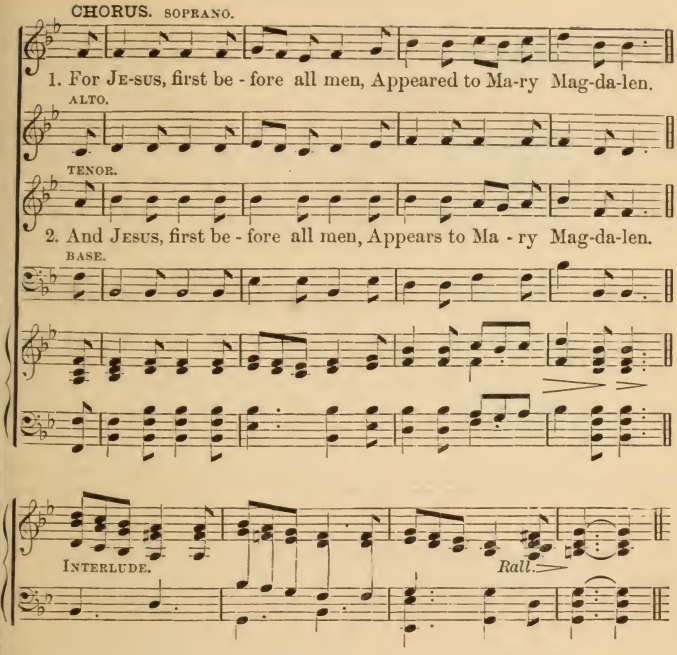
4. Daniel down the lion's den
Was thrown, at eve, by cruel men;
They sealed the stone; but angels came,
And made the roaring lions tame.
Free among the dead was he,
And rose at morn victoriously;
While all his furious foes were found
Twice dead or e'er they touched the ground.
Thus Christ arose, &c.

5. Thus the mighty men of old
Our Jesu's victories foretold;
By mighty deeds they dimly showed
The mightier deeds of Christ, our God.
Deeds of valor, too, be ours,
With bolder hearts, and nobler powers,
For babes, in Christ, can now do more
Than all the mighty men of yore.
For Christ arose, &c.

* "Out of the belly of hell cried I, and thou heardest my voice." *Jonah* ii. 2.
"He descended into hell." *Apostles' Creed.*

The Praise of Woman.

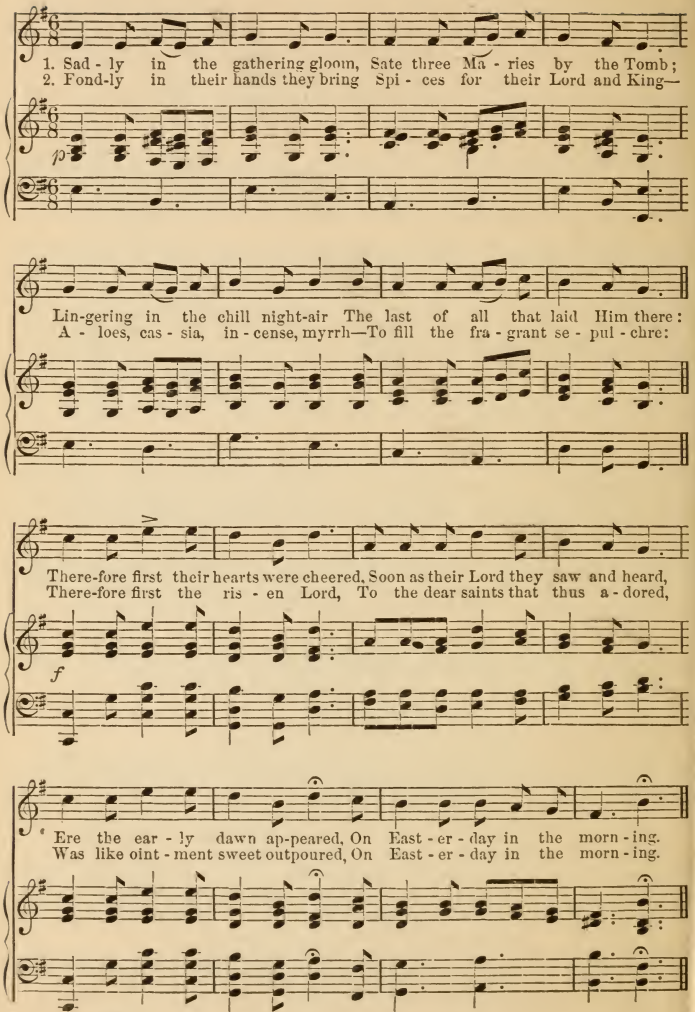




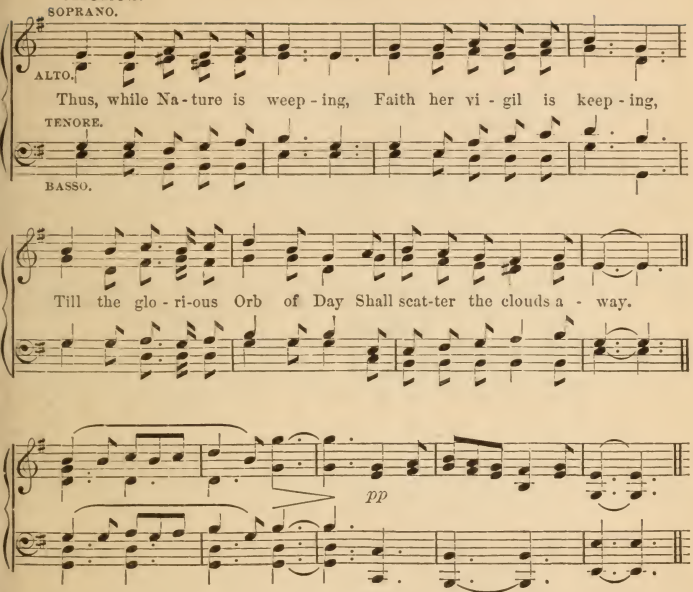
3. In vain ran Peter through the gate,
And John ran in vain,
And entered in the tomb where late
Their Lord had lain.
The linen clothes, together rolled,
Alone meet their sight;
But no dear Jesus they behold,
Nor angels bright:
Chorus.—For Jesus, &c.

4. Now all ye men, of Woman born,
Your loud voices raise,
In joyful songs, on Easter morn,
In Woman's praise:
For Woman's eye was first to see,
Her tongue first to sing,—
"The Grave hath lost its victory,
"And Death his sting!"
Chorus.—For Jesus, &c.

Last and First.



CHORUS.



3.

To His grave the Stone is rolled;
They, with weeping eyes, behold,
While His foes, with flouts and flings,
All seal it with their signet rings:
Therefore first of all saw they
Cherubim, who, in bright array,
Rolled that mighty Stone away,
On Easter Day in the morning.
Chorus.

4.

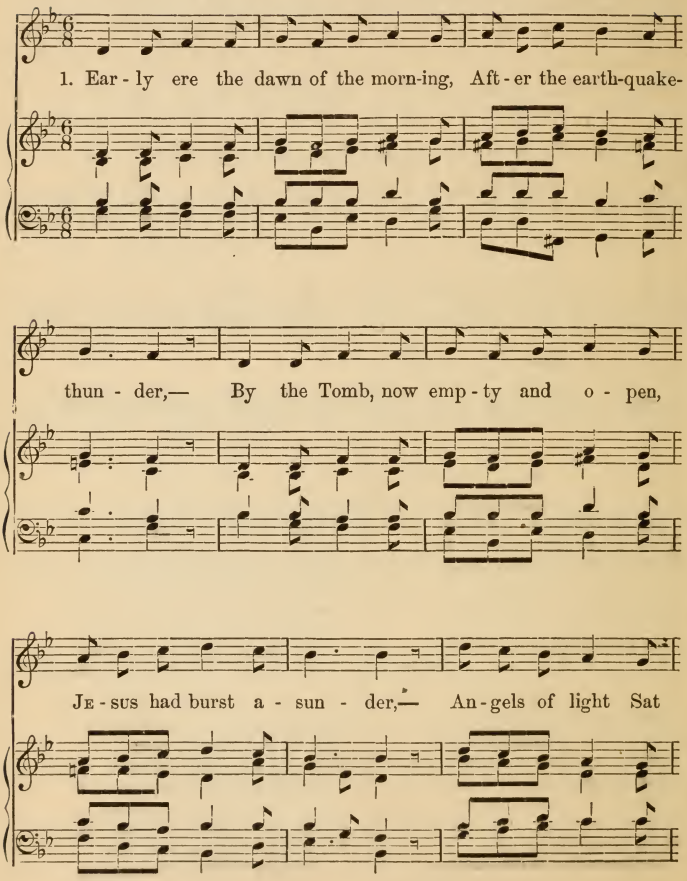
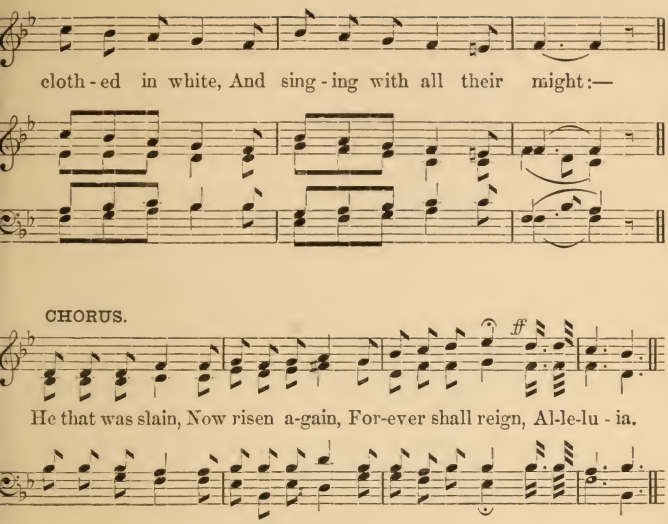
Soon they see, with measured tread,
Roman guards approach the Dead;
Sword, and spear, and nodding plume
Encamp around the silent Tomb:
Therefore they were thither led,
When, at the roar of earthquake dread,
Fast the fearful Romans fled,
On Easter Day in the morning.
Chorus.

5.

Last to kiss His feet were they,
When in death His Body lay;—
Last to weep, while they around
His limbs the linen grave-clothes wound:
First, then, they hear angels tell
How the Lord Christ, our foes to quell,
Burst the bands of Death and Hell,
On Easter Day in the morning.
Chorus.

6.

Love now wins a new employ;
Last in grief is first in joy:
Woman shall proclaim to *men*,
That Jesus Christ is risen again!
We still hear that message sung,
Sweetly as when, from woman's tongue,
First its thrilling raptures rung,
On Easter Day in the morning.
Chorus.

Early ere the Dawn of the Morning.



2.

Weeping now the women draw nigh them,
Spices and ointment bringing;
See them start, and, thrilling with rapture,
List to the angels singing:—
"Be of good cheer,
"For He is not here,
"But risen and standeth near."
Chorus—He that was slain, &c.

3.

"Go," say they, "and tell the Eleven,
"If they would gladly greet Him,
"Soon from hence to Galilee going,
"There shall they surely meet Him."
Hearing it, lo!
With joy they o'erflow,
And sing, as they homeward go:—
Chorus—He that was slain, &c.

4.

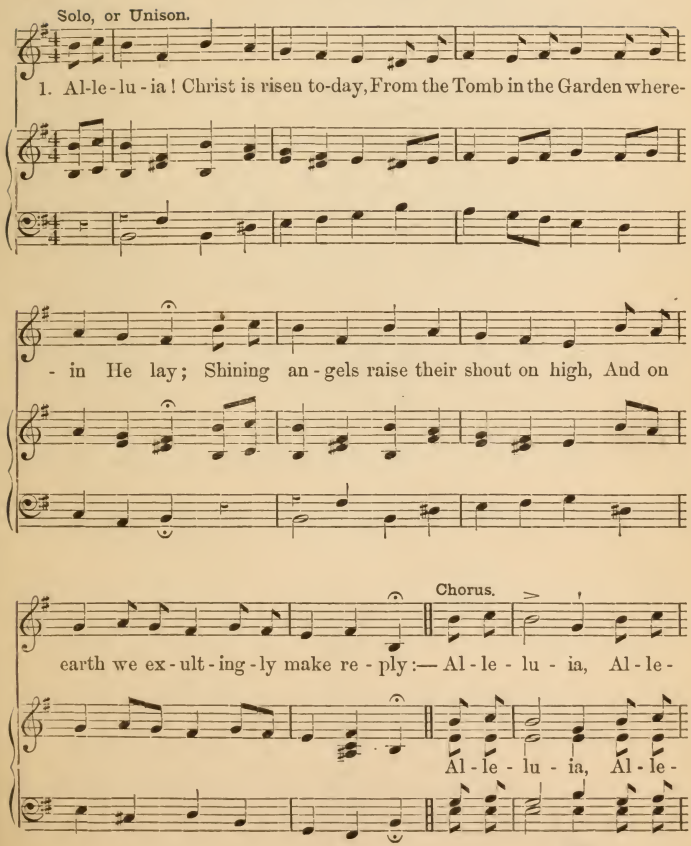
Wondering, doubting, hoping and fearing,
All the day long they trembled;
Till His "*Peace be with you*" was breathed
On the Eleven assembled:
Joyfully then
They worship again,
And swell the loud Easter strain:
Chorus—He that was slain, &c.

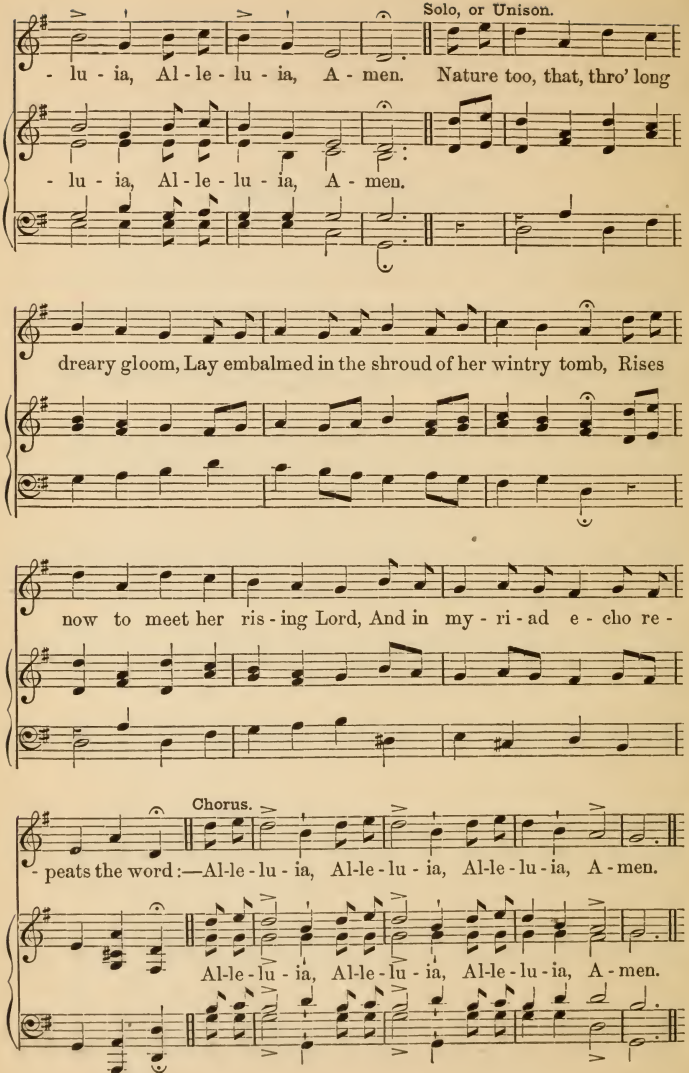
5.

Easter-day is come in its glory,
Sing, brothers, *Alleluia;* *
Saints triumphant join in the chorus,
Echoing, *Alleluia;* *
Angels on high
Resound through the sky
Eternally, *Alleluia.**
Chorus—He that was slain,
Now risen again,
For ever shall reign:
Alleluia!

* This word *Alleluia* is to be sung in full Chorus.

Nature's Alleluia.




Solo, or Unison.
- lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, A - men. Nature too, that, thro' long
- lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, A - men.
dreary gloom, Lay embalmed in the shroud of her wintry tomb, Rises
now to meet her ris - ing Lord, And in my - ri - ad e - cho re -
Chorus.
- peats the word :—Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia, A - men.
Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia, A - men.

2. See the streamlet burst its icy chain!
Leaping out into sunlight it seeks the plain,
And its joy in liquid tones it tells
To the rocks and the woods and the winding dells:—
Chorus. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen.
Giant pines, whose broad, up-reaching arms
Bore the frosts and the snows of the northern storms,
To the balmy breezes blowing now
Give a murmuring whisper on every bough:—
Chorus. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen.

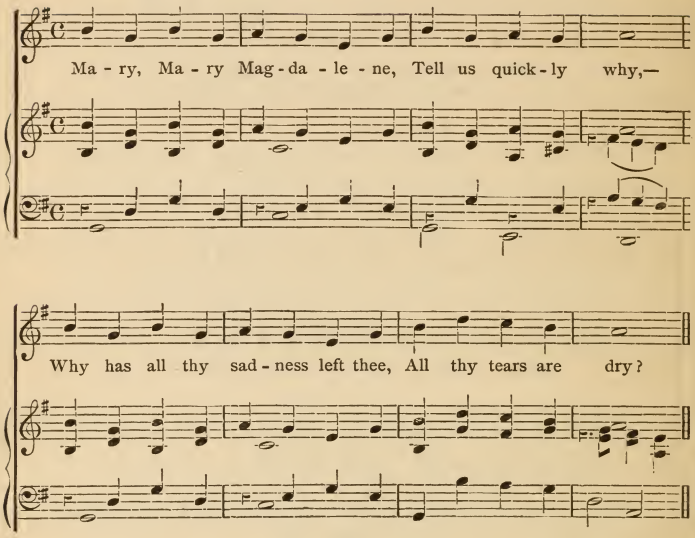
3. Little birds, that flew so far away,
Now return with a sweet, merry roundelay;
Through the shady grove, in soft refrain,
Lo, the voice of the turtle is heard again:—
Chorus. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen.
In the old church-tower the swallows build,
And their nests with the tenderest young are filled;
And they join the chaunting when they hear
Both the organ and choir swelling loud and clear:—
Chorus. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen.

4. Now the primrose greets the daffodil,
And the daisy is winking on every hill,
And the pansy drinks the light of day,
And the breath of the violet seems to say:—
Chorus. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen.
Now the Rose of Sharon opens wide,
On the sunshiny banks of the mountain side;
And the Lily of the Valley blooms,
Filling every vale with its rich perfumes:—
Chorus. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen.

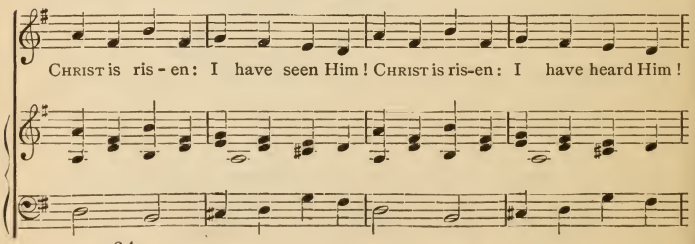
5. While the fields are clothed in beauty rare,
Shall the Altar of Jesu be cold and bare?
Shall the Church no loving token show
That the Risen above is to rise below?—
Chorus. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen.
Round the Altar let bright flowers be seen,
With the fresh-budding branches of evergreen;
Let the Earth, with us, her incense bring,
And the trees of the forest rejoice and sing:—
Chorus. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen.

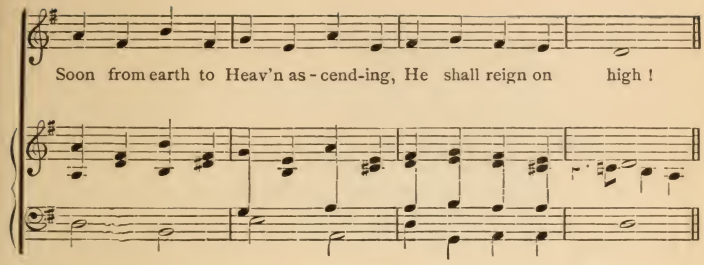
Mary, Mary Magdalene.

Children—in unison.

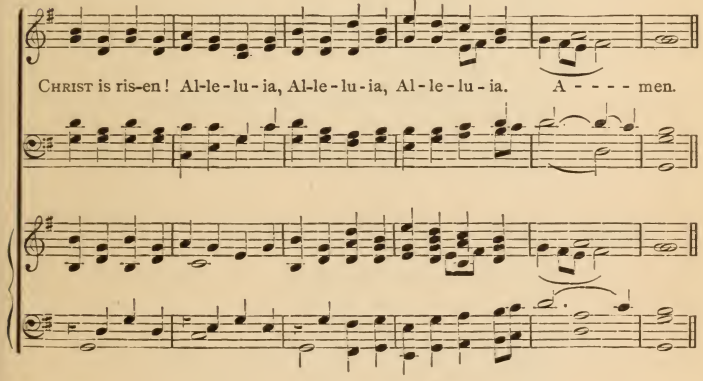


REPLY OF MARY MAGDALENE.





Chorus.



2.

Children. O ye faithful Women, going
Early to the tomb,
Why in triumph bring ye back
Your spices and perfume?

Reply of the Faithful Women.

Angels twain, in shining garments,
Asked us why we sought the Living
'Mongst the dead? for Christ is risen,
Risen from the tomb!

Chorus.—Christ is risen! Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen.

3.

Children. O Joanna and Salome,
Whither hasten ye?
Have ye also heard the Angels?
Or whom did ye see?

Reply of Joanna and Salome.
Christ is risen: we have seen Him!
By His pierced Feet we held Him!
All the Eleven Apostles He
Will meet in Galilee.—*Chorus.*

4.

Children. Angels in the shining raiment,
Sitting by the door,
Tell us who the Tomb hath opened,
Sealed fast before?

Reply of the Angels.
Through the Rock your Christ has risen!
We the mighty Stone, once sealed,
Rolled away, so all might see
That He is dead no more!—*Chorus.*

5.

Children. John and Peter, swiftly running,
Searching all with care,
Slow returning, both together,
What have ye seen there?

Reply of Peter and John.
There we saw the folds of linen,
Just as they were wrapt about Him,
He from them, without unfolding,
Hath passed out, like air!—*Chorus.*

6.

Children. Simon, Simon, thou who, boasting,
Didst thy Lord deny,
Hast thou won a sweet forgiveness
From His loving eye?

Reply of Simon Peter.
Thrice He asked me if I loved Him,
For the thrice I had denied Him;
Thrice He bade me feed His flock,
And show'd how I should die.—*Chorus.*

7.

Children. O ye twain, together walking,
Sorrowing and bereaved,
Who was He, whose wondrous converse
Ye with joy received?

REPLY OF THE TWO THAT WENT TO EMMAUS.
All the way we heard Him talking,
In our breasts our hearts were burning;
In the breaking Bread we knew Him,
Saw Him, and believed!—*Chorus.*

8.

Children. O ye faithless Roman Soldiers,
All your lies are vain:
Foolish tales that ye have told,
Will ye now tell again?

REPLY OF THE ROMAN SOLDIERS.
Truth that we, for gold, concealed,
Now, for love, shall be revealed;
CHRIST is risen: and his rising
Made us like dead men!—*Chorus.*

9.

Children. O ye Ten Apostles, trembling,
Doubting, faint, and few,
In your secret room assembling,
Have ye seen Him too?

REPLY OF THE TEN APOSTLES.
Through our closed doors He entered;
Show'd His Wounds; and ate before us;
Calmed our terrors, gently saying,
"Peace be unto you!"—*Chorus.*

10.

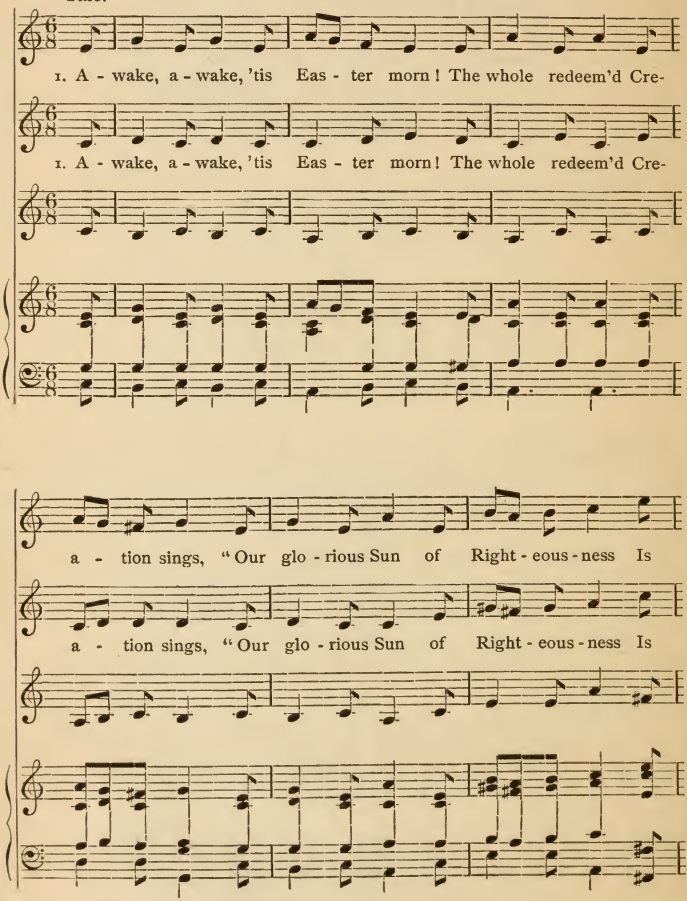
Children. Thomas, Thomas, last and slowest,
Near Him thou hast stood;
Does He live, say—if thou knowest—
Live, in Flesh and Blood?

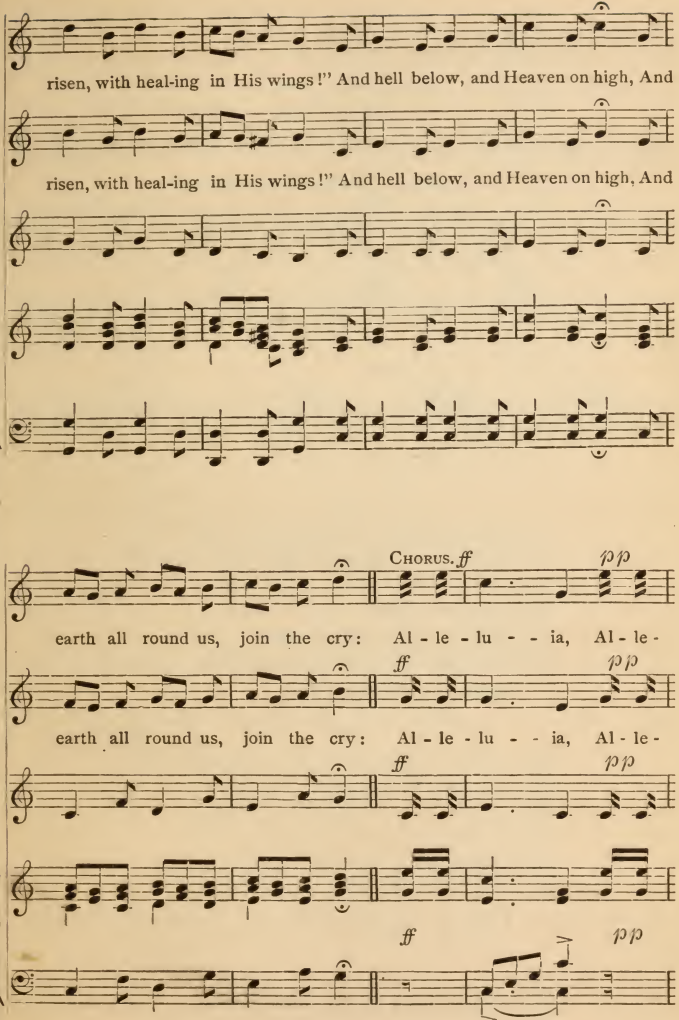
REPLY OF S. THOMAS.
In His Hands and Feet my finger,
In His Side my hand, hath rested:
Now I know Him, and adore Him,
My LORD and my GOD!—*Chorus.*

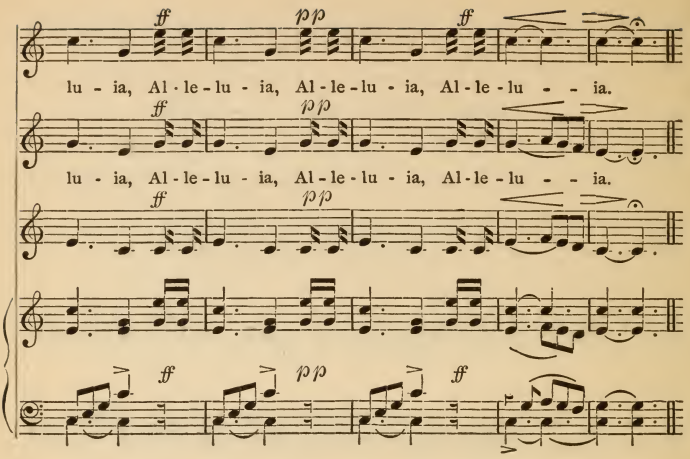
Awake! Awake! 'tis Easter Morn.

THE S. AGNES EASTER CAROL.

TRIO.




risen, with heal-ing in His wings!" And hell below, and Heaven on high, And
risen, with heal-ing in His wings!" And hell below, and Heaven on high, And
Chorus. ff
pp
earth all round us, join the cry: Al - le - lu - - ia, Al - le -
ff
pp
earth all round us, join the cry: Al - le - lu - - ia, Al - le -
ff
pp
ff
pp



2.

To prison'd souls, that long had pined
In Death's dark shadow, Light hath shined;
A Voice divides the flames of fire,
And wonder wakes a new-born choir:
For hell below forgets her woe,
And forth her kindling praises flow:

CHORUS. Alleluia, &c.

3.

The gates of brass are closed in vain,
The iron bars He bursts in twain;
The gulf that ne'er was crossed before
Wafts armies to its happier shore:
And Death, once King, has lost his sting,
And hell its CONQUEROR learns to sing:

CHORUS. Alleluia, &c.

4.

From Heaven an Angel came alone,
And rolled away the mighty stone;

While two, within, at either end,
In reverent, radiant state attend.
There, clothed in white, their forms of light
Fill all the tomb with glory bright:
CHORUS. Alleluia, &c.

5.

The Gardener in His garden walked,
And with a weeping woman talked;
To eyes that look through loving tears,
Lo! Death is Life, and CHRIST appears!
Before all men, by Magdalene
The risen LORD is heard and seen:
CHORUS. Alleluia, &c.

6.

The faithful Women next rejoice;
They clasp His feet, and hear His voice;
They tell the Apostles all, that He
Will meet them soon in Galilee;
Their spices rare the morning air
Now sends in perfume everywhere:
CHORUS. Alleluia, &c.

7.

And "Peace" is breathed from JESUS now,
On beaming face and bended brow;
And tongues have come, of cloven fire,
And shades of night and sin retire.
Through earth and sky the voices fly,
And all Creation makes reply:
CHORUS. Alleluia, &c.

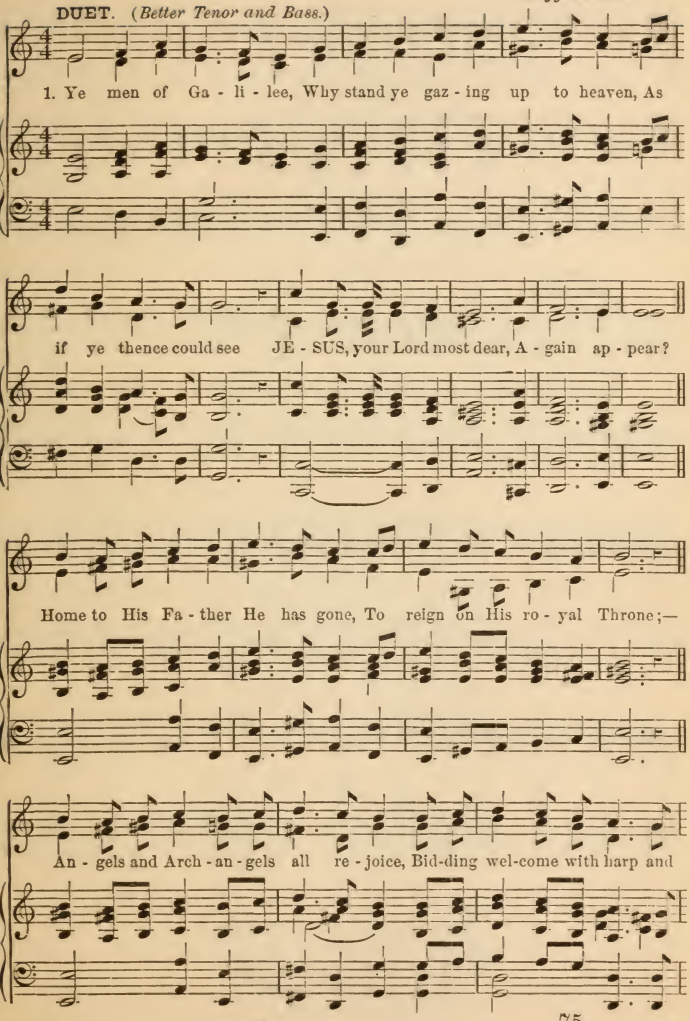
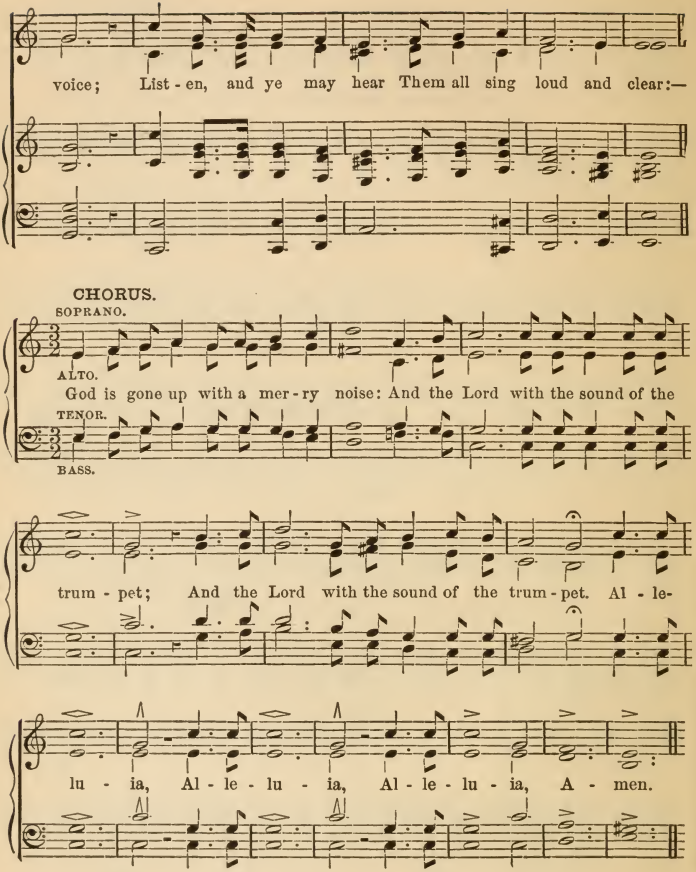
8.

The streams that run through every vale,
To field and forest tell the tale;
The birds, in all their songs of Spring,
Proclaim it, chanting on the wing:
Awake ye then, O sons of men,
And swell the chorus once again:
CHORUS. Alleluia, &c.

Ascension Day.

God is gone up.

Phrygian Mode.



2.

Sang they, as He drew nigh,—
"Lift up, ye everlasting doors,
"Lift up your heads on high!
"Jesus, our King, again
"Returns to reign.

"Lift up your heads victoriously,
"For the Conqueror of Death and Sin;
"Lo! He hath triumphed gloriously,
"Let the King of Glory in!"
Under the opened arch
The shouting armies march:—
Chorus—"God is gone up," &c.

3.

Ascending up on high,
Upon the heaven of heavens He rode,
While the anthem filled the sky:—
"Worthy the Lamb, once slain,
"To live and reign!"
Thousands on thousand chariots there,
Roll swift through the flaming air;
God in the midst of them rides apace,
As in Sinai's Holy Place.
Louder and louder round
The swelling songs rebound:—
Chorus—"God is gone up," &c.

4.

Seated at God's right hand,
He shall be King in all the earth,
And Lord in every land:
Gentiles shall own His sway,
And kings obey.
Low in the dust His foes shall fall;
While princes and nations all,
Crowned with the glory of Lebanon,
His Church shall unite in One.
Thus shall our JESUS reign,
And give good gifts to men:—
Chorus—"God is gone up," &c.

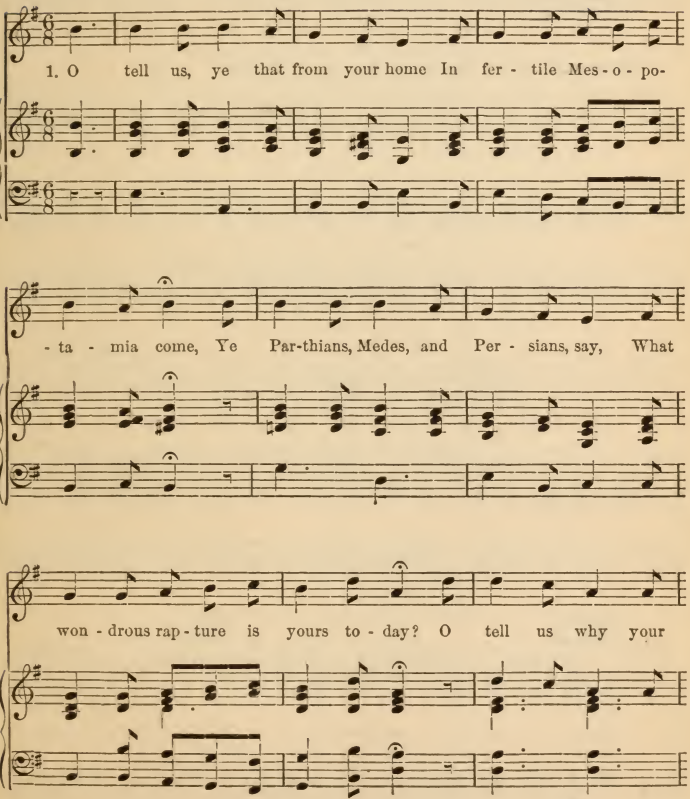
5.

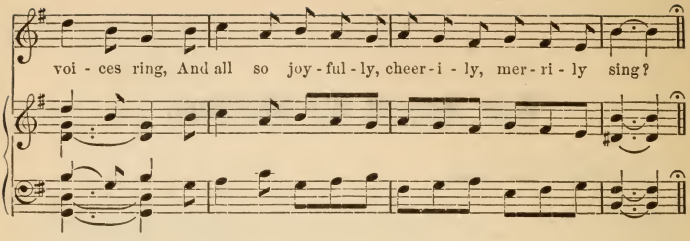
Once more hereafter, too,
Those gates of pearl, unfolding wide,
Shall see the King pass through;
Coming in that dread hour,
With awful power.
Clouds of His saints with Him shall come;
And here, in your ancient home,
Ye with your Lord your court shall hold,
And reign on your thrones of gold.
Then shall the joyous strain
Fill heaven and earth again:—
Chorus—"God is gone up," &c.

Whitsun Day.

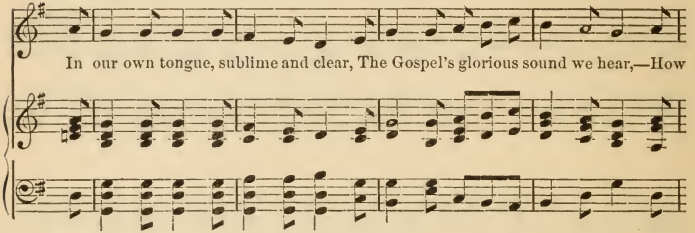
The Joy of all Nations.

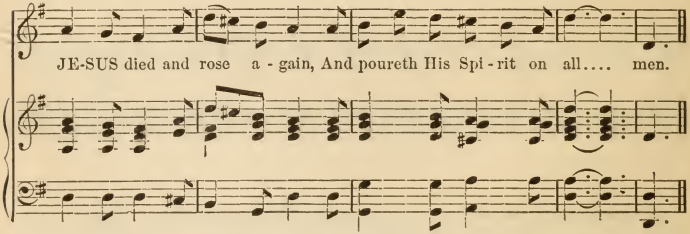
CHILDREN—In Unison.



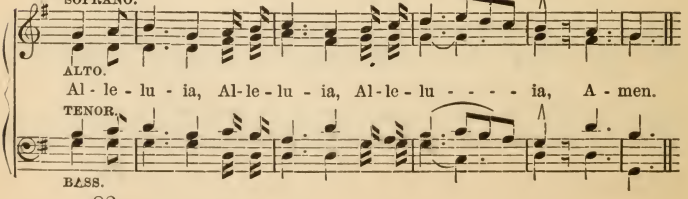


RESPONSE (*Better with Men's Voices*)—**In Unison.**





CHORUS.



1.

Children. O tell us, ye that from your home
In fertile Mesopotamia come,
Ye Parthians, Medes, and Persians, say,
What wondrous rapture is yours to-day?
O tell us why your voices ring,
And all so joyfully, cheerily, merrily sing?

RESPONSE OF THE DWELLERS IN MESOPOTAMIA AND PARTS ADJACENT.

In our own tongue, sublime and clear,
The Gospel's glorious sound we hear,—
How JESUS died, and rose again,
And poureth His Spirit on all men.

Chorus. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen.

2.

Children. Ye pilgrims from the Ægæan Sea,
And Phrygian valleys of song and glee,—
From where the stormy Pontus roars,
To rude Pamphylia's rugged shores,—
O tell us why your voices ring,
And all so joyfully, cheerily, merrily sing?

RESPONSE OF THE INHABITANTS OF ASIA MINOR.

In our own tongue, sublime and clear,
The Gospel's glorious sound we hear,—
How JESUS died, and rose again,
And poureth His Spirit on all men.

Chorus. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen.

3.

Children. Ye swarthy sons of Father Nile,
And ye from many a sea-girt isle,
From warm Cyrene's luscious land,
And Libyan deserts of drifting sand,—
O tell us why your voices ring,
And all so joyfully, cheerily, merrily sing?

RESPONSE OF THE NATIONS OF AFRICA.

In our own tongue, sublime and clear,
The Gospel's glorious sound we hear,—
How JESUS died, and rose again,
And poureth His Spirit on all men.

Chorus. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen,

4.

Children. Ye cohorts bold, that hither come
From proud, imperial, splendid Rome,
What tidings can a Jew impart
That thus can ravish a Roman heart?
O tell us why your voices ring,
And all so joyfully, cheerily, merrily sing?

RESPONSE OF THE ROMANS.

In our own tongue, sublime and clear,
The Gospel's glorious sound we hear,—
How JESUS died, and rose again,
And poureth His Spirit on all men.

Chorus. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen.

5.

Children. O say, ye lusty Cretans, who
Sail o'er the Mediterranean blue,
And ye who on your camels bear
Rich freight of Araby's incense rare,—
O tell us why your voices ring,
And all so joyfully, cheerily, merrily sing?

RESPONSE OF THE CRETES AND ARABIANS.

In our own tongue, sublime and clear,
The Gospel's glorious sound we hear,—
How JESUS died, and rose again,
And poureth His Spirit on all men.

Chorus. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen.

6.

Children. Ye tongues and tribes of living men,
When leafy Summer is come again,—
When birds sing loud on every side,
And earth is blooming in Whitsuntide,—
O tell us why your voices ring,
And all so joyfully, cheerily, merrily sing?

RESPONSE OF ALL GOOD CHRISTIANS NOW LIVING IN ALL THE WORLD.

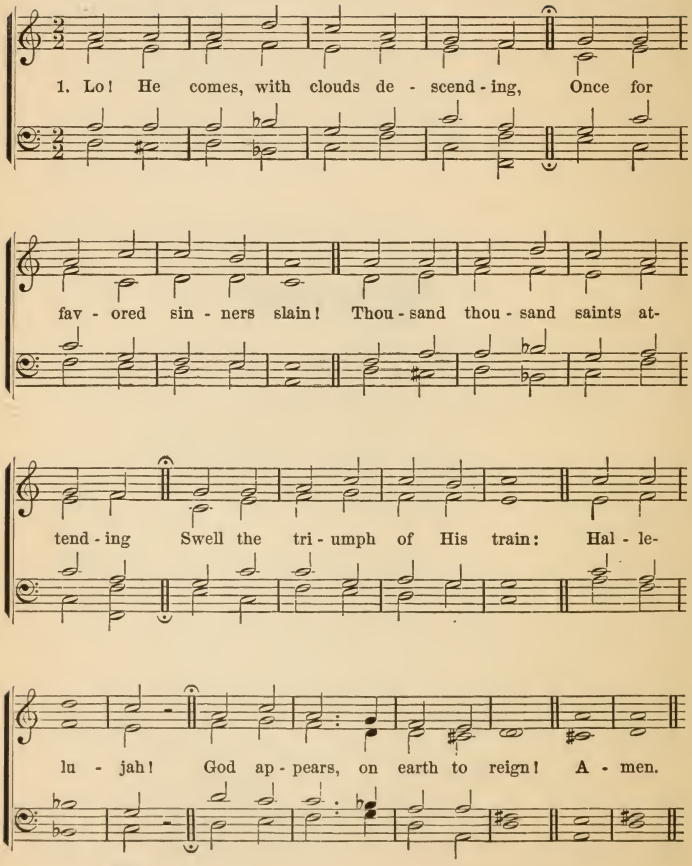
In our own tongue, sublime and clear,
The Gospel's glorious sound we hear,—
How JESUS died, and rose again,
And poureth His Spirit on all men.

Chorus. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen.

Hymns.

Lo! He comes.

Hymn I. DORIAN.



1 Lo ! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train ;
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign !

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away :
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away.

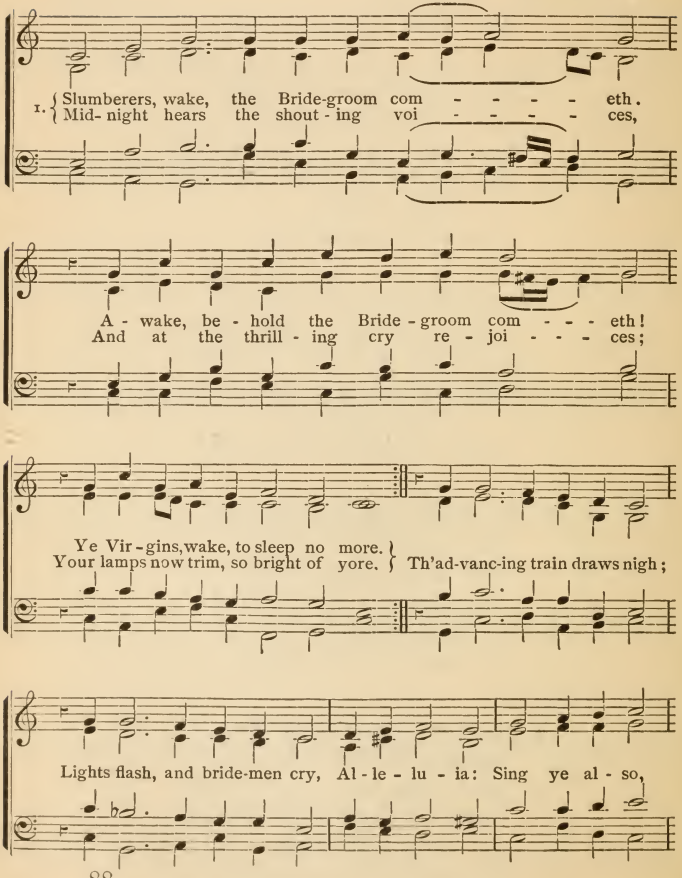
4 Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear :
All his Saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air :
Hallelujah !
See the Day of God appear.

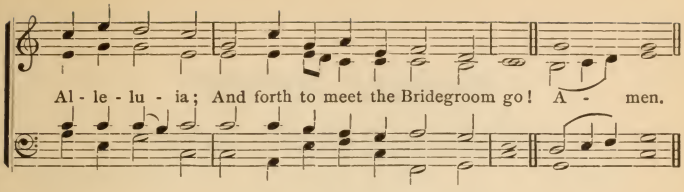
5 Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal Throne :
Saviour, take the power and glory ;
Claim the Kingdom for Thine own.
Come, Lord JESU,
Everlasting God, come down !

Slumberers, wake.

GERMAN CHORAL: **Wachet auf.**

JACOB PRAETORIUS, 1604.





2.

Zion hears the exultant singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Spouse comes down all-glorious,
The Strong in Grace, in Truth Victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Haste then, ye Virgins fair,
His marriage-feast to share,
Alleluia:
Ye too shall sing
Alleluia,
As ye go forth to meet your King.

3.

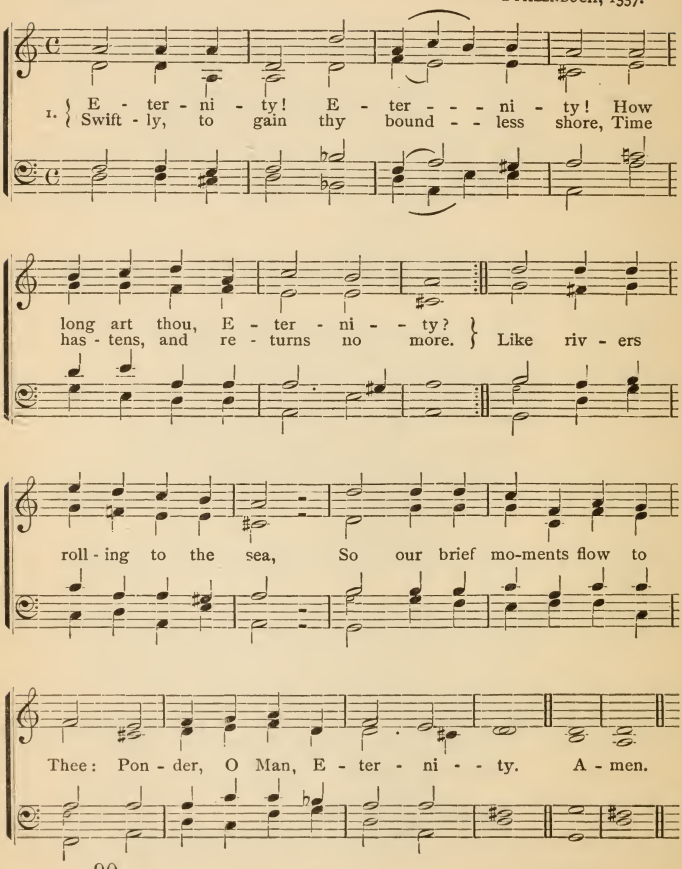
Lamb of GOD! The heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbals' clearest tone.
Of one pearl each open portal,
Where we are with the choirs immortal,
That stand around the great white Throne.
Ten thousand thousand tongues
There pour triumphal songs,
Alleluia:
Chanting their hymn,
Alleluia,
With Cherubim and Seraphim.

4.

Lo! the Bride, fair as the morning,
The royal crown her brow adorning,—
With fine wrought gold her bright robes shine.
On her breast are jewels gleaming;
In sevenfold light her beauty beaming
Bids welcome to her Spouse divine.
Round Him, in raiment white,
Sing all the saints in light,
Alleluia:
On that blest shore
Alleluia
Rolls evermore and evermore. Amen.

Eternity! Eternity!

GERMAN CHORAL: O Ewigkeit! O Ewigkeit!

DORIAN. PFALZNBUCH, 1557.

2.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
No spring hast thou, no autumn gold,
No summer's heat, nor winter's cold;
No infant cry begins thy day,
Nor age nor anguish brings decay:
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

3.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
How fearful dark in endless woe!
How blest where joys forever flow!
God's love is glad and glorious light,
His wrath, all wailing, death and night:
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

4.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
O Lord my God! *here* pour on me
Toil, grief, and pain, as pleaseth Thee,—
Here, fire and tempest make me bear;
But let Thy mercy find me *there*:
O spare me in Eternity!

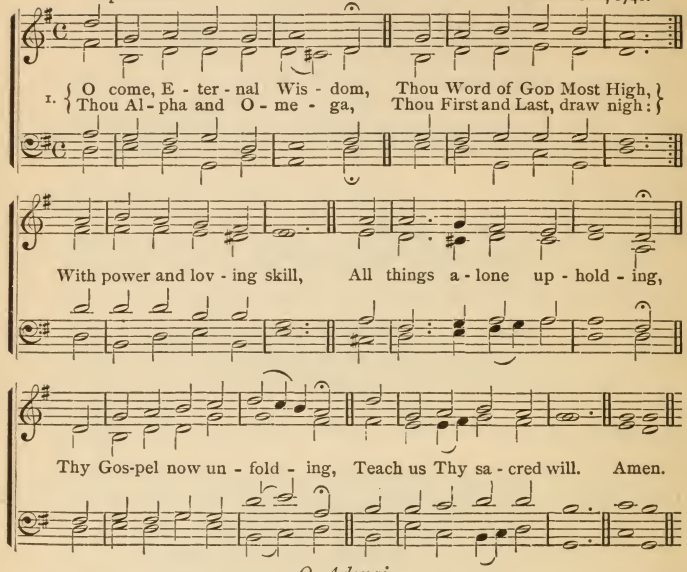
1866.

O come, Eternal Wisdom.

GERMAN CHORAL: **Groß iſt, Herr, deine Güte.**

The GREATER ANTIPHONS, *for the eight days before Christmas,*

O Sapientia. KIRCHHOFF, 1740.



O Adonai.

O come, LORD GOD of Israel,
Who Moses didst illume,
And in the Bush on Horeb
Didst burn yet not consume:
Though Sinai's trump ring clear,
O cease its deadly pealing;
Thy Mercy now revealing,
Let Grace and Truth appear.

O Radix Jesse.

O come, Thou Root of Jesse,
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Who standest for an ensign
To people from afar:
Their kings in silent awe
Shall bow themselves before Thee,
And Gentiles shall adore Thee,—
Thy love shall be their law.

O Clavis David.

O come, Thou Key of David,
Hell shall its conqueror know;
The pit where is no water
Shall let Thy prisoners go:
The gates of brass give way,
Their bars are burst in sunder,
And new-born hosts, in wonder,
Come forth to glorious day.

O Oriens.

O come, Thou shining Orient,
Eternal LIGHT unborn,
Let those that sit in darkness
Behold Thy rising morn:
Deep shades of death and night
By Thy bright beams are parted,—
The blind and broken-hearted
Leap into life and light.

O Rex Gentium.

O come, Thou King of Gentiles,
King David's royal Son,—
Thou Headstone of the corner,
Of twain thus making One;—
Thy Hand our being gave,
Our race with life supplying;
That race, now fall'n and dying,
O come, redeem and save!

O Emmanuel.

O come, Thou great Immanuel,
And reign in every heart;
Desire of all the nations,
And hope of all Thou art:
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy power no longer hiding,
But "GOD with us" abiding,
Thy full salvation bring.

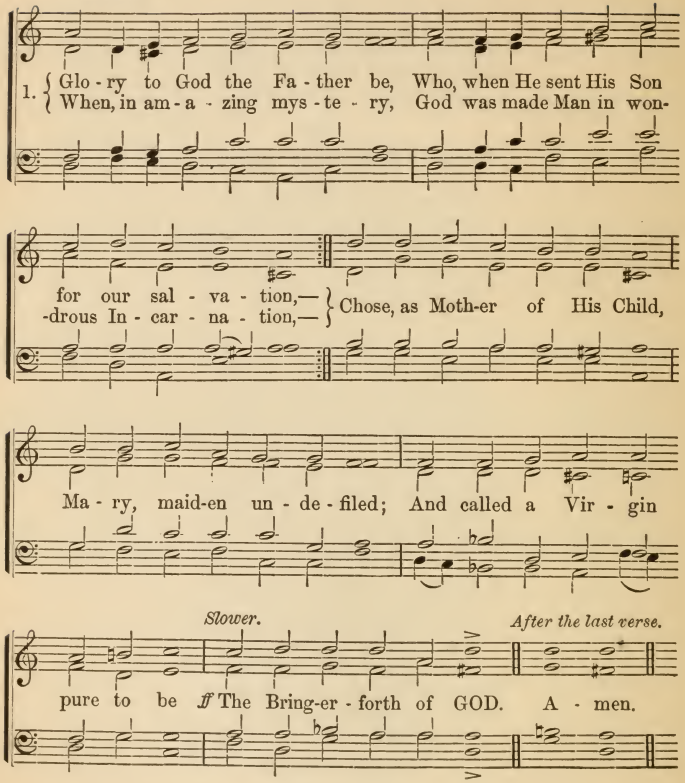
O Virgo Virginum.

O Son of Mary Virgin,
GOD from Eternity,
Before Thee was none like Thee,
Nor after shall there be.
Lo! He Whom heavens adore,
Redeems a world revolted;
And Man, in GOD exalted,
Shall reign for evermore.

Hymn

IN HONOR OF THE THEOTOKOS.

Dorian.



2. Glory to God the Son, who came
Down from His Throne and choirs of Angels holy,
Veiling His form of brightest flame,
Hiding Himself within a maiden lowly.
Light of Light in darkness lay,
Clothed Himself with mortal clay;
And made a Virgin pure to be
The Bringer-forth of GOD.

3. Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Spirit of Power, whose Dove-like form, descending
Swift as the Wind of Pentecost,
Breathed on a Maiden low before Him bending:
Fire of Life and Love divine
Found in Mary's womb a Shrine;
And made a Virgin pure to be
The Bringer-forth of GOD.

4. Glory to all the Three in One:
Father, who chose her for His only daughter;
Son, who in flesh became her Son;
Spirit, who more than spousal dowry brought her.
Threefold Gift of grace divine
Crowned the Flower of David's line,
And made a Virgin pure to be
The Bringer-forth of GOD.

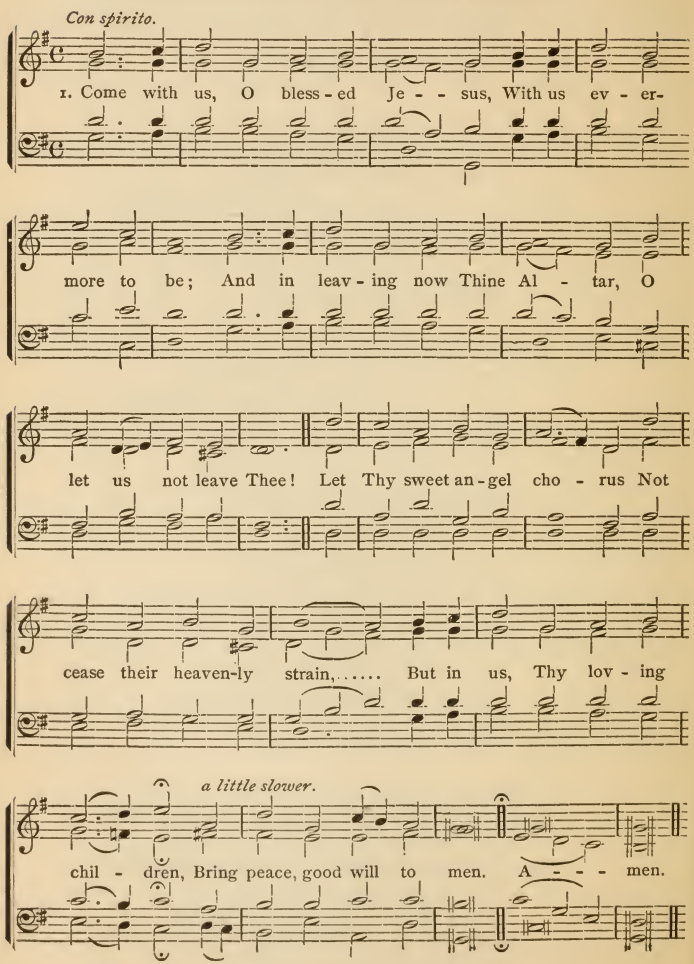
5. Gabriel came to Nazareth:
"Hail, blessed Mary, full of heavenly favour,
"Now is THE LORD with thee," he saith;
"Thou shalt be Mother of Thy People's Saviour!"
Thus the great Archangel meets,
Thus with reverent love he greets,
The Virgin pure, ordained to be
The Bringer-forth of GOD.

6. Angels appeared at Bethlehem,
Lighting the dark midnight with golden splendor;
Shepherds, in wonder, learn from them,
Born is their King, their Shepherd, their Defender!
Loud the harping chorus sang,
Heaven and earth with rapture rang,
When Mary maiden was proclaimed
The Bringer-forth of GOD.

7. Blessed is she of God most high;
Blessed the Angels and Archangels call her;
Blessed her own words prophesy;
Blessings alone in earth and Heaven befall her.
All good Christians then unite,
Shout and sing with all your might:
"Henceforth for ever blessed be
The Bringer-forth of GOD!"

1867.

Come with us, O blessed Jesus.

RETROCESSIONAL FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

1.

Come with us, O blessed JESUS,
With us evermore to be;
And in leaving now Thine Altar,
O let us not leave Thee!
Let Thy sweet angel chorus
Not cease their heavenly strain,
But in us, Thy loving children,
Bring peace, good will to men.

2.

Thou art GOD from everlasting,—
GOD of GOD, and LIGHT of LIGHT;
Thou art GOD, Thy glory veiling,
That men may bear the sight.
Beyond these walls O follow us,
Our daily life to share,
That in us Thy great and glorious Light
May shine forth everywhere.

3.

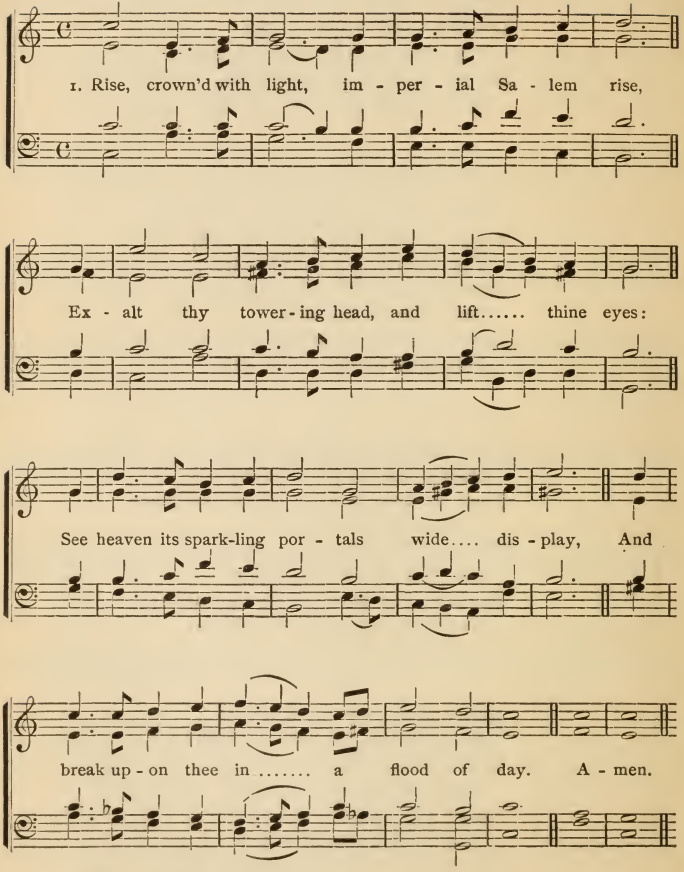
Thou art Man, of Mary Virgin,
Born to-day in Bethlehem;
Thou art Man, with griefs and sorrows,
And thorns for a diadem.
For ever Thou art one with us,
Our Life, our Love divine:
Our flesh and blood art Thou, LORD;
And thou hast given us Thine.

4.

Born a Babe, yet our Creator;
Born a Babe, yet GOD on high:
Born a Babe, O Son of David,
Thy Kingdom now is nigh.
Before Thy Cross victorious
O make Thy foes to fall,
Till the whole world sing Hosanna,
And own Thee LORD of all. Amen.

Rise, crown'd with Light.

Hymn 36.



2.

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3.

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4.

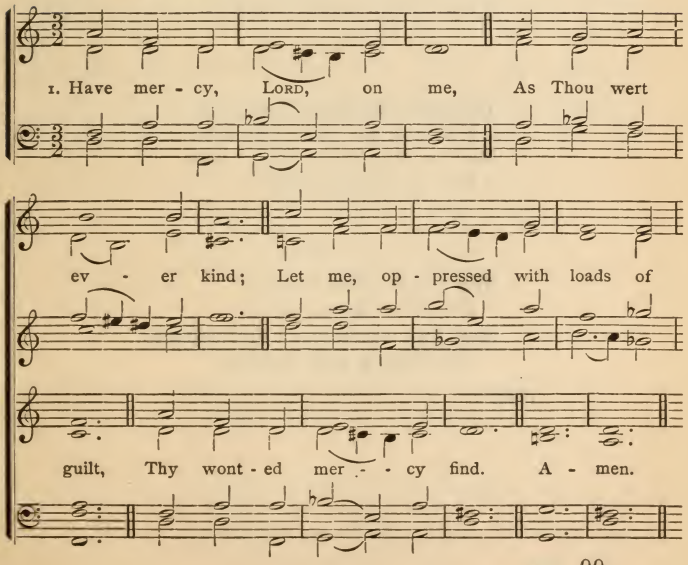
The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fix'd His word, His saving power remains ;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

1846.

Have Mercy, Lord, on me.

Hymn 60.

Dorian.



2.

Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3.

Against Thee, LORD, alone,
And only in Thy sight,
Have I transgress'd; and, though condemn'd,
Must own Thy judgment right.

4.

Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view:
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

5.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight;
Nor let Thy HOLY SPIRIT take
His everlasting flight.

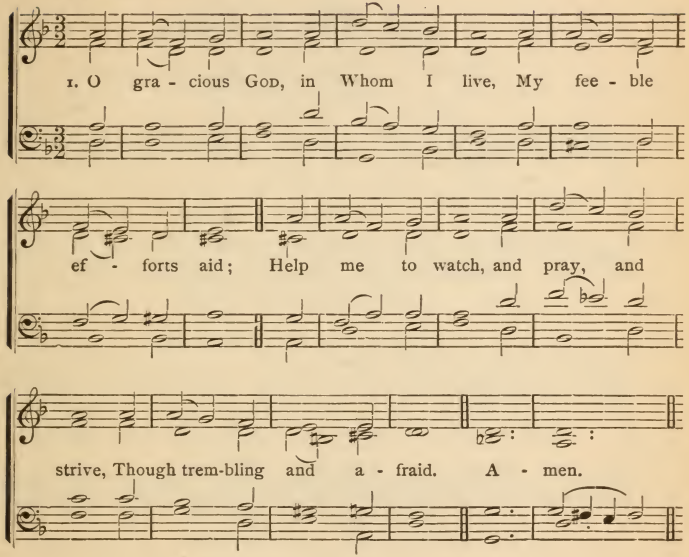
6.

The joy Thy favor gives
Let me, O LORD, regain;
And Thy free SPIRIT's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

1869.

O gracious God, in Whom I live.

Hymn 66.



2.

Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

3.

Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, Thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.

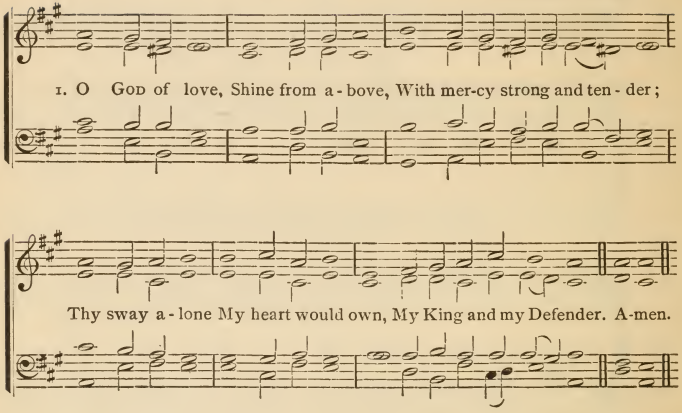
4,

O keep me in Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and Thee.

O God of Love.

GERMAN CHORAL: **Ach, Gott und Herr.**

J. VOPELIUS, 1682.



2.

When sore afraid,
To Thee I prayed;
And soon, from Heav'n replying,
Thy Spirit's Breath
Wrought life from death,
And gave me songs for sighing.

3.

All foul within,
Laden with sin,
And helpless bound thereunder;
Thy pardon came,
With word of flame,
And burst my bonds in sunder.

4.

Therefore I sing,
O Lord and King;
My heart with joy o'erfloweth:
No bliss of earth
Hath life or worth,
Save when Thy love it knoweth.

5.

Yet is my heart
Thine but in part,
And o'er it oft come thronging
Earth's hopes and fears,
Earth's joys and tears,
And earthly love and longing.

6.

O purge its dross,
By Thine own Cross;
And make it, Thou Refiner,
Through pain, more pure,
Through storm, more sure,
And day by day diviner.

7.

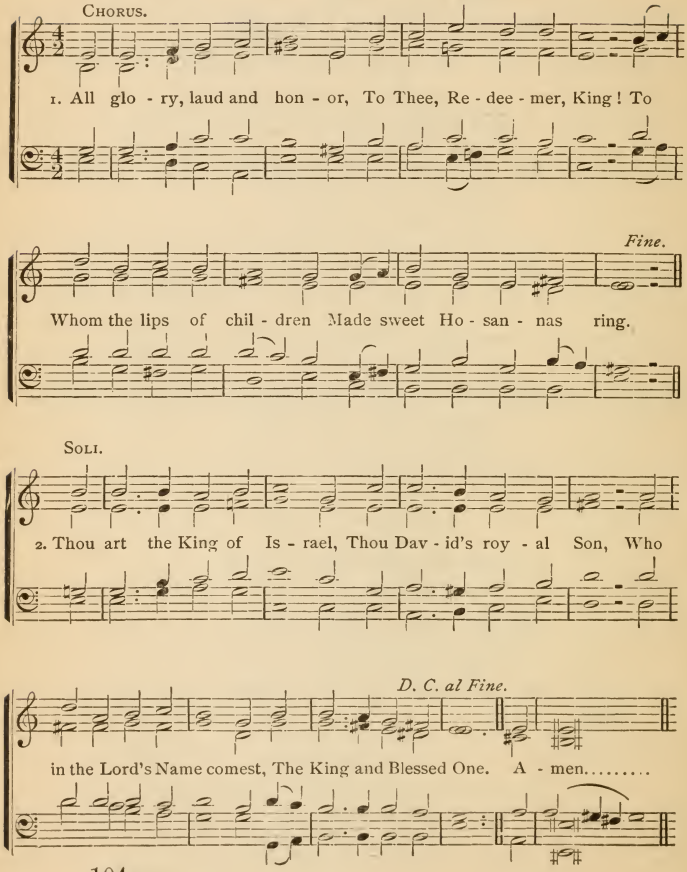
May no dark stain
In me remain,
My soul from Thee to sever;
Let me be Thine,
And Thou be mine,
For ever and for ever. Amen.

1873.

All Glory, Laud and Honor.

FOR PALM SUNDAY.

Hymn 72.



3.

The company of Angels
Are praising Thee on high ;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.

All glory, &c.

4.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went :
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

All glory, &c.

5.

To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise :
To Thee, now high exalted
Our melody we raise.

All glory, &c.

6.

Thou didst accept their praises ;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

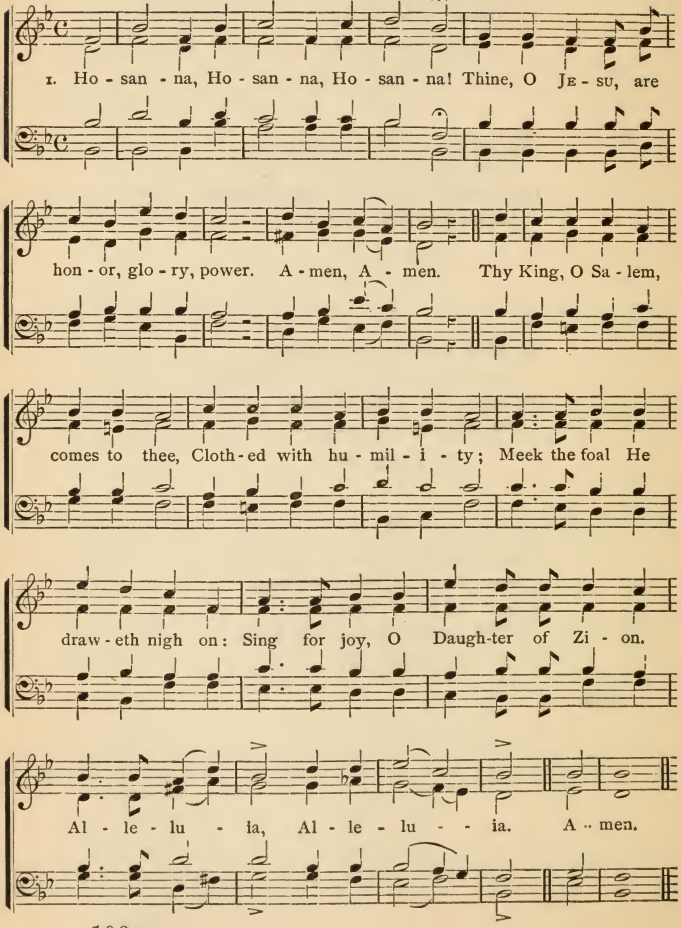
All glory, &c.

1874.

Hosanna.

FOR PALM SUNDAY.

GERMAN CHORAL: **Jehova, Jehova, Jehova.**

KNECHT, 1815.

2.

Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna!
Son of David, ascend Thy royal throne.
Amen, Amen.
Afar to earth's remotest end
Let Thy loving realm extend,—
Realm no powers of hell can sever:
Thou shalt reign for ever and ever.
Alleluia, Alleluia.

3,

Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna!
Our Redeemer and King art Thou alone.
Amen, Amen.
Strow fresh green branches o'er the clay,
Spread your garments in His way,
Shout, all ye that go before Him,
All ye following after, adore Him:
Alleluia, Alleluia.

4.

Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna!
Thou, O Jesu, art King of saints in light.
Amen, Amen.
Forth from the Holy City's gate
Pours a train in solemn state;
Victor palms, triumphant voices,
Join yon host that coming rejoices:
Alleluia, Alleluia.

5.

Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna!
This is Jesus of Nazareth, our King.
Amen, Amen.
Street after street glad tumult fills,
All the city moves and thrills;
Hark! the happy children crying,—
Loud and clear their fellows replying:
Alleluia, Alleluia.

6.

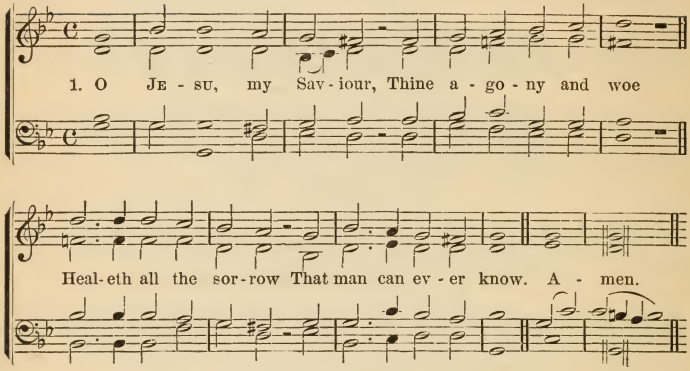
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna!
Ope, ye doors, for the King of Glory comes.
Amen, Amen.
He heals the sick, the lame, the blind,
Peace He gives the troubled mind,
Nay, the very dead He raises:
Heaven and earth re-echo His praises!
Alleluia, Alleluia.

O Jesu, my Saviour.

„Ach Jesu, Dein Sterben."

For Good Friday.

Music by Dr. FRIDRICH LAYRIZ.



2 O Jesu, my Saviour,
The Blood that Thou hast shed
Cleanseth from transgression
The living and the dead.

3 O Jesu, my Saviour,
The death that Thou hast died
Giveth life to all men
Who love the Crucified.

4 O Jesu, my Saviour,
By Thy victorious power
Death is slain for ever,
And hell appals no more.

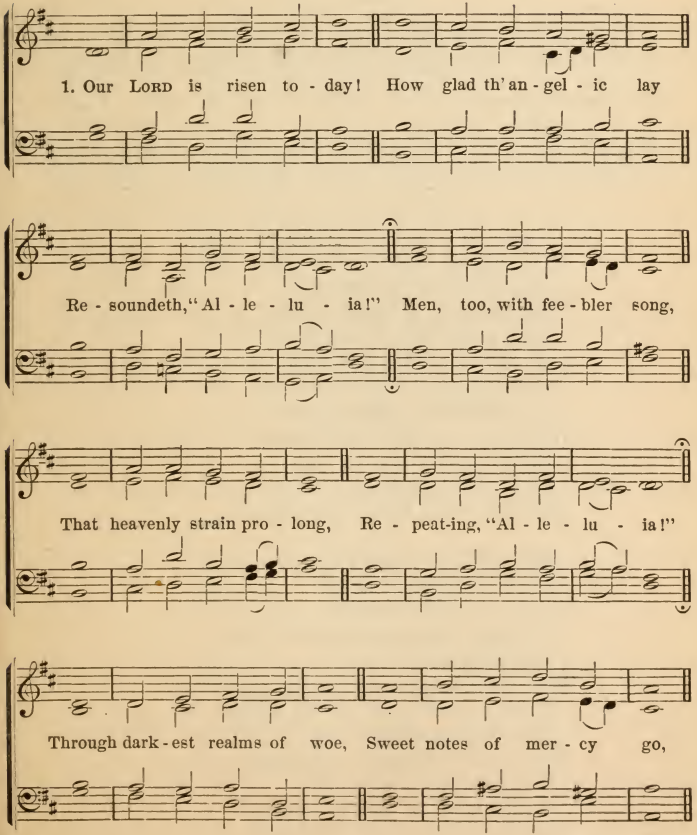
5 O Jesu, my Saviour,
Now throned in majesty,
Thou art God Almighty,
Have mercy upon me! Amen.

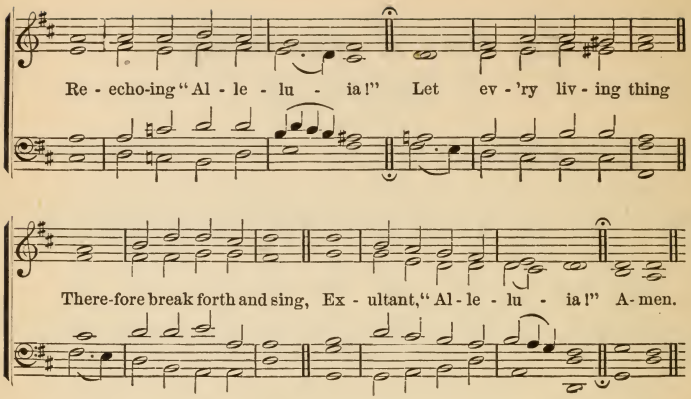
1868.

The Lord is risen to-day.

AN EASTER HYMN.

The following Melody *is from* MAROT, (A.D. 1530,) *who has set it to Psalm* iii.; *and in Day's Psalter* (1580) *it is set to Psalm* cxxii.





2 Death quenched not LIGHT OF LIGHT,
HE, clad in matchless might,
To deepest hell descended.
He preached to spirits there;
And, at His Word, despair
And death and pain are ended.
Out through the gates of brass
The new-born armies pass;
While Saints in raptured chorus,
Behold that host draw nigh
And loud "Hosanna!" cry,—
"All hail, Thou King victorious!"

3 Before the dawning's birth,
Up to the waiting Earth
Our JESUS swift returneth.
Through that same stone He rose
Fast sealed by His foes,—
Their malice thus He scorneth.
Earth quaked with fear and dread,
And Roman soldiers fled,
When, clad in radiance splendid,
One heavenly hand alone
Rolled back the mighty stone,
And Death's short victory ended!

4 Now shining Angels tell
How bands of death and hell
By Him were burst in sunder.
With spices in their hand,
Lo! holy women stand,
And list in thrilling wonder:
Then, trembling with the joy.
Unto the Eleven they fly,
That *men* also may greet him;
"THE LORD is risen," they say,
"THE LORD is risen to-day;
O, go ye forth to meet Him!"

5 Ascend Thy conquering car,
Thou mighty Man of War,
With all thy Saints surrounded!
Shine forth in perfect day,
And let Thy loving sway
Spread far o'er realms unbounded:
Till to the lower world
Thy deadly foes are hurled,
Cast down, to rise up never;
And Thou, IMMANUEL,
O'er heaven, and earth, and hell
Triumphant reign forever!

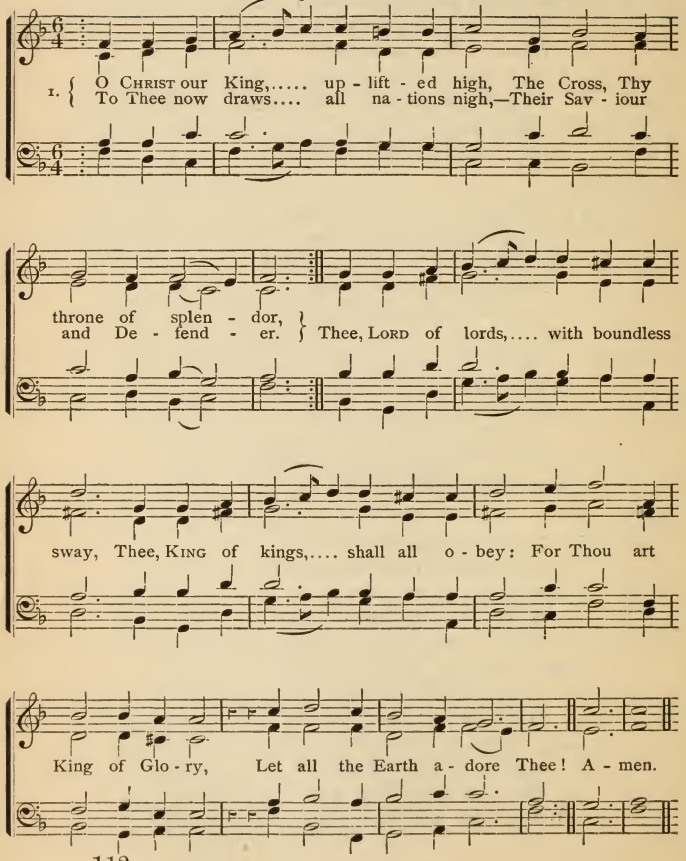
6 To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT, Three in One,
Eternal praise be given,
By all of mortal birth
Within the Church on earth,
And countless hosts of heaven:
As was on that bright morn
When heaven and earth were born,
And songs of praise ascended,
Is now, and shall be so,—
Still swelling as they go,—
When Time itself is ended!

Thou art King of Glory.

FOR EASTER.

GERMAN CHORAL: **Ermuntre dich.**

J. SCHOP, 1641.



2.

O CHRIST our King, descending low,
Through Death's tremendous portal,
Thy voice divine, through realms of woe,
Proclaims new life immortal.
Hope springs once more, 'mid fires and pains,
Thy prisoners leap to burst their chains:
For Thou art King of Glory,
And Hell shall bow before Thee!

3.

O CHRIST our King, the glassy sea
Upholds a shining chorus,
With crowns and palms encircling Thee,
And thrones of state victorious.
Prostrate they fall, in reverence meet,
Casting their crowns before Thy feet:
For Thou art King of Glory,
And all Thy Saints adore Thee!

4.

O CHRIST our King, in Heaven Thy home,
With harp and voice unfailing,
Angelic hosts surround Thy throne,
With wings their faces veiling.
Thee GOD OF GOD sing Cherubim,
Thee LIGHT OF LIGHT sing Seraphim:
For Thou art King of Glory,
The Heaven of Heavens adore Thee!

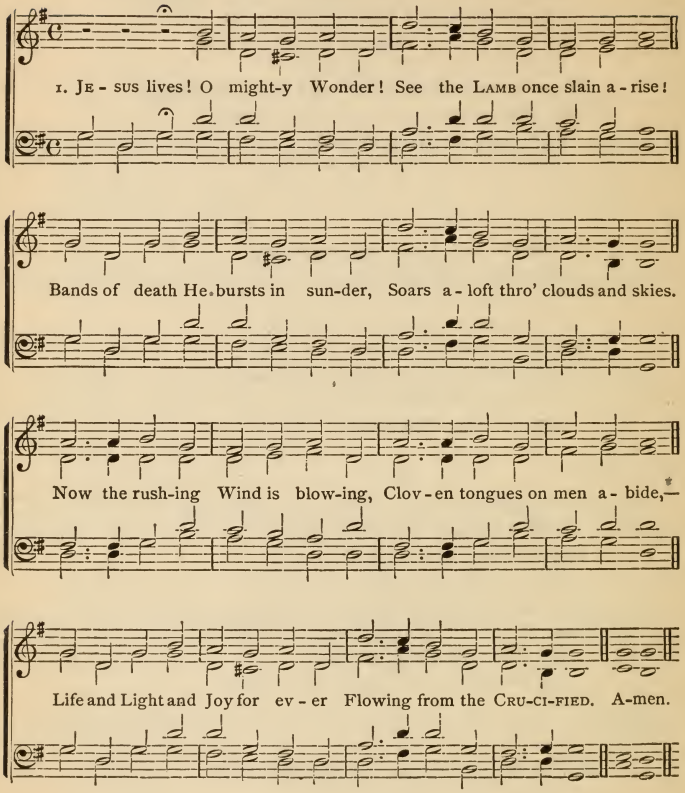
5.

O CHRIST our King, Thy glorious reign
Unites Thy whole creation,—
Earth, Hell, and Heaven, Angels and Men,
And every Constellation.
Now let Thy Bride, bright as the sun,
With Thee, the LAMB, be ever One:
For Thou art King of Glory,
Let all in all adore Thee! Amen.

1875.

Jesus lives.

FOR EASTER-TIDE, AND AT FUNERALS.



2 Jesus lives! Death's sole destroyer,
Dead, and yet alive, is He;
Stone, and seal, and linen grave-clothes,
Tell the tale of Victory.
Through the wall of rock-hewn cavern,
Swift as sunbeam through the glass,
See the Saviour, Death's destroyer,
See our conquering Hero, pass.

3 JESUS lives! All hell is trembling,
Finding now, in dire alarm,
Gates of brass and bars of iron
Shattered by His holy arm.
Throw the dungeon doors wide open,
Let the longing prisoners go!
CHRIST leads on: His ransomed follow,
Shouting triumph o'er the foe.

4 JESUS lives! And we, His members,
Wherefore should we fear to die?
Graves are but our waiting chambers,
Till the Bridegroom draweth nigh.
Therefore let our loins be girded,
Trimmed our lamps, and burning bright;
Hark the cry:—"Go forth to meet Him,
All ye children of the Light!"

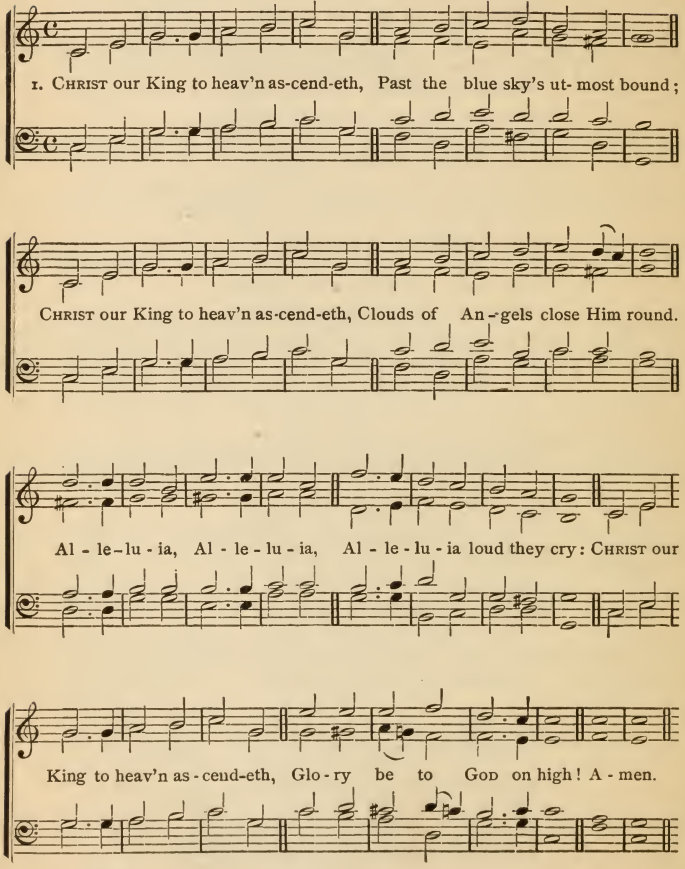
5 JESUS lives! Why then be anxious
Where we lie in our long sleep?
Towns, or plains, or hills, or valleys,
Desert wild, or ocean deep,
All are known to GOD who made them,
All to Him are holy ground;
All shall hail the angel reapers,
When the Judgment trump shall sound.

6 JESUS lives! His life partaking,
All His Saints with Him shall rise;
Death can only, to the faithful,
Ope the doors of Paradise.
Here our nearest and our dearest,
One by one, are gone before;
There shall soon their swelling number
Welcome us, to part no more.

7 JESUS lives! O King of Glory,
Reigning on Thy royal throne,
Dying mortals, we implore Thee,
SAVIOUR, leave us not alone!
Soon, from land and sea, O call us,—
Call Thy wandering children Home;
Even so, Thou King of Glory,
Come, Lord JESU, quickly come! Amen.

Christ our King to Heaven ascendeth.

FOR ASCENSION DAY.



2.

Our High-Priest to Heaven ascendeth,
Lo! the Lamb, as it were slain!
Our High-Priest to Heaven ascendeth,
On GOD'S Throne He lives again,
Pleads His Sacrifice of wonder,
Claims the fruit of all His pain:
Our High-Priest to Heaven ascendeth,—
Peace on earth, good-will to men!

3.

CHRIST our LORD to Heaven ascendeth,
Cloven tongues of fire appear.
CHRIST our LORD to Heaven ascendeth,
Lo! the rushing Wind is here!
Mighty armies forth with banners
Conquering and to conquer go:
CHRIST our LORD to Heaven ascendeth,—
He shall reign o'er all below.

4.

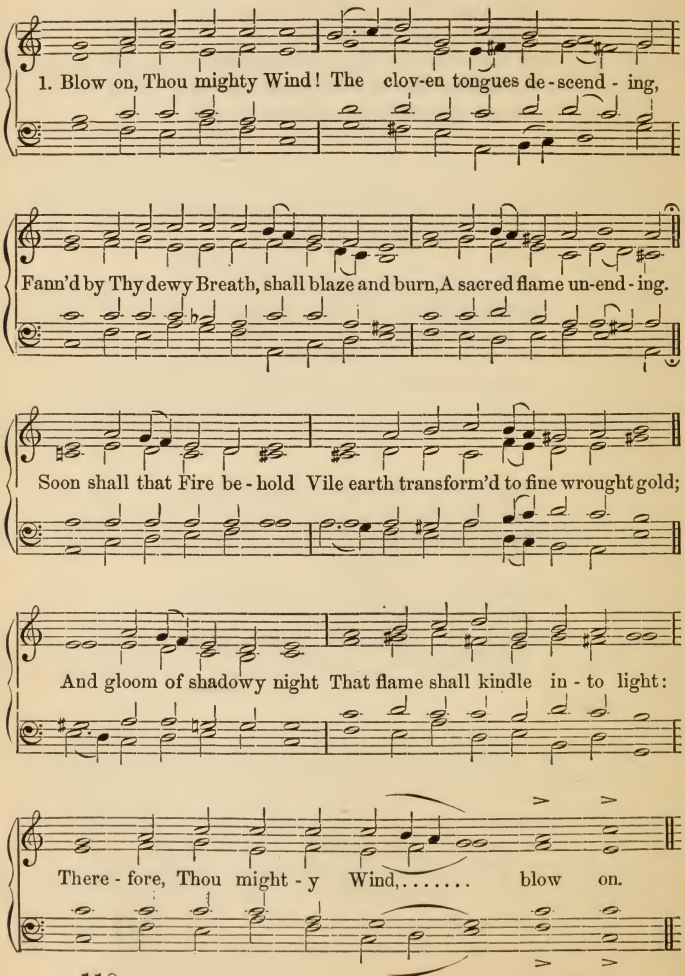
CHRIST now reigns, the King of Glory,
All His foes before Him fall;
CHRIST now reigns, the King of Glory,
He alone is all in all.
King of kings shall men behold Him,
Lord of lords for evermore:
CHRIST now reigns, the King of Glory,
Bow before Him, and adore!

Amen.

1878.

Blow on, thou mighty Wind.

FOR WHITSUN DAY.



2. Blow on, Thou mighty Wind,
And waft to realms unbounded
The notes of Faith and Hope and tender Love
The Gospel trump hath sounded.
Those sweetly piercing tones,
That charm all wars and tears and groans,
Through earth and sea and sky
Upon thy rushing wings shall fly:
Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.

3. Blow on, Thou mighty Wind;
For, tempest-toss'd and lonely,
The Church upon the rolling billows rides,
And trusts in Thy Breath only.
She spreads her swelling sails
For Thee to fill with favoring gales,
Till, through the stormy sea,
Thou bring her home where she would be:
Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.

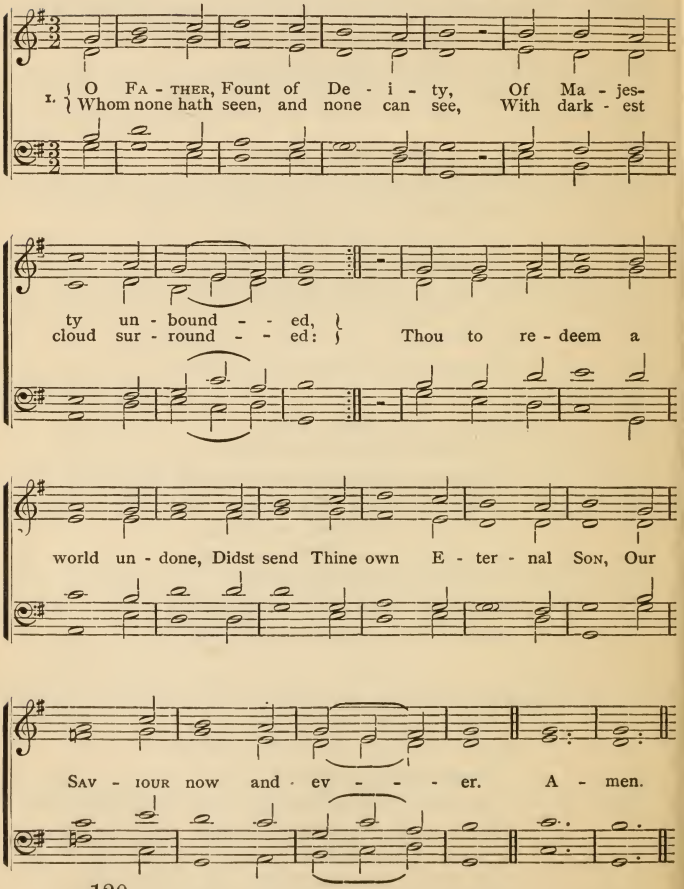
4. Blow on, thou mighty Wind,
On hearts contrite and broken,
And bring in quickening power the gracious words
That Jesu's lips have spoken.
Lo! then, from death and sleep,
The listening souls to life shall leap;
Then Love shall reign below,
And Joy the whole wide world o'erflow:
Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.

5. To God the Father, Son,
By all in earth and heaven,
And to the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Eternal praise be given:
As once triumphant rang
When morning stars together sang;
Is now, as aye before;
And shall be so for evermore,
World without end. Amen. Amen.

O Father, Fount of Deity.

GERMAN CHORAL: **Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr'.**

HANS KUGELMANN, 1540.



2.

O Jesu, Lamb once crucified,
How great Thy loving-kindness,—
Who healest all our sin and pride,
Our lameness and our blindness.
Good Shepherd, take Thy wandering sheep,
And them, with all Thy chosen, keep
Safe in Thy Fold for ever.

3.

O Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With quickening power descending,
Thou lamp of Light and fire of Love,
Thou Gift of joy unending:
Thy sevenfold gifts to us impart,
And fill each loving, trustful heart
With Thine own Peace for ever.

4.

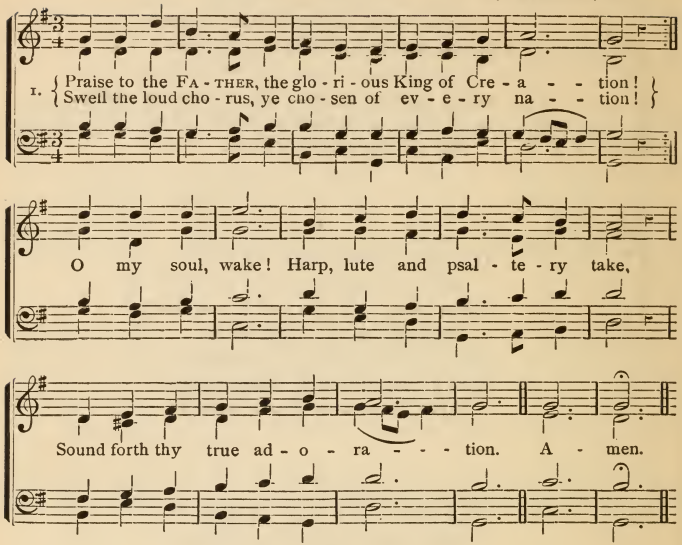
"All glory be to God on high!"
Thus swells the hymn sonorous
From Cherubim and Seraphim
And Saints' triumphant chorus,
Like many waters' mighty roar,
Resounding on the eternal shore
For ever and for ever.

1866.

Praise to the Father.

GERMAN CHORAL: **Lobe den Herren.**

J. NEANDER, 1680.



2.

Praise to the SON: for the Cross that once shamefully bore Him,
Now, on the throne of His power, let all creatures adore Him!
Man reigns on high!
Lo! all the hosts of the sky
Bow down and worship before Him!

3.

Praise to the SPIRIT, Whose strong, rushing Wind, ever blowing,
Still through the world, wheresoever it listeth, is going:
Darkness and death
Drink, from Thy quickening Breath,
Life, light and joy overflowing.

4.

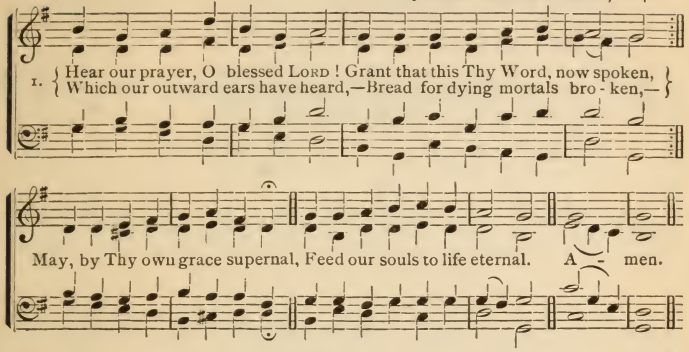
LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, Creator, Redeemer, and Giver,
Thy praise resounds by the shore of the bright crystal River:
We, too, would fain,
Echoing humbly the strain,
1866. Praise Thee for ever and ever.

Hear our Prayer, O blessed Lord.

FOR SUNDAY EVENING.

GERMAN CHORAL : **Liebſter Jeſu, wir ſind hier.**

JOHANN RUDOLPH AHLE, 1664.



2.

Though we leave Thy dwelling-place,
Leave us not, O loving Saviour!
Let the sunshine of Thy face
Dwell within our hearts for ever :
All our sins, though dear and pleasant,
Flee for shame when Thou art present.

3.

Through our week-day toil and care,
Through all dangers and temptations,
May this day of praise and prayer
Breathe Thy strength of love and patience ;—
Keep us pure, and meek, and lowly,
Make us brave, and true, and holy.

4.

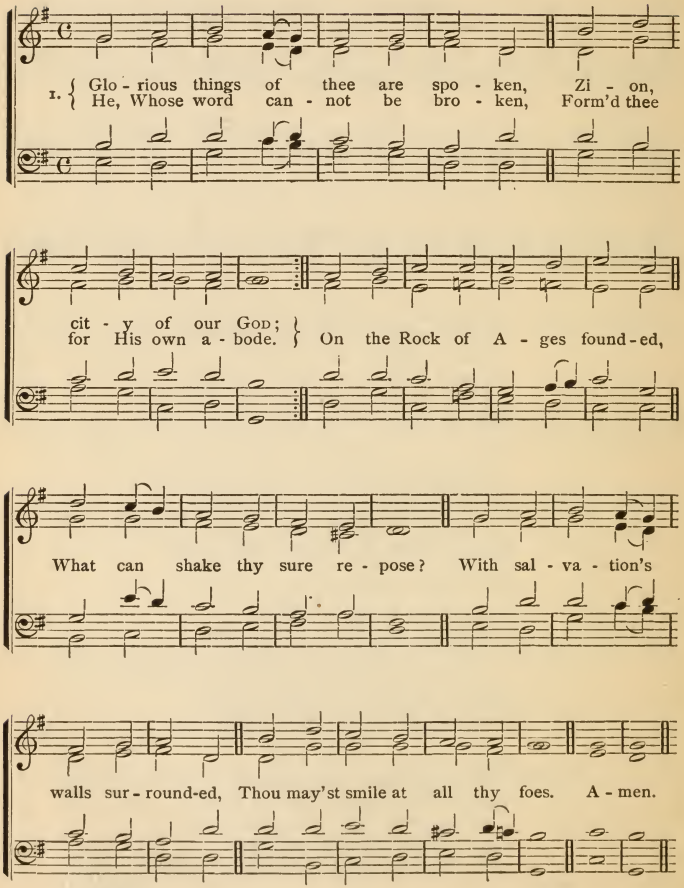
So shall we at last be found
Over sin and death victorious ;
By Thy loving mercy crowned ;
Numbered with Thy saints all-glorious :
Where, with angel choirs attended,
Songs of praise are never ended.

5.

Holy FATHER, Holy SON,
HOLY SPIRIT, ever blessed,—
One in Three, and Three in One,
Glory be to Thee addressed ;—
Glory here on earth be given ;
Glory by the hosts of Heaven. Amen.

Glorious Things of thee are spoken.

Hymn 190.



2.

See, the streams of living waters,
  Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
  And all fear of want remove ;
Who can faint while such a river
  Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
Grace, which like the LORD, the giver,
  Never fails from age to age.

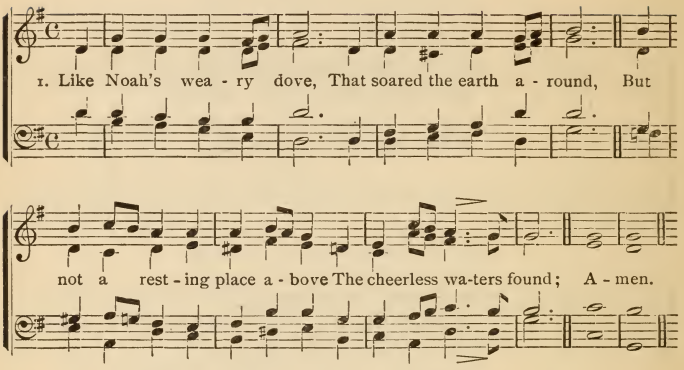
3

Round each habitation hovering,
  See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
  Showing that the LORD is near.
Blest inhabitants of Zion,
  Wash'd in the REDEEMER'S blood !
JESUS, Whom their souls rely on,
  Makes them kings and priests to GOD.

1875.

Like Noah's weary Dove.

Hymn 195.



2.

O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3.

Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4.

There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5.

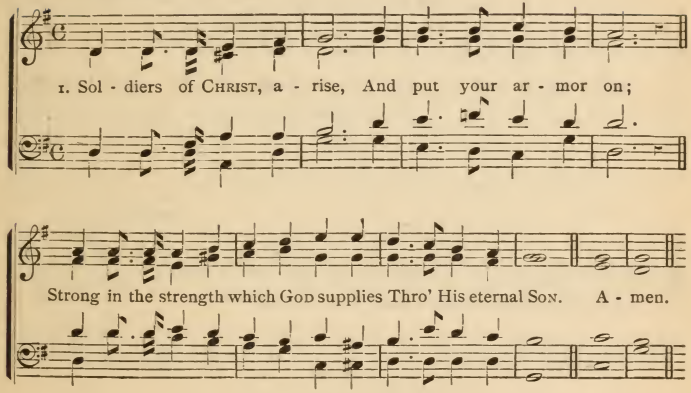
And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Sion's hill.

1881.

Soldiers of Christ, arise.

FOR CONFIRMATION.

Hymn 216.



2.

Strong in the LORD of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of GOD;

4.

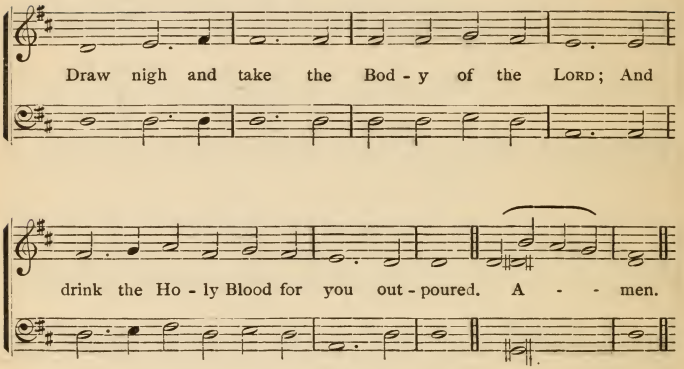
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

1845.

Draw nigh.

FOR THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

Words condensed from Hymns Ancient and Modern.



Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to GOD.

Salvation's Giver, CHRIST, the only SON,
By His dear Cross and Blood the victory won.

Offered is He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest.

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of Salvation here.

He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace His saints to aid.

With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living water to the thirsting soul.

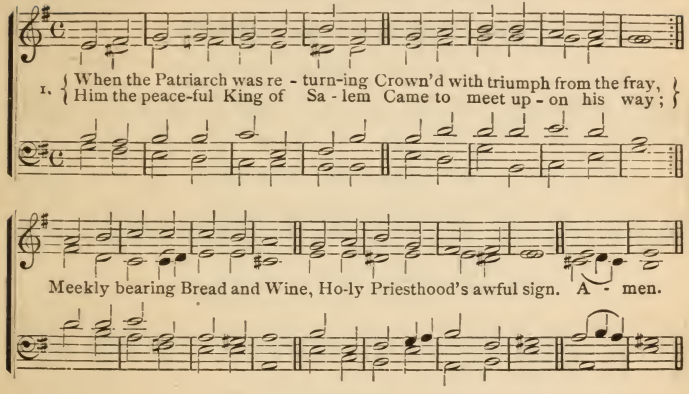
ALPHA and OMEGA, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the Doom, is with us now.

1871.

When the Patriarch was returning.

FOR THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

Words from NEALE *and* LITTLEDALE *on the Psalms, Vol. III., p.* 451.



2.

On the truth thus dimly shadowed,
Later days a lustre shed;
When the Great High Priest eternal,
Under forms of Wine and Bread,
For the world's immortal Food,
Gave His Flesh, and gave His Blood.

3.

Wondrous Gift!—The Word Who moulded
All things by His might divine,
Bread to be His Body maketh,
And His very Blood the Wine;
What though sense no change perceives,
Faith admires, adores, believes!

4.

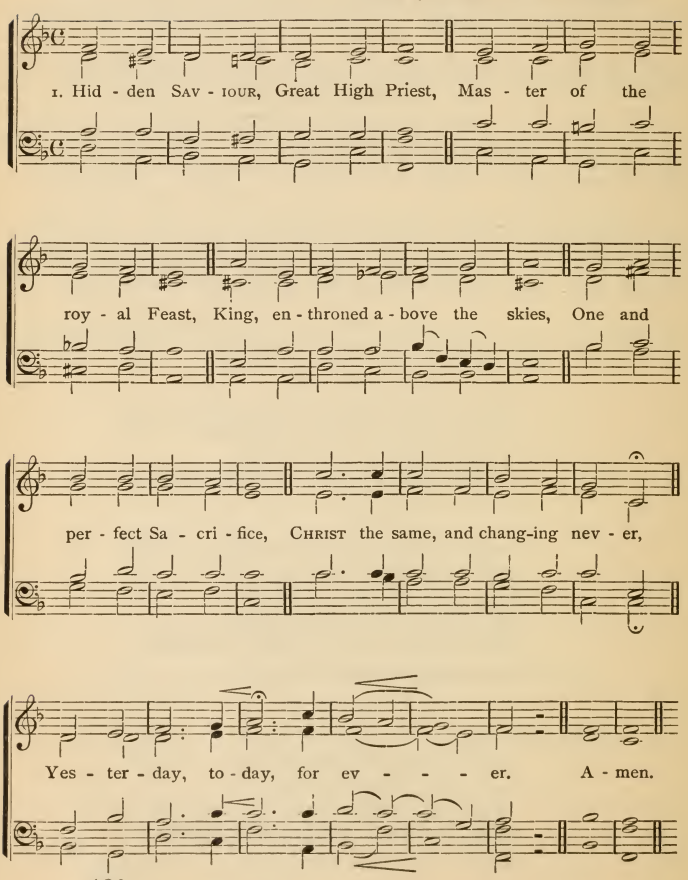
He Who once to die a Victim
On the Cross did not refuse,
Day by day, upon our Altars,
That same Sacrifice renews;
Through His holy Priesthood's hands,
Faithful to His last commands!

1873.

Hidden Saviour.

FOR THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

Words by the Rev. Dr. Littledale.



2.

Yesterday upon the Cross
Thou didst hang to heal our loss,
Past are now Thy mortal pains,
Yet Thy Sacrifice remains,
CHRIST the same, and changing never,
Yesterday, to-day, for ever.

3.

This day on Thine Altar-Throne
Thou art present with Thine own,
Veiling here Thy light divine
Under forms of Bread and Wine,
CHRIST the same, and changing never,
Yesterday, to-day, for ever.

4.

Evermore a Priest above,
Thou art pleading, in Thy love,
That same Offering of might
Which we show in bloodless rite,
CHRIST the same, and changing never,
Yesterday, to-day, for ever.

5.

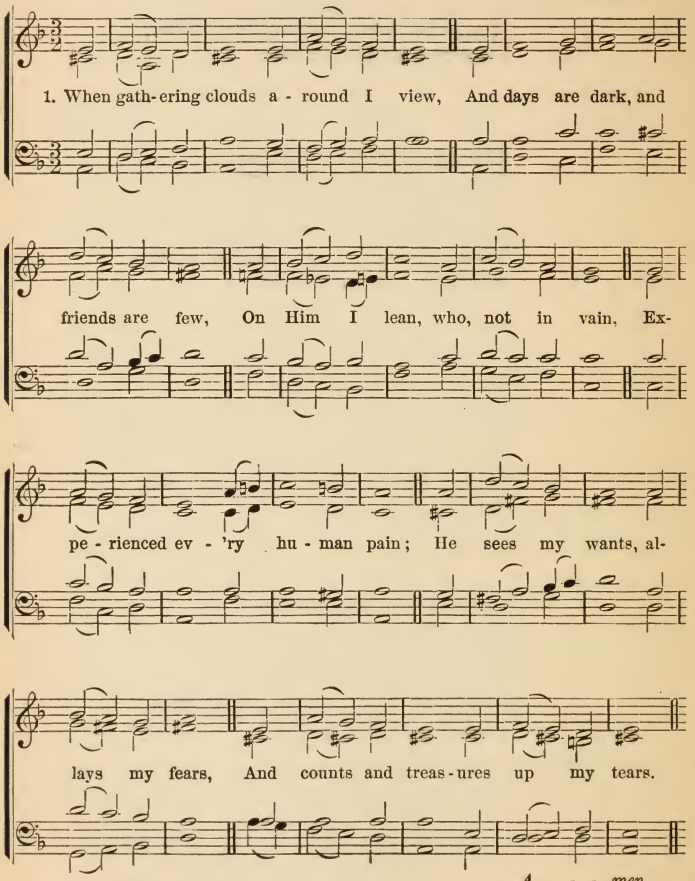
Man of Mary, GOD of GOD,
Sacred Flesh and Precious Blood,
Thee we offer, Thee adore,
Till Thou comest here once more,
CHRIST the same, and changing never,
Yesterday, to-day, for ever.

1873.

When gathering Clouds around I view.

Hymn 250.

HYPO-PHRYGIAN.



1.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still He, Who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Then He, who once vouchsafed to bear
Such bitter conflict with despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, SAVIOUR, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

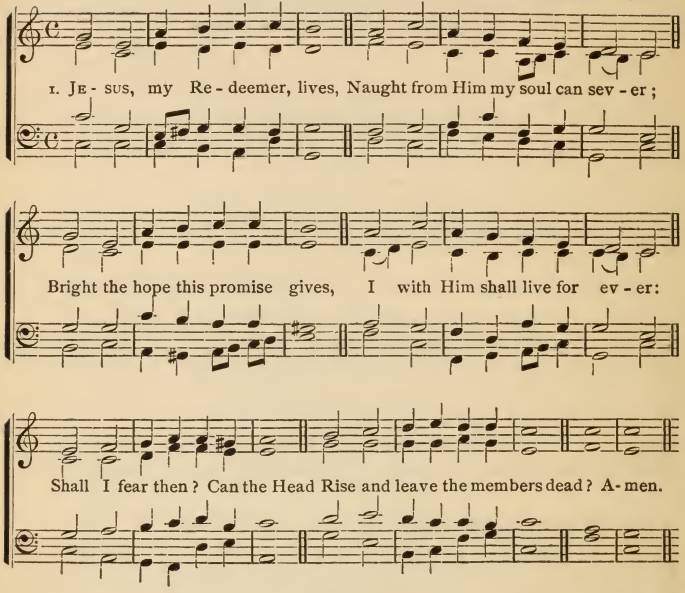
5.

And, oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside,
My bed of death, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Jesus, my Redeemer, lives.

GERMAN CHORAL: **Jesus, meine Zuversicht.**

JOHANN CRUGER, 1658.



2.

Flesh I am, and therefore must
Enter soon Death's gloomy portal;
This I know: but from the dust
I shall rise to life immortal;
Then at my Redeemer's side
I shall evermore abide.

3.

GOD Himself, in that blest place,
Shall a glorious body give me;

I shall see my Saviour's face,
To His arms He will receive me,—
To His joyful presence raise,
Evermore on Him to gaze!

4.

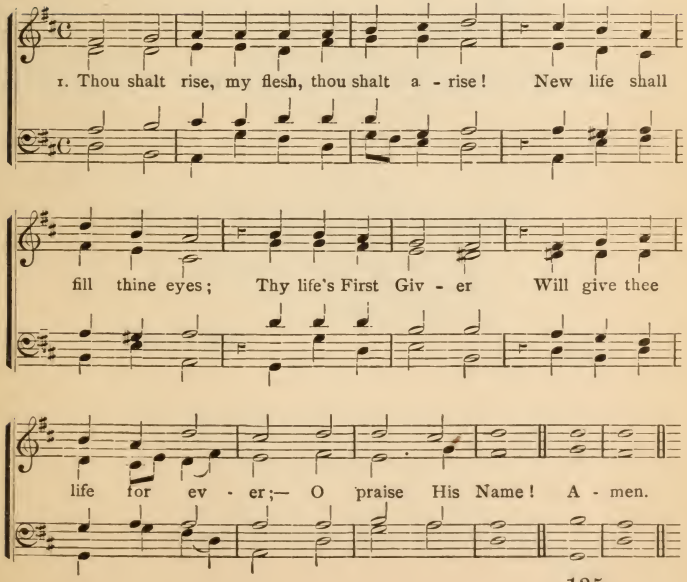
Mortals, raise your souls above
Earthly joys and fleeting treasure;
Yield your hearts to Him in love,
Here obey your LORD's good pleasure.
Fix your thoughts beyond the skies,
Whither ye yourselves would rise.

1866. *After* LOUISA VON BRANDENBURG.

Thou shalt rise.

GERMAN CHORAL: **Auferſtehn, ja, auferſtehn wirſt du.**

J. W. STADLER, 1819.



2.

Sown in faith, thou shalt be raised again,
When, after Death's long reign,
JESUS is reaping
The seed in death now sleeping ;—
O praise His Name !

3.

Day of praise ! for thee, O joyful Day,
My flesh in hope shall stay ;
And when I number
My days of silent slumber,
Thou wakest me !

4.

Then, as they who dream, we shall arise,
Immortal to the skies ;
And on that morrow
Shall find our tears and sorrow
All past and gone !

5.

Then, with countless angels we shall sing,
Borne on triumphant wing
Through Heavén soaring,
GOD'S Holy Name adoring
For evermore !

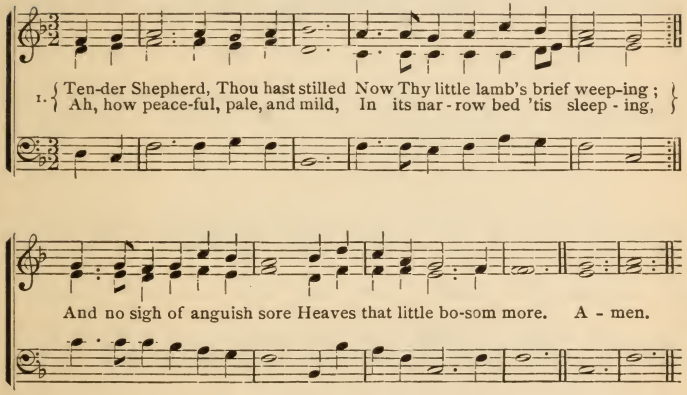
After KLOPSTOCK.

1866.

Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled.

FOR THE BURIAL OF A CHILD.

Hymn 263.



2.

In this world of care and pain,
LORD, Thou wouldst no longer leave it ;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it ;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

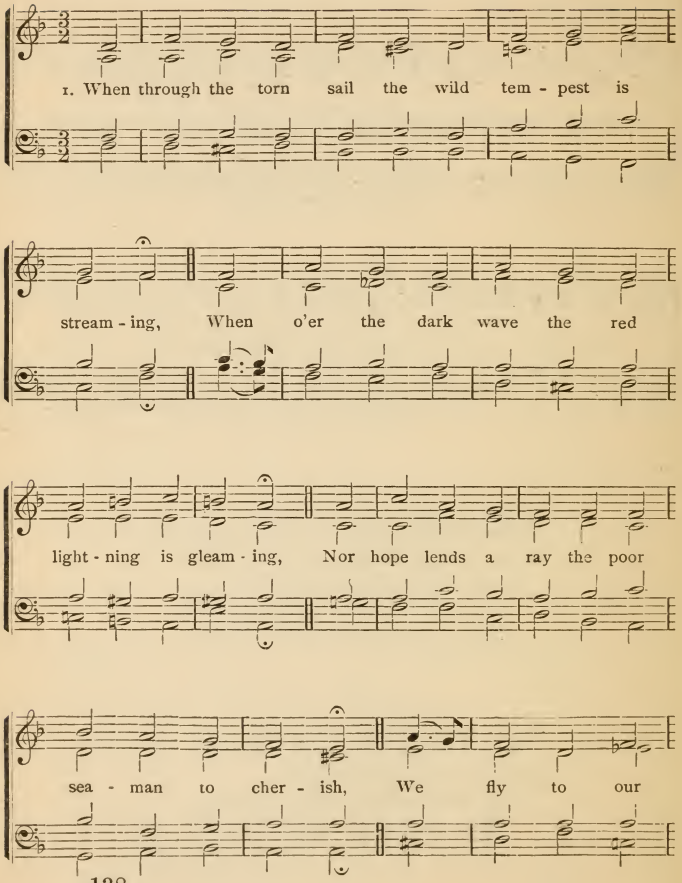
3.

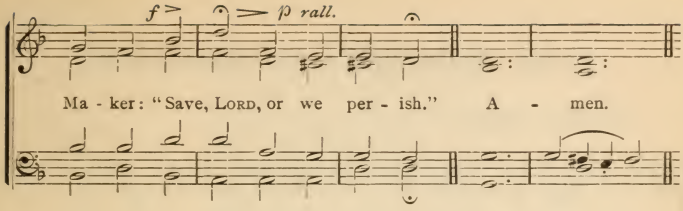
Ah, LORD JESUS, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving ;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

1873.

When through the torn Sail.

Hymn 266.





2.

O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

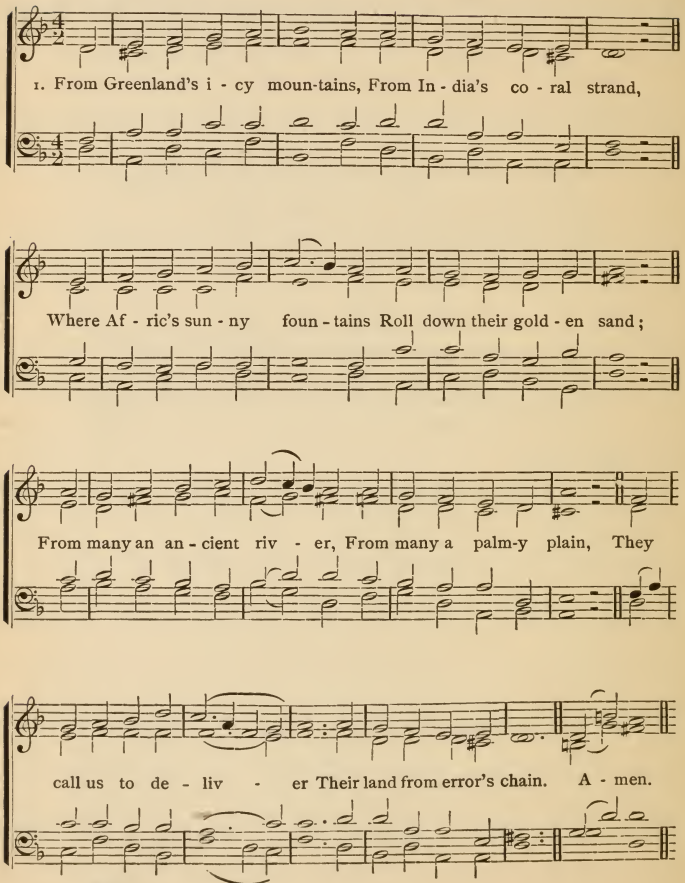
3.

And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down Thy Spirit Thy redeeméd to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

1845—1872.

From Greenland's icy Mountains.

Hymn 283.



2.

What though the spicy breezes
  Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
  And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
  The gifts of GOD are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
  Bows down to wood and stone.

3.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
  With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted
  The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation,
  The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
  Has learnt Messiah's Name.

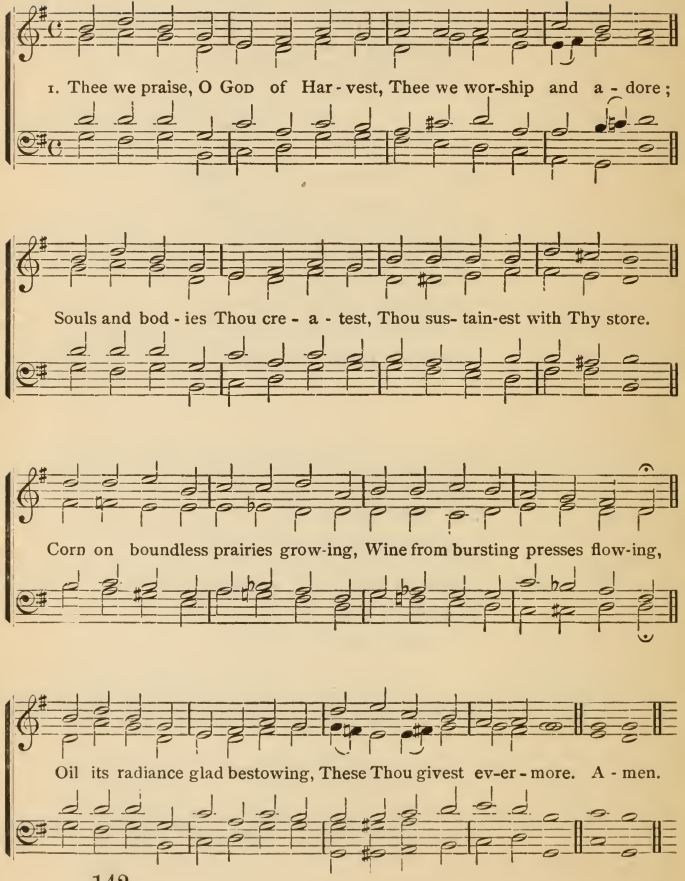
4.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
  And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
  It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
  The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
  In bliss returns to reign.

1857.

Corn, Wine, and Oil.

FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.



2.

Corn in golden sheaves Thou sendest,
Staff of life to sons of men,
Type of other food, and nobler—
Angels' food—vouchsafed again.
Bread from Heaven, Thine its leaven,
Feeds the hungering souls of mortals
Till from out the shining portals,
Thou shalt come, with power, to reign.

3.

Wine in ruddy flow Thou givest,
Thou Thyself the glorious Vine;
Thine the clusters, by Thy Passion
Trodden into precious Wine.
Thus appeareth wine that cheereth
God and man, in mystic union;
Thirsting souls, in sweet communion,
Drink, and thrill with love divine.

4.

Oil in balmy streams Thou pourest
On man's wounds, with healing wine;
In the Rock, by anguish cloven,
Joy hath found its holiest shrine.
Oil of gladness, conquering sadness,
Laden all with sweetest spices,
Everywhere its fragrance rises,
Through all glooms its lights do shine.

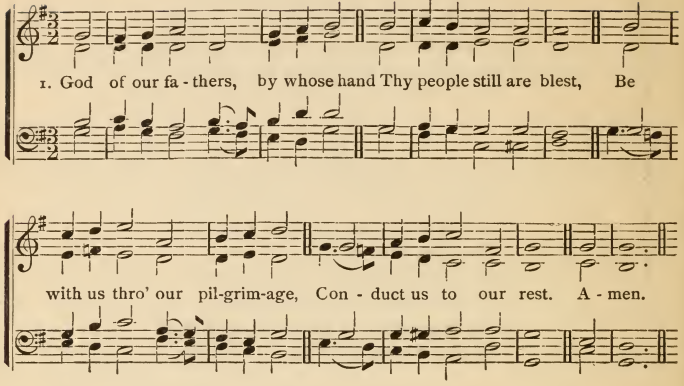
5.

Glory to the GOD of harvest,
Henceforth and for ever be;
Threefold gift from threefold Giver,—
One, to all eternity:
Truth of GOD the FATHER holy,
Love of GOD the SAVIOUR lowly,
Joy of GOD the SPIRIT, wholly
Three in One and One in Three.

1878.

God of our Fathers.

Hymn 326.



2.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

3.

O spread Thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our FATHER'S loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

4.

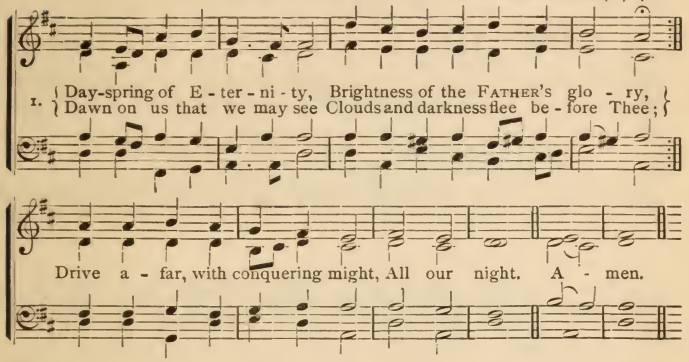
Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou, the LORD, shalt be our GOD,
And portion evermore.

1845.

Dayspring of Eternity.

GERMAN CHORAL: **Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.**

FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704.



2.

Let Thy grace, like morning dew,
Fall on hearts in Thee confiding;
Thy sweet comfort, ever new,
Fill our souls with strength abiding;
And Thy quickening eyes behold
Thy dear Fold.

3.

Give the flame of love, to burn
Till the bands of sin it breaketh,—
Till at each new day's return,
Purer light my soul awaketh:
O, ere twilight come, let me
Rise to Thee.

4.

Thou Who hast gone up on high,
Grant that, when Thy trumpet soundeth,—
When with glory, in the sky,
Thee the cloud of saints surroundeth,—
We may stand among Thine own,
Round Thy throne.

5.

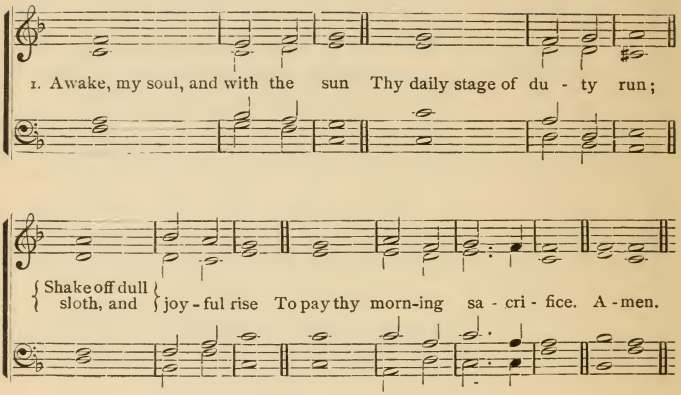
Light us to the golden shore,
O Thou rising Sun of Morning!
Lead where tears shall flow no more,
Where all sighs to songs are turning,
Where Thy glory sheds alway
Perfect day.

1866.

Morning Hymn.

Hymn 332.

CHANT.



2.

Thy precious time mis-spent redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3.

By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

4.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the eternal King.

5.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my GOD attend.

6.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

7.

LORD, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

8.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

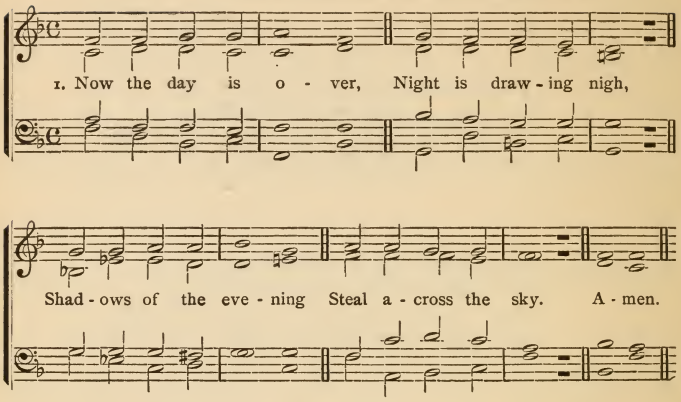
9.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

1868.

Now the Day is over.

Words from Hymns Ancient and Modern, No. 368.



2.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

4.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5.

Comfort every sufferer
  Watching late in pain,
Those who plan some evil
  From their sin restrain.

6.

Through the long night watches
  May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
  Watching round my bed.

7.

When the morning wakens,
  Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
  In Thy Holy Eyes.

8.

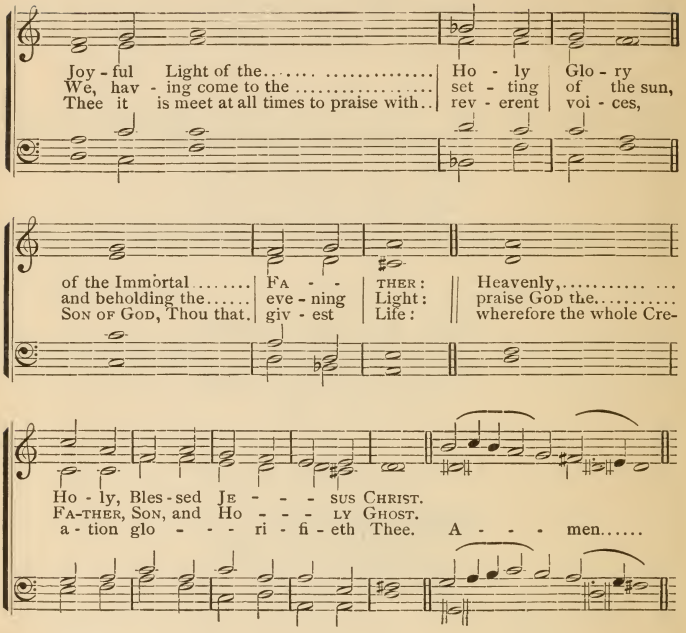
Glory to the FATHER,
  Glory to the SON,
And to Thee, Blest SPIRIT,
  Whilst all ages run.

1869.

Joyful Light.

EVENING HYMN OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.

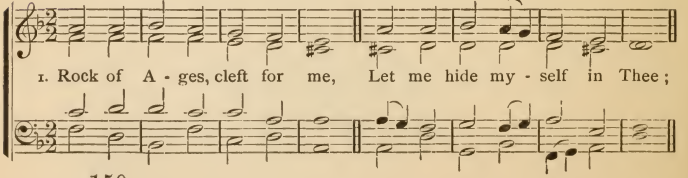
DORIAN.

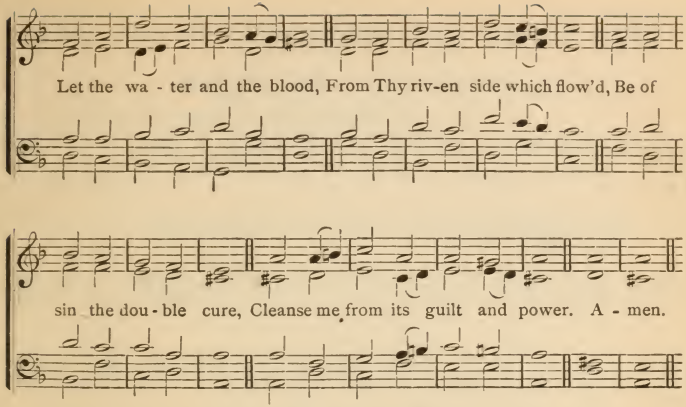


1868.

Rock of Ages.

Hymn 391.





2.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, SAVIOUR, or I die.

4.

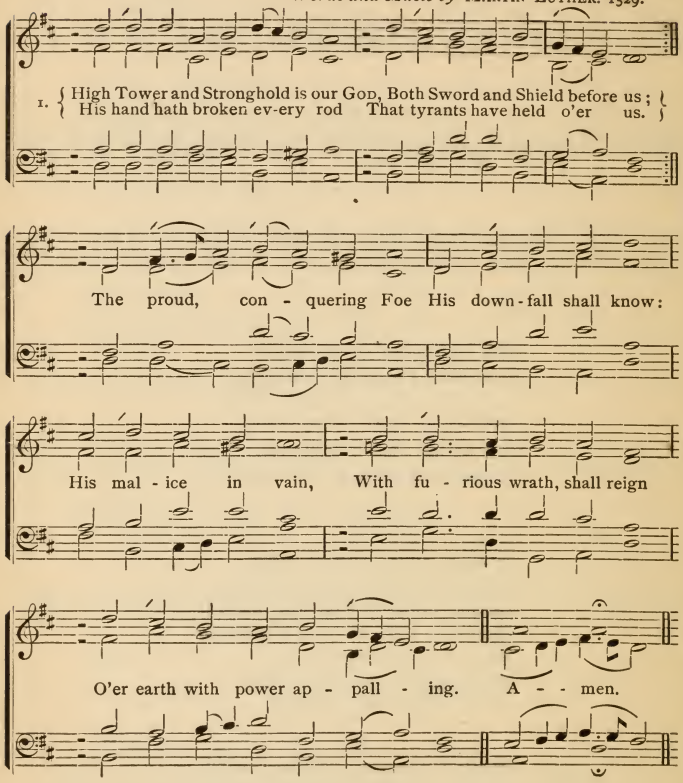
While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

1845—1857.

High Tower and Stronghold is our God.

GERMAN CHORAL: **Ein' feſte Burg.**

Words and Music by MARTIN LUTHER. 1529.



2.

Of our own selves we nought can do,—
Our gain were then but losing:
For us must fight the Strong and True,
The Man of GOD's own choosing,

For ever the same,
CHRIST JESUS His Name,
THE LORD GOD OF HOSTS!
Then where are earthly boasts?
All foes shall fall before Him.

3.

What though this world were throng'd with fiends,
All raging to confound us?
We know no fear, for GOD is near,
With mightier armies round us.
The world and its king
No terrors can bring;
Their threats are no worth,
Their doom shall soon go forth;—
One word fulfils their ruin.

4.

GOD's Word they shall themselves let stand,
Nor thanks to them be owing:
GOD is with us: through all the land
His mighty Wind is blowing.
O'er life, loss and gain,
Earth's pleasure and pain,
The wicked have power;
Yet lasts it but an hour:
The Kingdom 's ours for ever!

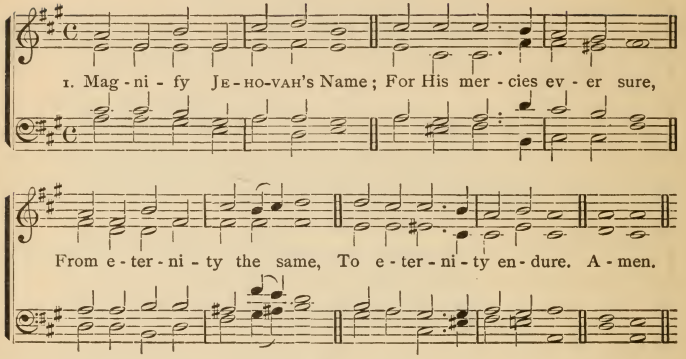
5.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
For ever be outpouring
All glory, from the heavenly host,
And saints on earth adoring;
Through time's utmost bound
That chorus resound,
And swell evermore,
Like stormy ocean's roar,
Through endless ages rolling.

1862.

Magnify Jehovah's Name.

Hymn 408.



2.

Let His ransom'd flock rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

3.

In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:

4.

To the LORD their GOD they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5.

Them to pleasant lands He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

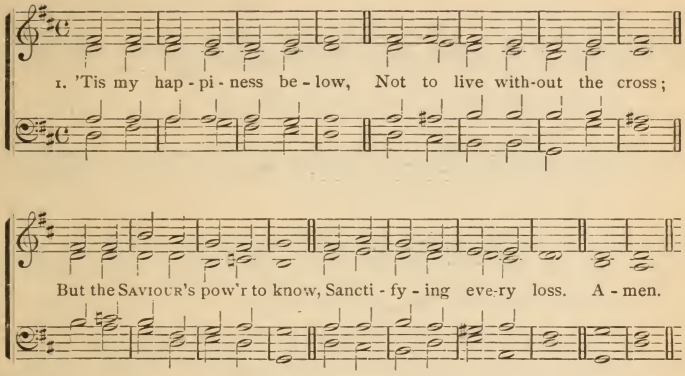
6.

O that men would praise the LORD,
For His goodness to their race;
For the wonders of His Word,
And the riches of His grace!

1876.

'Tis my happiness below.

Hymn 445.



2.

Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3.

Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a castaway?

4.

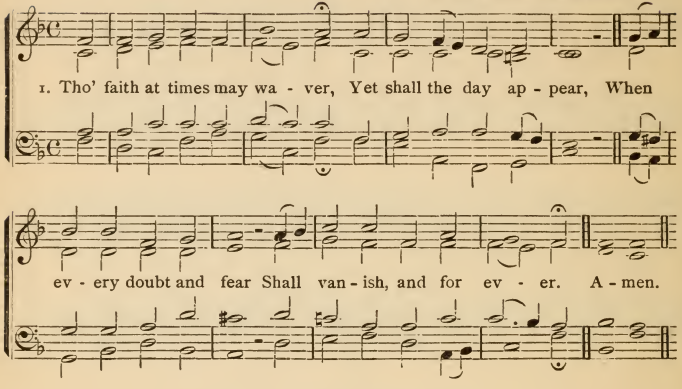
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my SAVIOUR's feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

1876.

Though Faith at Times may waver.

GERMAN CHORAL: **Mag auch die Liebe weinen.**

WIRTEMBURG CHORALBUCH.



2.

Though Hope may seem unfounded,
  Yet, through Death's open door,
  It shall triumphant soar
To worlds of bliss unbounded.

3.

Though Love now weepeth sorely,
  Yet shall it shout and sing
  When CHRIST, our crowned King,
Returns to reign in glory.

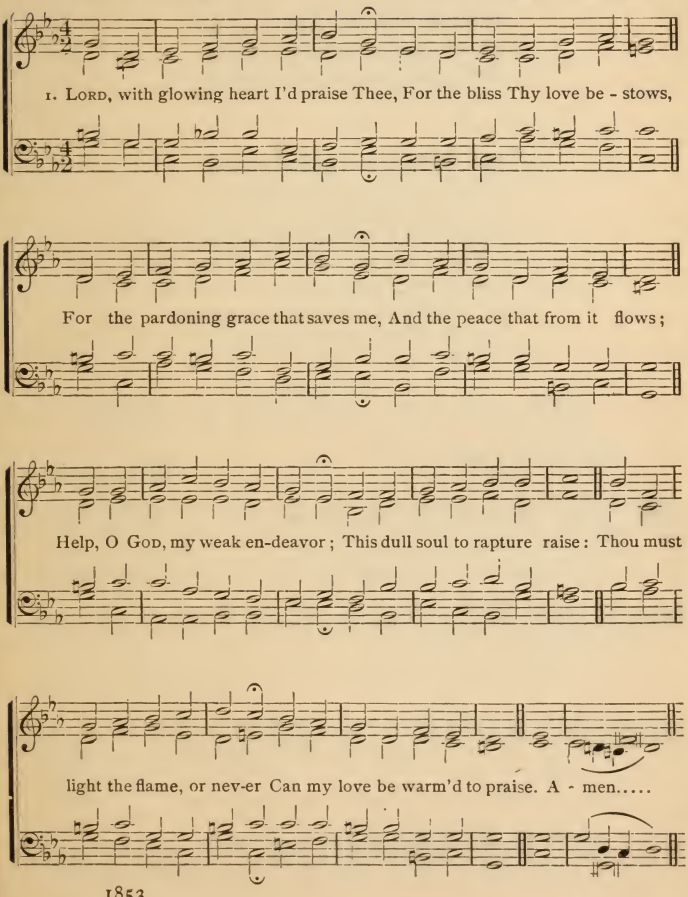
4.

All praises be addresséd,
  Unto the Three in One,
  To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT ever blesséd.

1866. *After* F. A. KRUMMACHER.

Lord, with glowing Heart I'd praise Thee.

Hymn 454. HYPO-PHRYGIAN.



1853.

2.

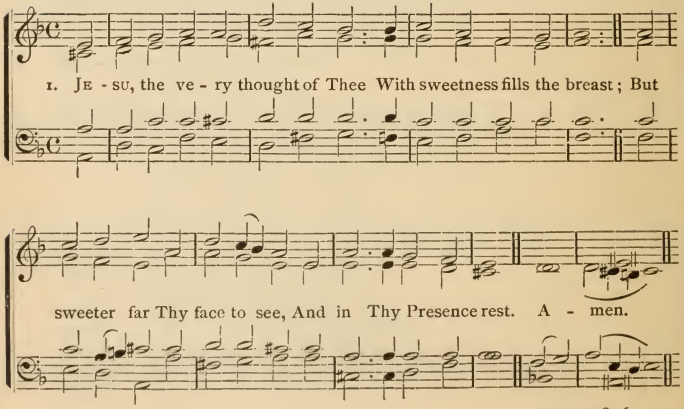
Praise, my soul, the GOD that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

3.

LORD, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Jesu, the very Thought of Thee.

Hymn 455. HYPO-PHRYGIAN.



1876.

2.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than JESUS' Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3.

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4.

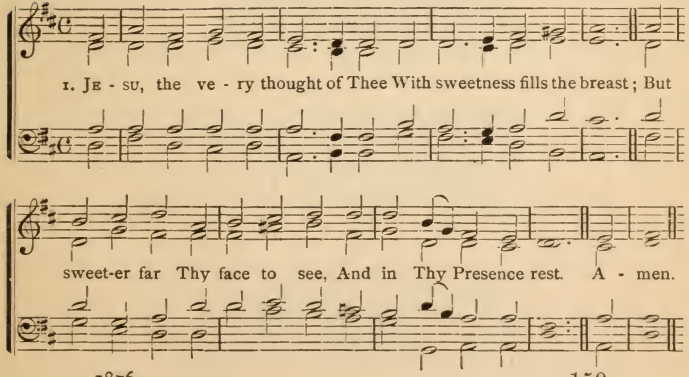
But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of JESUS, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5.

JESU, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

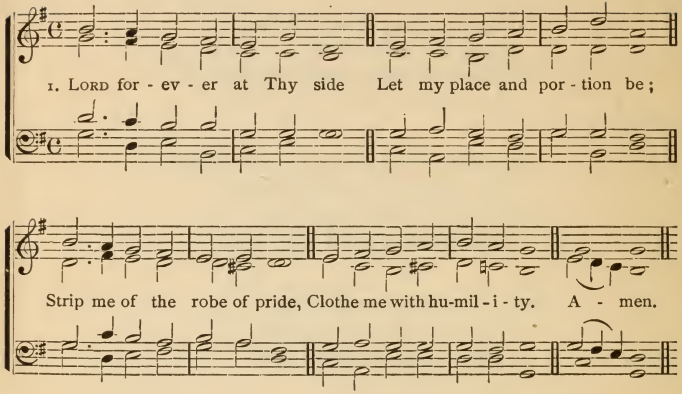
Jesu, the very Thought of Thee.

Hymn 455. MAJOR MODE.



Lord, for ever at Thy Side.

Hymn 466.



1879.

2.

Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken:—I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

3.

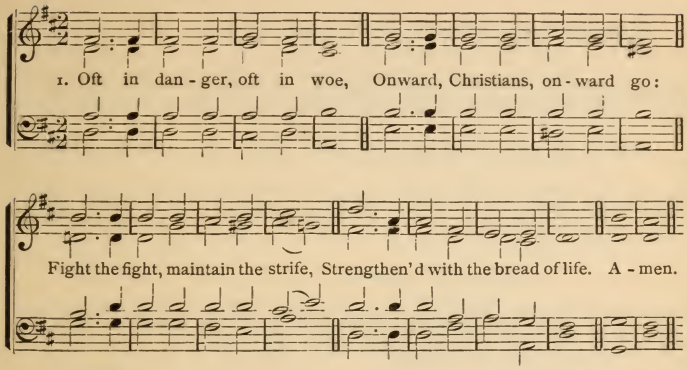
Humble as a little child,
Weanéd from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful Word I rest.

4.

Israel! now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all His ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

Oft in Danger, oft in Woe.

Hymn 477.



1878.

2.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

3.

Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4.

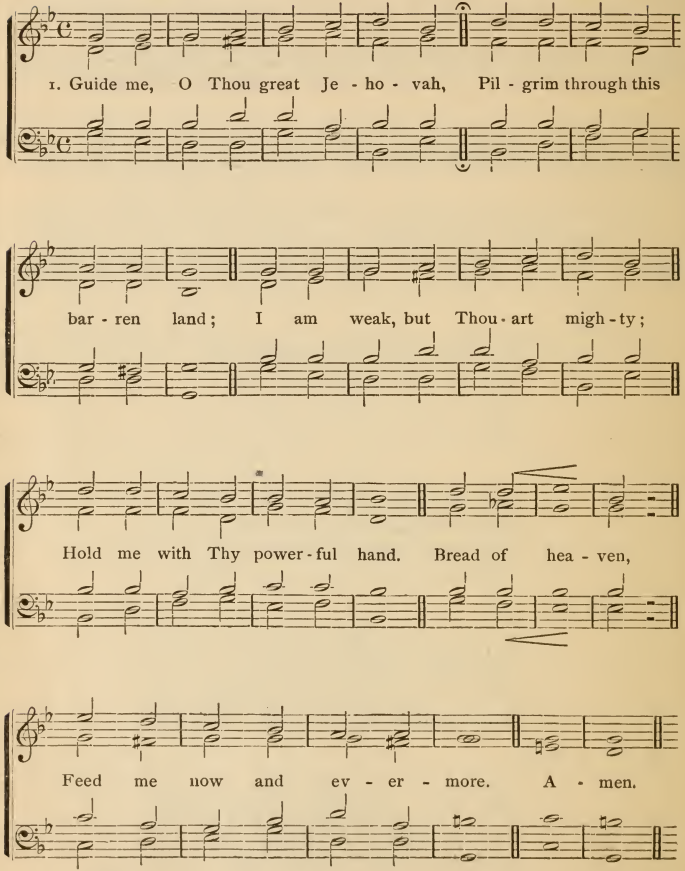
Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

5.

Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.

Hymn 505.



2.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

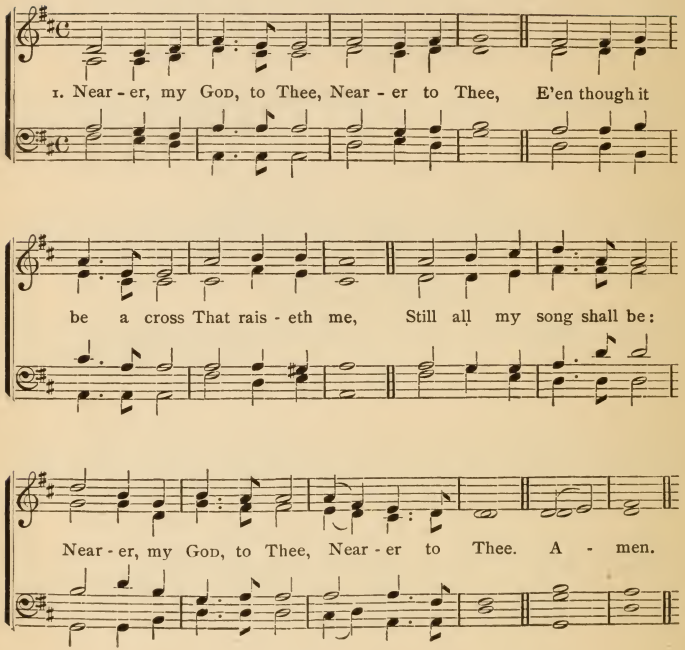
3.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Death of death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

1876.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Hymn 507.



2.

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3.

There let my way appear
  Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
  In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

4.

Then with my waking thoughts
  Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
  Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

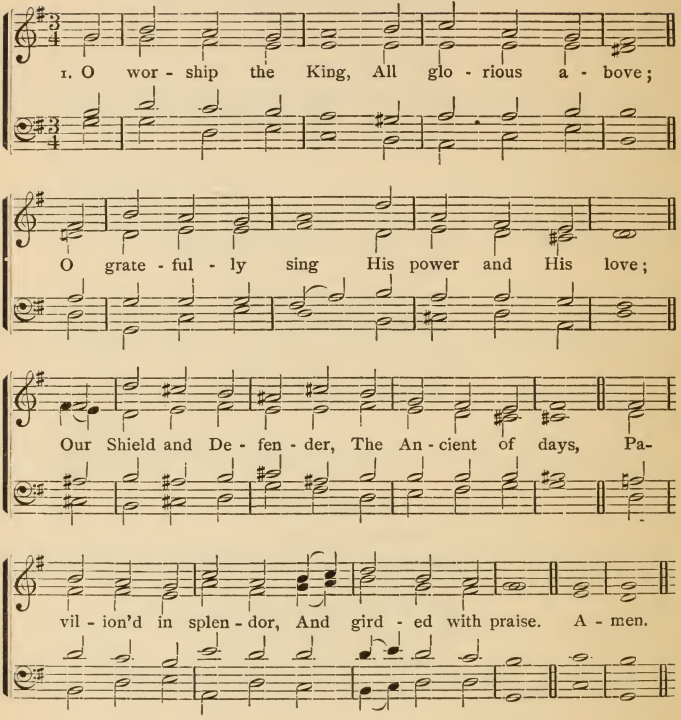
5.

Or if on joyful wing,
  Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
  Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be:
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

1874.

O worship the King.

Hymn 519.



2.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light;
Whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

3.

The earth, with its store,
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old—
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4.

Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

6.

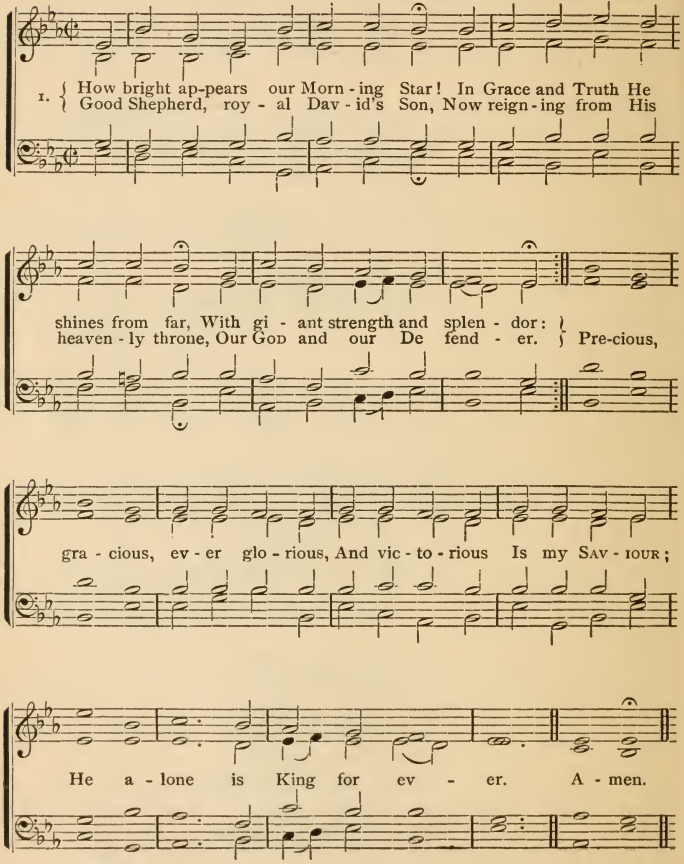
O measureless might,
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

1854.

How bright appears our Morning Star!

GERMAN CHORAL: **Wie schön leucht't uns der Morgenstern.**

HEINRICH SCHIEDEMANN, 1604.



2.

O crown of beauty clear and bright,
Thou GOD of GOD, and LIGHT of LIGHT,
From heaven to earth descending,—
My heart triumphant joy hath found,
It thrills at Thy sweet Gospel's sound,
And feels Thy life unending.
Keep me with Thee, ever cleaving,
Never leaving,
Dear and dearer,
As my soul to Thee draws nearer.

3.

Thou Brightness of the FATHER's face,
Pour in my heart Thy burning rays,
Till love there kindle glowing;
Then feed my soul on heavenly food,
Thy Word and Spirit, Flesh and Blood,
Their inward life bestowing.
Dear LORD JESU, Thine arms hold me,
And enfold me,
Now and ever!
None shall pluck me thence; no, never!

4.

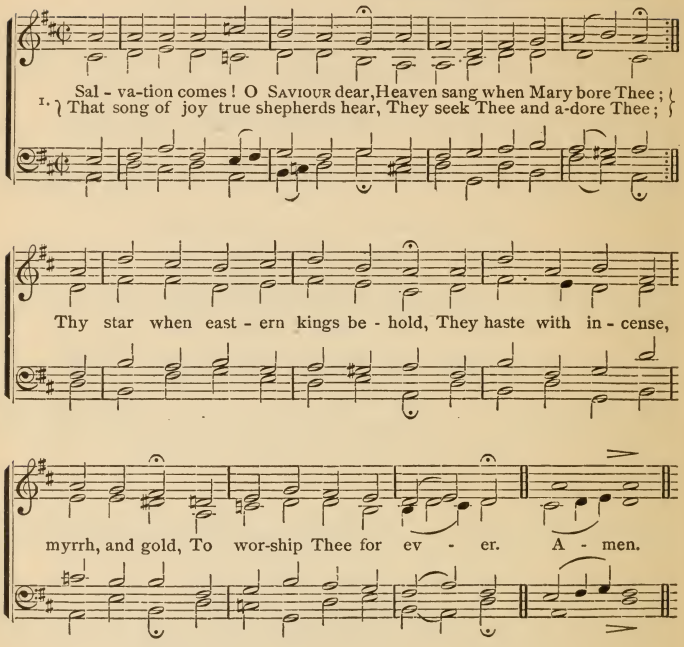
Then sing for joy, ye sons of song,
Your loudest organ-tones prolong
To swell the exulting chorus!
Our praises shall resound again,
When we have joined the shining train
Of saints gone home before us.
There shall we all sing for ever,
And for ever,
Alleluia,
Alleluia, Alleluia.

1866.

Salvation comes.

GERMAN CHORAL: **Es ist das Heil uns kommen her.**

WÜRTEMBERG GESANGBUCH, 1524.



2.

Salvation comes: O spotless Lamb,
Upon Thine altar lying,—
Thou GOD of GOD, Thou great I AM,
Thou Victim, bleeding, dying,—
For us Thy Cross of shame and woe,
For us the Blood and Water flow;
O make us Thine for ever.

3.

Salvation comes: O burst the bands
Of hell and death in sunder!
The sealed stone, lo! angel hands
Roll back with earthquake-thunder;
The rising GOD comes forth again,
He rises, Whom our sins had slain,—
To die no more for ever.

4.

Salvation comes: O clouds of heaven,
Receive your LORD ascending!
To Him alone all power is given,
And thrones and crowns unending.
O JESU, reign through earth and sky;
Thy royal banner lift on high,
And be our King for ever.

5.

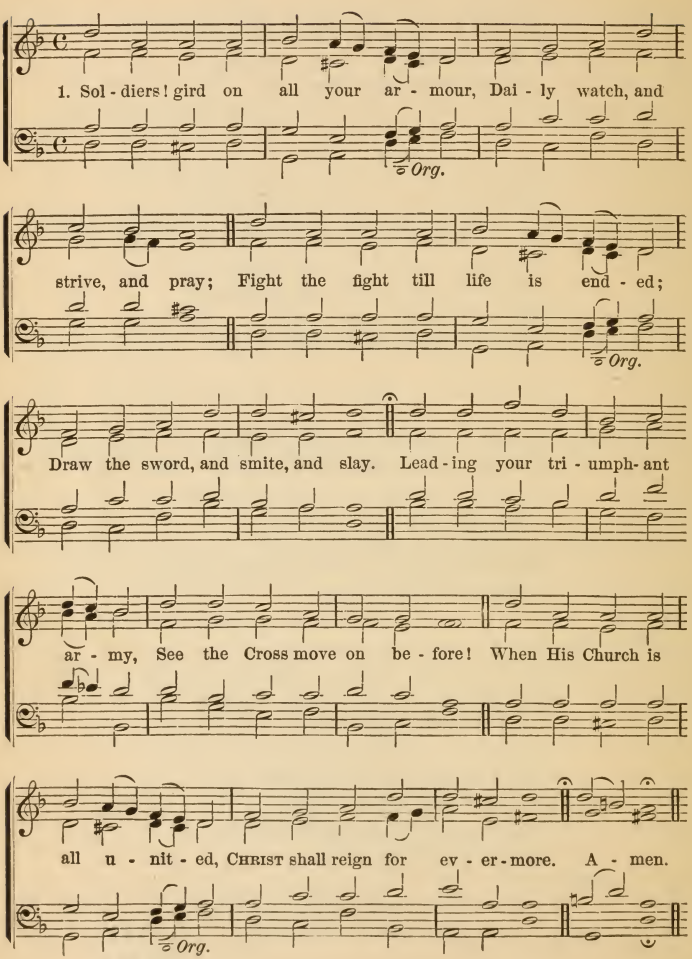
Salvation comes: O rushing Wind,
O cloven Tongues descending,—
Our blinded sight, our darkened mind,
Enlightening and defending,—
O Comforter and Fire of Love,
Thou Gift of grace, Thou heavenly Dove,
Abide with us for ever.

6.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
All glory be outpouring,—
All praise from heaven's triumphant host,
And saints on earth adoring:
All praise resound eternally,
As was, and is, and yet shall be
For ever and for ever.

1866.

War-Song of the Christian Soldier.



1.

Soldiers ! gird on all your armour,
Daily watch, and strive, and pray ;
Fight the fight till life is ended ;
Draw the sword, and smite, and slay.
Leading your triumphant army,
See the Cross move on before !
When His Church is all united,
CHRIST shall reign for evermore.

2.

Hosts of darkness prowl around us,—
Thoughts and words and deeds unclean,—
Sundering, murmuring, undermining,
Working in the gloom unseen.
Light shines out with power victorious,
Sunbeams dance on sea and shore ;
Hosts of darkness all are routed :
LIGHT is KING for evermore.

3.

Hosts of hatred hurl against us
Malice, envy, pride, and scorn ;
By their sects, and schisms, and errors,
Lo ! the seamless Robe is torn.
Love beams forth with mighty sweetness,
JESU's Blood is running o'er ;
Hatred quails, and shrinks, and changes :
LOVE is KING for evermore.

4.

Hosts of Satan, tempting, tainting,
Foul the very air we breathe ;—
Striking, stinging, slandering, lying,
Swarming up from hell beneath.
Fiery chariots, flaming legions,
Fill our heavens with flash and roar ;
Hosts of Satan flee confounded :
CHRIST is KING for evermore. Amen.

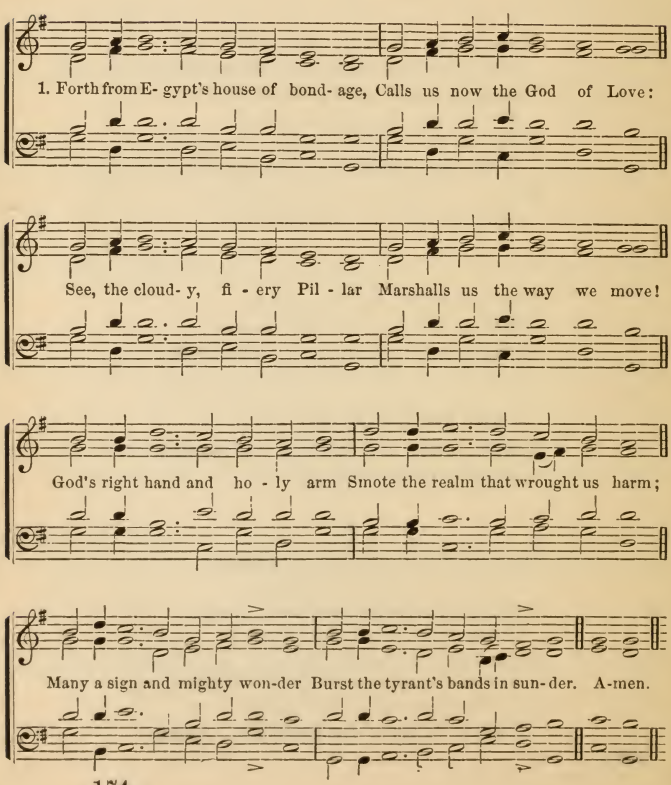
1869.

PROCESSIONAL

OF THE

Christian Pilgrimage.

The Melody is that set to CLEMENT MAROT'S 42*d Psalm*, A.D. 1543, *by* GUILLAUME FRANC.



2. When the sea spread out before us,
And behind us raged our foe,
Walls of waves stood firm as crystal,
Till the ransomed Tribes passed through.
Pharaoh's hordes at morn we found
In the roaring waters drowned;
While, with timbrels and with dances,
Our exulting host advances.

3. From the top of stony Sinai
God declares His perfect Law:
Trumpet tones and fires and thunders
Thrill the soul with trembling awe.
There the thirsting Flock complain;
There the Rock is cleft in twain:
And wherever Israel goeth
Lo, the Living Water floweth!

4. On the Altar, morn and evening,
Smokes the daily Sacrifice:
Every dawn the luscious manna
Freshly greets our longing eyes.
O'er the golden mercy-seat
Floats the cloud of incense sweet;
While the King, once slain and gory,
Fills the silence with His glory.

5. On before Him, in their order,
March the priests, in rich array;
Loudly peal their silver trumpets,
Signalling our onward way.
Israel's ranks, in armor tried,
Flash afar on every side,
Standards set, and banners flying,
All the foes of God defying.

6. Drought and pestilence surround us;
Sinners tempt, and fiends deride:
Midst the fiery flying serpents
Lift we up the Crucified!

Murmurers, cowards, rebels, drones,
Pave the desert with their bones :
Lasts our Pilgrimage the longer ?
Purer grows our host, and stronger !

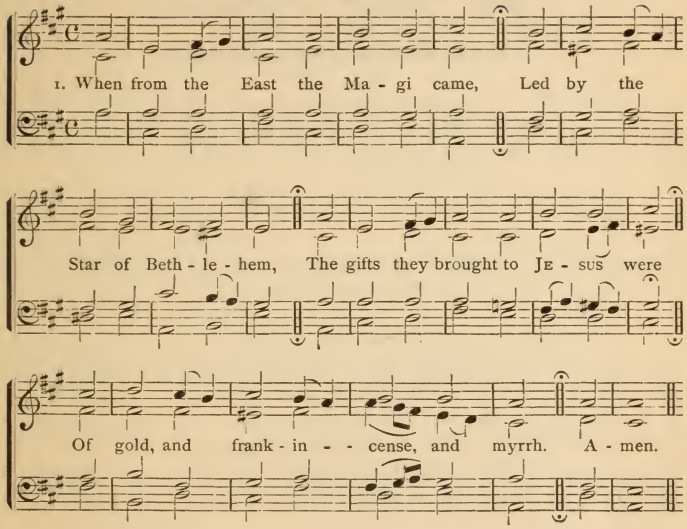
7. What to us the scorns of Edom?
What the swords of Amalek ?
While the prayerful hands are lifted
No defeat our course shall check.
Vain are Moab's lustful snares ;
Vain are Balaam's hireling prayers :—
God's unchanging truth confessing,
All his curses turn to blessing.

8. Now behold ! the swelling Jordan
Rears aloft his watery walls ;
At the voice of Israel's shouting,
Jericho in ruin falls.
All the Promised Land is ours,
Fields, and folds, and royal towers,
Vineyards, groves, and snowy mountains,
Seas, and ever-flowing fountains.

9. There, enclosed in hills of beauty,
Shining like a jewelled Bride,
Stands Jerusalem the Golden,
All her portals opened wide.
There the King, upon His Throne,
Sees and claims us for his own;
Clothes us with His glory splendid :
And our Pilgrimage is ended.

10. Join we now the angelic chorus,
Cherubim and Seraphim,
Saints in light gone Home before us,
Chaunting their triumphal hymn :—
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
Three in One, by all adored,
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

Epiphany Hymn.



2.

Bright gold of Ophir, passing fine,
Proclaims a King of royal line;
For David's son in David's town,
Is born the heir of David's crown.

3

The incense-clouds, with fragrance rare,
The presence of a God declare;
Lo! kings in adoration fall,
For Mary's Son is Lord of all.

4.

The myrrh, with bitter taste, foreshows
A life of sorrows, wounds and woes;—
The deadly cup, that overran
With anguish for the Son of Man.

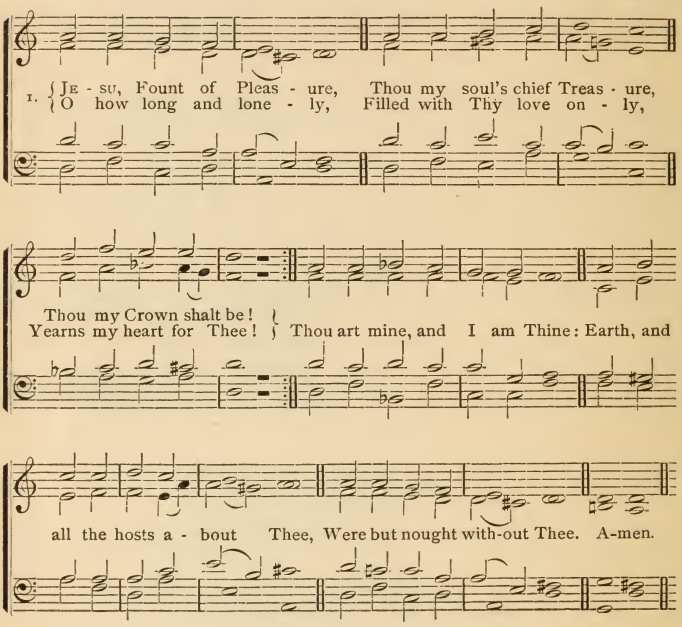
5.

Our gold upon Thine Altar lies;
Our prayers to Thee, as incense, rise;
Accept as myrrh our tears and sighs:
O King, O God, O Sacrifice!

Jesu, Fount of Pleasure.

GERMAN CHORAL: **Jesu, meine Freude.**

DORIAN. J. CRÜGER, 1649.



2.

Vain the lion's ramping,
Vain the foes' encamping,
JESU fights for me:
'Mid the mad world's roaring
Here I stand, outpouring
Praises, LORD, to Thee!
His great might holds me upright:
Bowed in silent awe before Him,
Earth and hell adore Him.

3.

Farewell, thou that choosest
This poor earth, and losest
Worlds of glory bright!
Farewell, sins that bind me;
Buried far behind me,
Come no more to light!
Farewell, life of pride and strife!
All thy prizes I surrender,—
All thy pomp and splendor.

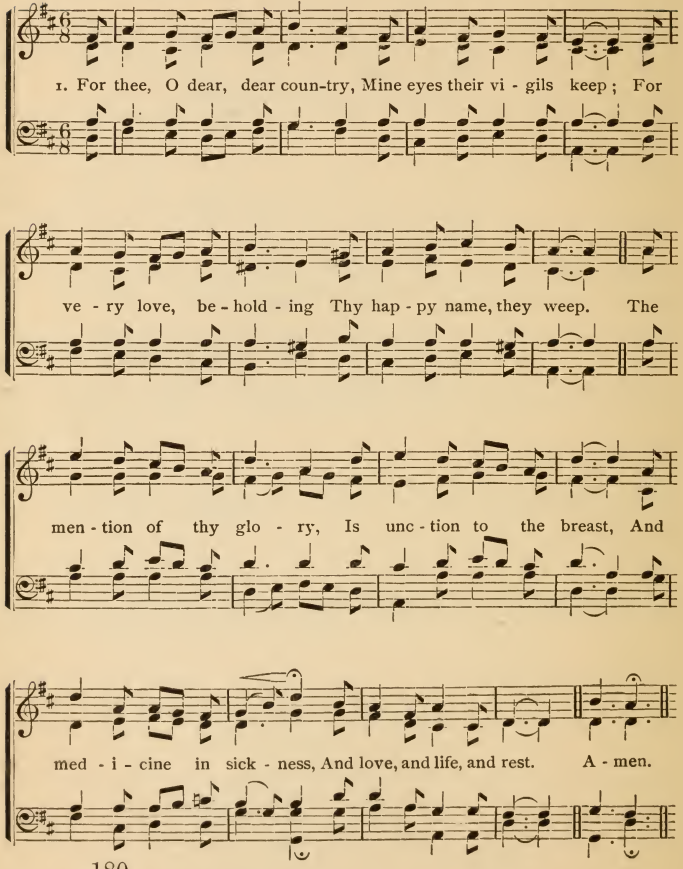
4.

Doubt nor fear now grieves me;
Jesu's presence gives me
Light and joy always:
E'en though dark and fearful,
In true hearts and cheerful,
Sorrow turns to praise.
Though my name bear scorn and shame,
Yet while Jesu leaves me never,
Joy is mine for ever.

For thee, O dear, dear Country.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Hymn 492.



2.

O one, O only mansion,
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.

4.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

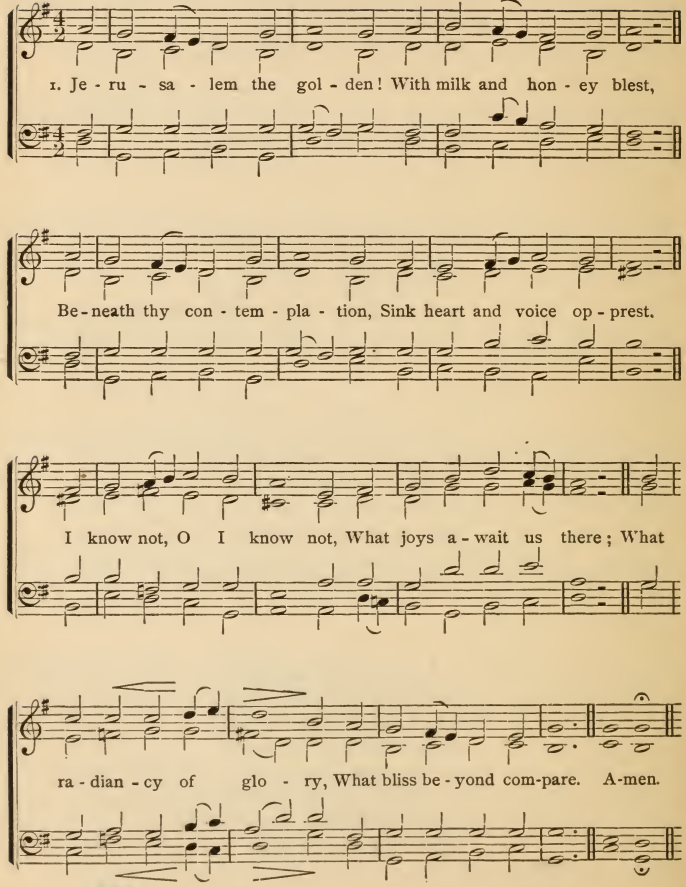
5.

O sweet and blesséd country,
The home of GOD'S elect!
O sweet and blesséd country,
That eager hearts expect!
JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with GOD the FATHER,
And SPIRIT ever blest.

1880.

Jerusalem, the Golden.

Hymn 493.



2.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blesséd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3.

There is the throne of David ;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4.

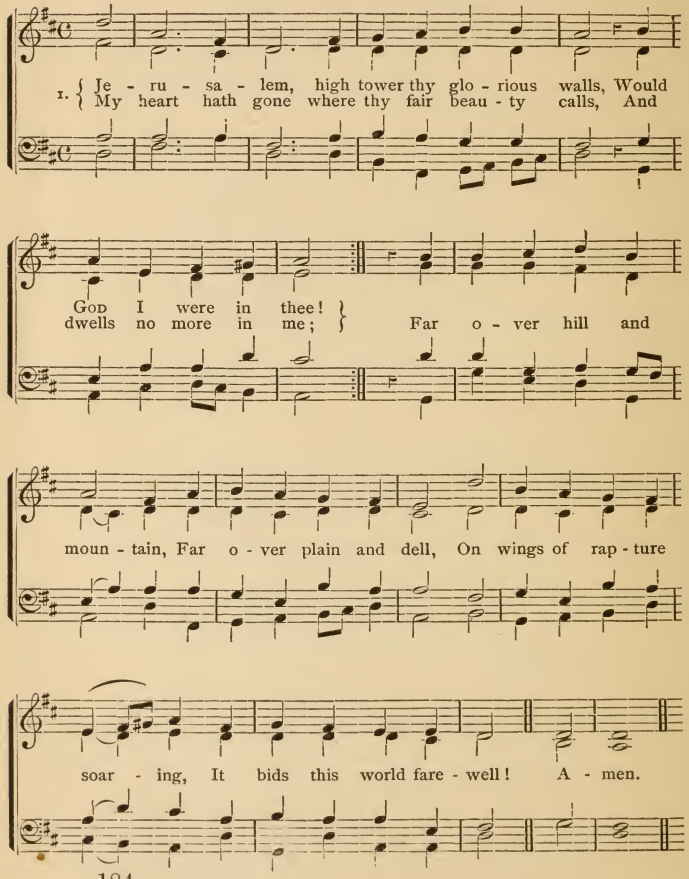
O sweet and blesséd country,
The home of GOD'S elect !
O sweet and blesséd country,
That eager hearts expect !
JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with GOD the FATHER,
And SPIRIT, ever blest.

1866.

Jerusalem, high tower thy glorious Walls.

GERMAN CHORAL: **Jeruſalem, du hochgebaute Stadt.**

MELCHIOR FRANK, 1608.



2.

O day of joy, and hour of pure delight—
How long wilt thou delay?—
When peacefully my soul may take its flight,
And leave this load of clay,
In perfect trust reposing
On GOD'S Almighty hand,
Who faithfully shall bring it
Home to its Fatherland.

3.

Lo! from the tomb, up to the clouds of heaven,
It instantly shall soar,
When, hushed in death, its last farewell is given
To earth, now seen no more;
Elijah's fiery chariot
In triumph it shall ride,
Upborne by angel armies,
That fly on every side.

4.

Thy gates of pearl now open wide to me,
Thou City of the Blest;
To me, who oft have longed and prayed for thee,
And thy refreshing rest,
Ere sighs, and tears, and sorrow,
Ere pain, and grief, and woe,
Were changed to this rejoicing,
That all thy children know.

5.

What shining host is this that comes to me,
Drawn up in bright array?
His chosen ones, with palms of victory,
His joy and crown are they.
These JESUS sends to meet me,
To calm my doubts and fears:
From far they smile, and greet me,
In this dark vale of tears.

6.

And now behold these prophets, priests, and kings,
And martyrs' noble band,
Who bore the Cross, and dared the torturings
Of tyrants to withstand;
See them in glory floating,
In freedom everywhere,
And, swift as glittering sunbeams,
Move radiant through the air.

7.

In Paradise, among the saints above,
New pleasures I shall know,
With joy divine shall my triumphant love
In songs of praise o'erflow;—
Shall join the full hosannas
That echo all around,
And mighty alleluias
That ever there resound.

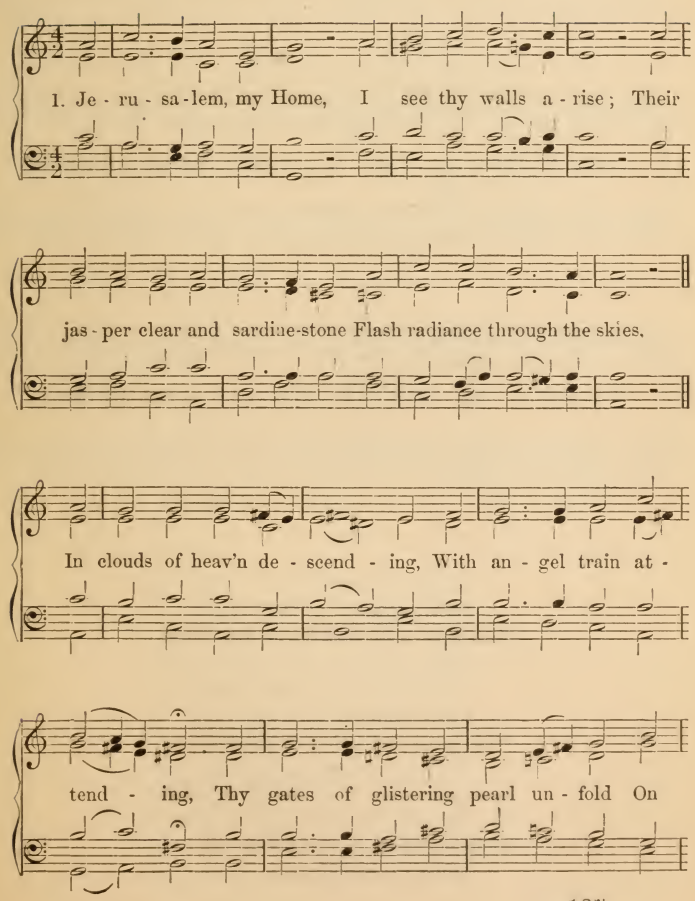
8.

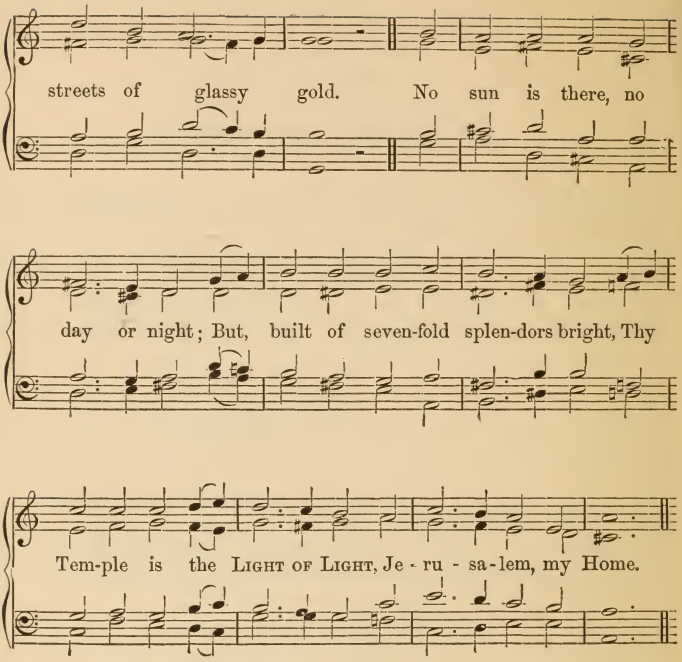
Clear trumpet tones, and harps with golden strings,
Those countless choirs employ,
So loud and sweet, heaven's living Temple rings
And trembles with the joy:—
Ten thousand times ten thousand,
A sea that has no shore,—
Whose praise in thundering billows
Rolls on for evermore.

From the German of MEYFART, 1590—1636.

1862.

Jerusalem, my Home.





2.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Where shines the royal Throne,
Each king casts down his golden crown
Before the Lamb thereon.
Thence flows the crystal River,
And, flowing on for ever,
With leaves and fruits, on either hand,
The Tree of Life shall stand.
In blood-washed robes, all white and fair,
The Lamb shall lead His chosen there,
While clouds of incense fill thy air,
Jerusalem, my Home.

3.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Where saints in triumph sing,
While, tuned in tones of golden harps,
Heaven's boundless arches ring.
No more in tears and sighing
Our weak hosannas dying,
But alleluias loud and high
Roll thundering through the sky.
One chorus thrills their countless throngs;
Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues
Fill thee with overwhelming songs,
Jerusalem, my Home.

4.

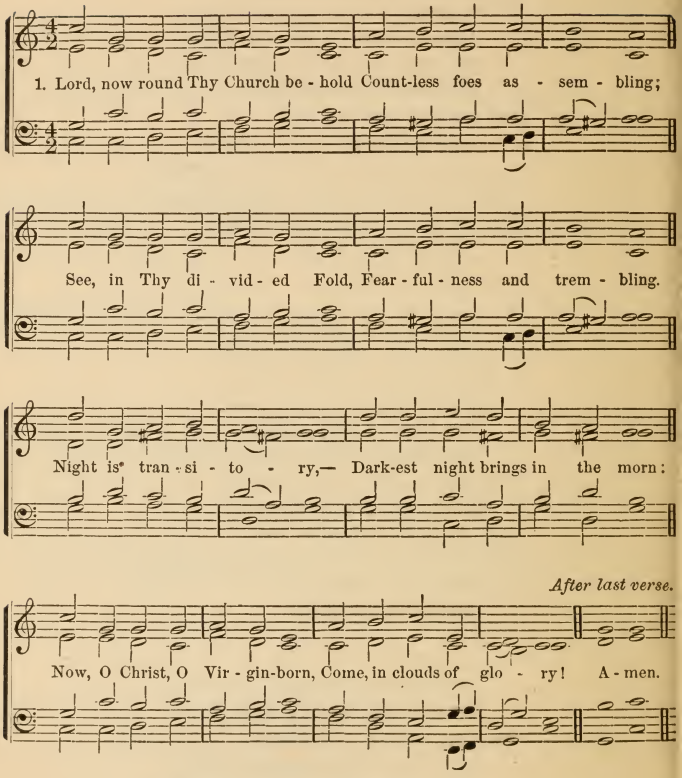
Jerusalem, my Home,
Thou sole, all-glorious Bride,
Creation shouts with joy to see
Thy Bridegroom at thy side:
The Man yet interceding,
His Hands and Feet yet bleeding,
And Him the billowy hosts adore
LORD GOD for evermore.
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry
The choirs that crowd thy courts on high,
Resounding everlastingly,
Jerusalem, my Home.

5.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Where saints in glory reign,
Thy haven safe O when shall I,
Poor storm-tossed pilgrim, gain?
At distance dark and dreary,
With sin and sorrow weary,
For thee I toil, for thee I pray,
For thee I long alway.
And lo! mine eyes shall see thee, too:
O rend in twain, thou veil of blue,
And let the Golden City through,—
Jerusalem, my Home!

Processional,

FOR THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.



2. Rise, Lord God of Sabaoth!
Thy right hand hath crowned Thee
King of Saints and Angels both:
Call Thine armies round Thee.
Shine forth in Thy splendor,
Shine, O bright Immanuel!
Thou that conquerest Death and Hell,
Thou art our Defender.

3. Vain Thy love, that long hath yearned;
Vain thy Blood, long flowing:
Mercy now to wrath is turned,
Love to vengeance glowing.
From the Cross that bore Thee
Now let thunderbolts flash forth,
Till Thy foes, in all the earth,
Prostrate fall before Thee.

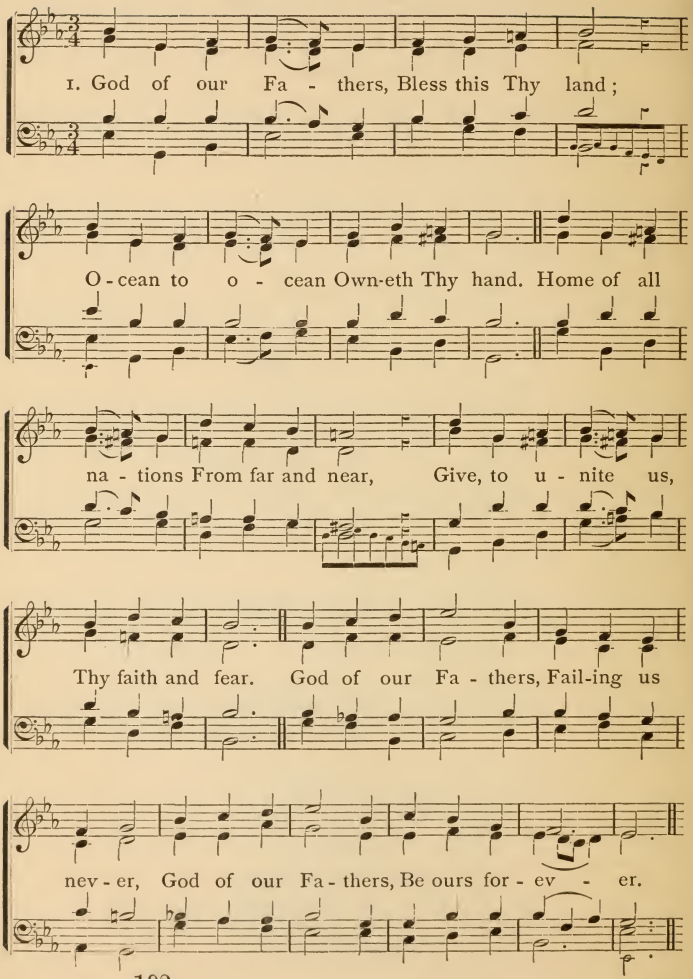
4. Smite old Egypt's sevenfold flood,—
Dry its streams unstable;
Smite Assyria's lustful brood;
Smite the pride of Babel;
Break the bands of Edom,—
Break the tyrant's rod of power:
Now, in one triumphant hour,
Give Thy people freedom!

5. Come, O God the Holy Ghost!
O strong Wind, with Thunder,
Blow, till all our scattered host
Part no more in sunder.
Light, O Flame all-glorious,
Light once more Thy tongues of fire:
Breathe on us, till Thou inspire
Thine own Love victorious.

6. O thou East, take, as of yore,
Thy primeval glory;
O thou West, renew once more
All thine ancient story;
O ye Isles of Ocean,
Earth's remotest ends, rejoice:
Now the Bride sends forth her voice,
"Come," saith Christ's own Chosen.

7. One His Body aye must be;
One its Spirit ever;
One Hope,—immortality;
One Love,—failing never;
One Lord, Christ our Saviour;
One our Faith; our Baptism one;
One the Father, Spirit, Son,—
One God, blest forever!

National Hymn.



2.

Lord God of Sabaoth,
Mighty in war,
Boundless and numberless
Thine armies are.
Thy right hand conquereth
All that oppose;
Launch forth Thy thunderbolts,
Smite down our foes!
Lord God of Sabaoth,
Failing us never,
Lord God of Sabaoth,
Fight for us ever.

3.

Lord God our Saviour,
Thy love o'erflows,
Making our wilderness
Bloom as the rose.
Thou with true liberty
Makest us free,—
Knowing no master,
No king, but Thee!
Lord God our Saviour,
Failing us never,
Lord God our Saviour,
Reign Thou for ever.

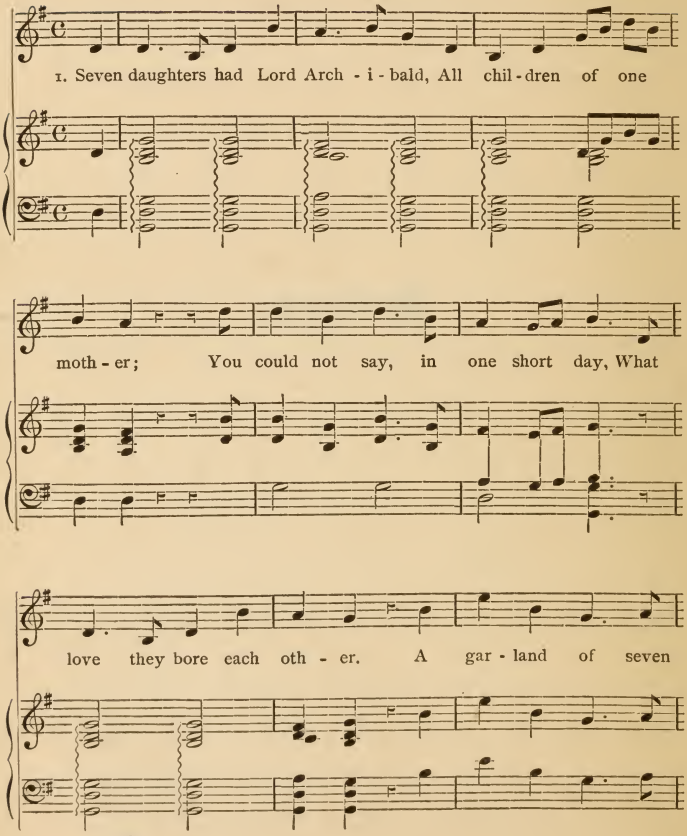
4.

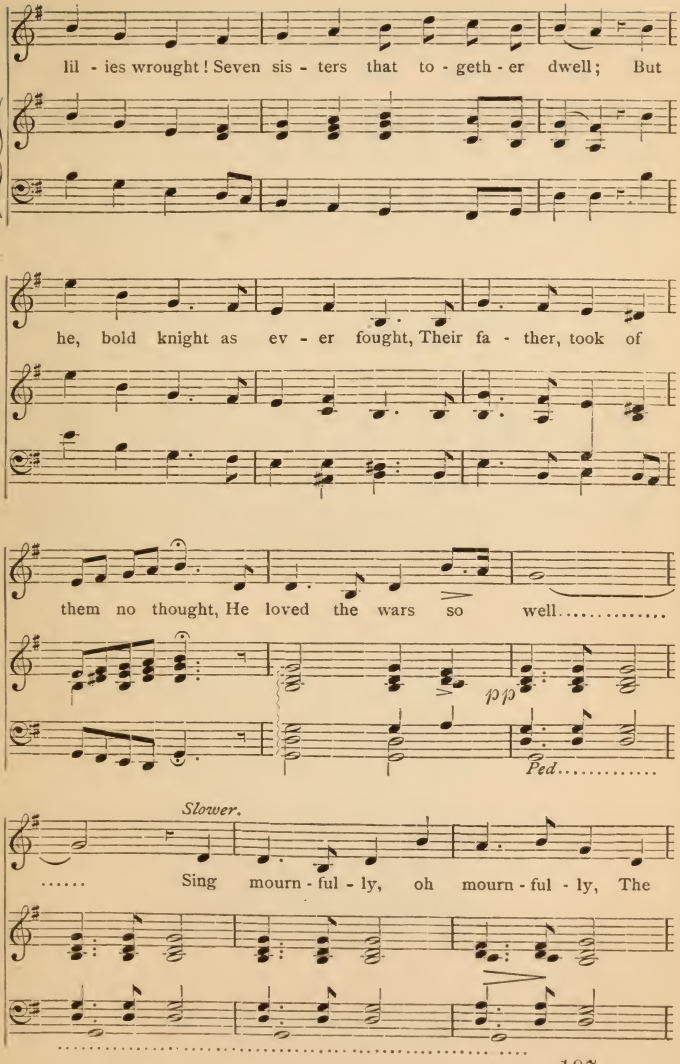
Spirit of Unity,
Crown of all kings,
Find us a resting-place
Under Thy wings!
By Thine own Presence
Thy will be done,—
Millions of free men
Banded as One.
Lord God Almighty,
Failing us never,
Thine be the glory,
Now and for ever.

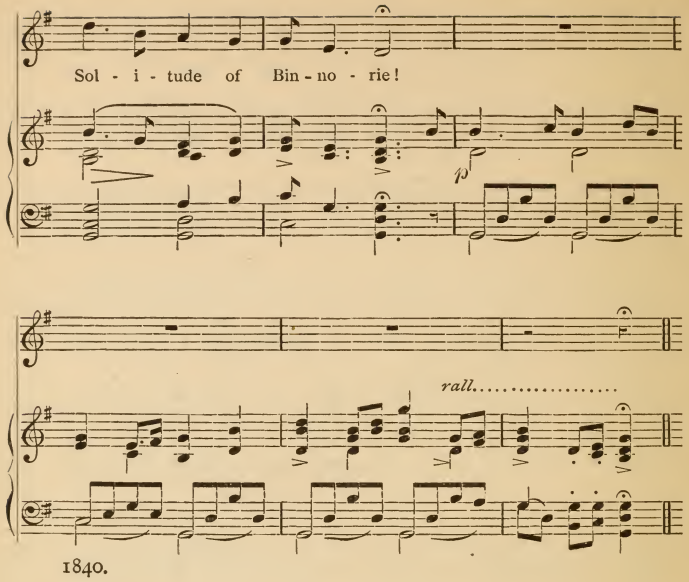
Songs.

The Solitude of Binnorie.

Ballad by WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.




lil - ies wrought! Seven sis - ters that to - geth - er dwell; But
he, bold knight as ev - er fought, Their fa - ther, took of
them no thought, He loved the wars so well.....
pp
Ped.....
Slower.
..... Sing mourn - ful - ly, oh mourn - ful - ly, The



1840.

2.

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a rover brave
To Binnorie is steering:
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing mournfully, oh mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie!

3.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And over hill and hollow,

With menace proud, and insult loud,
The youthful rovers follow.
Cried they, "Your father loves to roam;
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home!
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind."
Sing mournfully, oh mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie!

4.

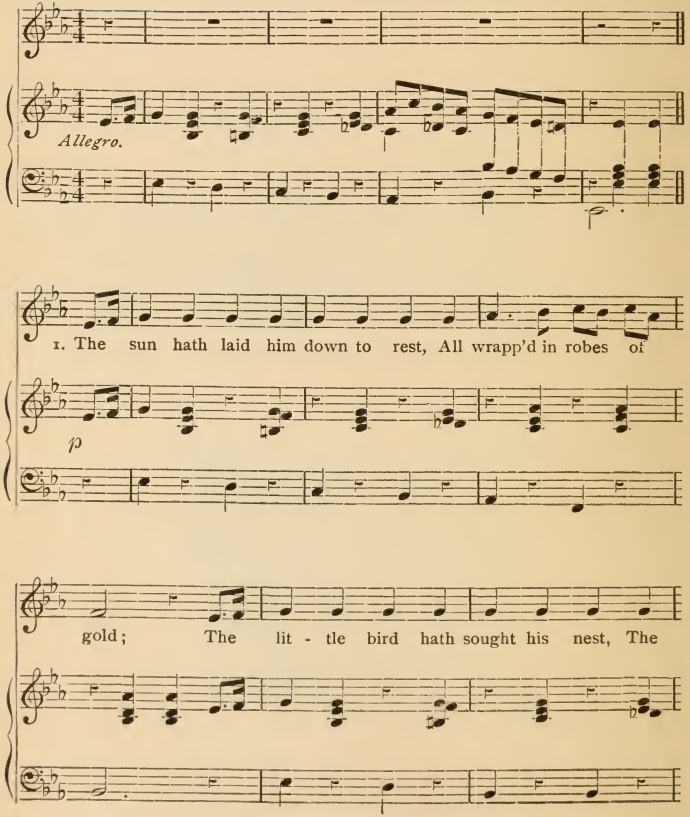
Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather,
They run and cry, "Nay, let us die,
And let us die together!"
A lake was near, its banks were steep,
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plunged into the deep,
And never more were seen.
Sing mournfully, oh mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie!

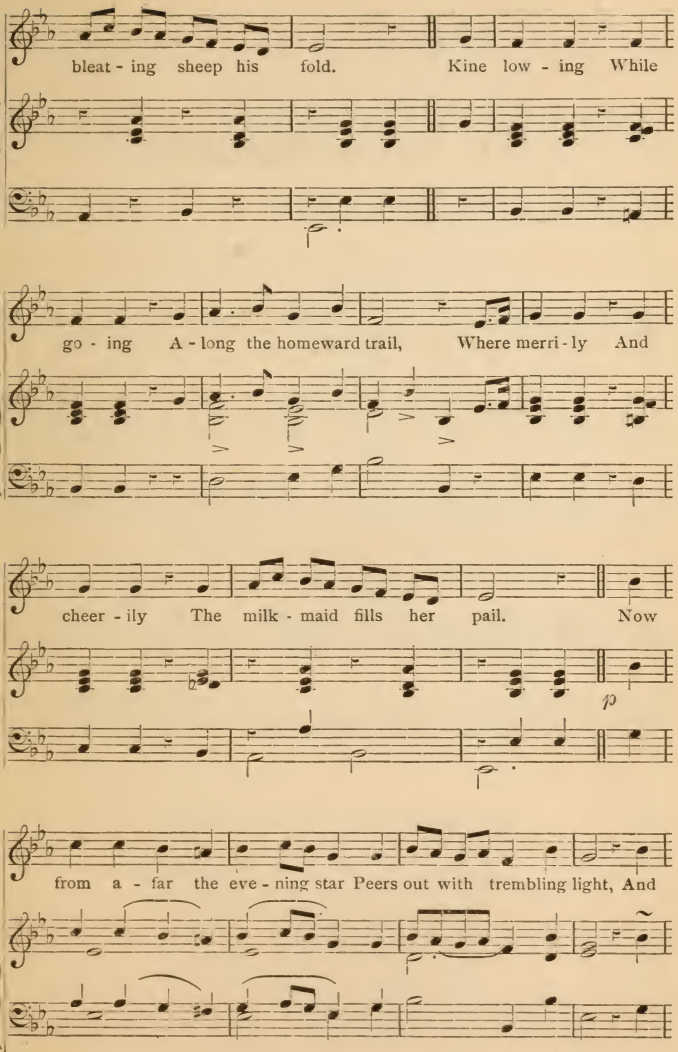
5.

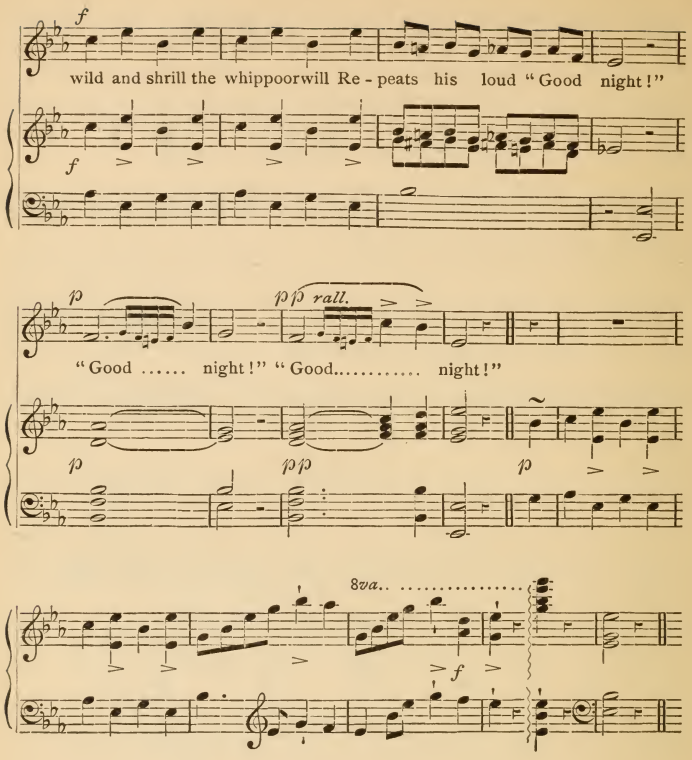
The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan, o'er moss and stone,
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The fishers say, those sisters fair
By fairy hands lie buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing mournfully, oh mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie!

The Village Good-night.

Music adapted from a German Song.




bleat - ing sheep his fold. Kine low - ing While
go - ing A - long the homeward trail, Where merri - ly And
cheer - ily The milk - maid fills her pail. Now
p
from a - far the eve - ning star Peers out with trembling light, And



2.

Our evening hours have flown along,
And glided swift away,
With music's charm, and cheerful song,
And converse glad and gay.
Thus lightly
And brightly
Our tide of time has rolled;
While laughter
Rang after
Each merry tale well told.

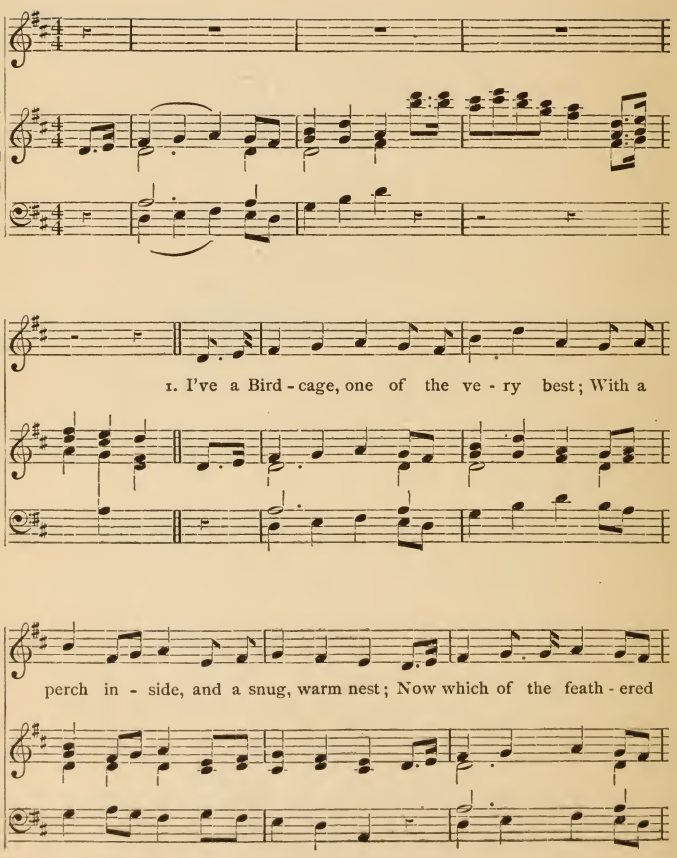
But in the sky the Moon rides high,
And, from the belfry's height,
The midnight chime now tolls the time
When we must bid "Good night."
Good night!
Good night!

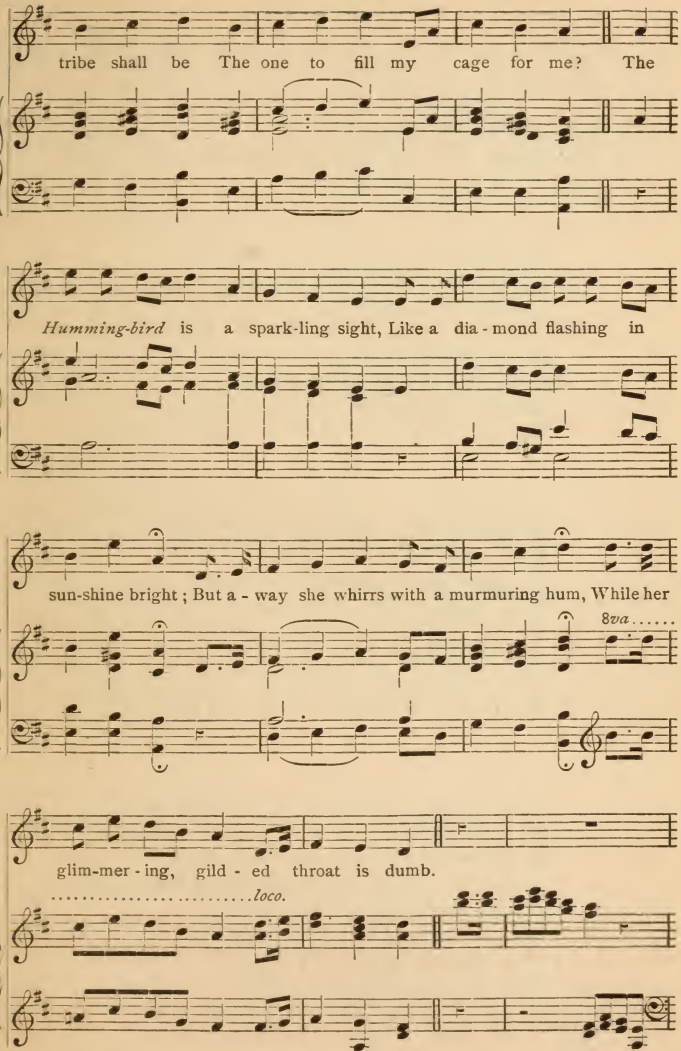
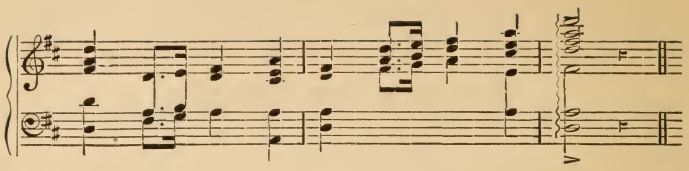
3.

May no sad thought, nor carking care,
Invade your tranquil rest;
Nor nightmare grim, nor goblin, dare
Tramp o'er your slumbering breast.
Profoundly
And soundly
May Peace your eyelids close;
Safe keeping,
While sleeping,
Your heart from waking woes.
May Angels stand, a guardian band,
Around you calm and bright;
While near you move, in dreams of love,
Sweet forms that breathe "Good night!"
"Good night!"
"Good night!"

1849.

The Bird-Cage.




tribe shall be The one to fill my cage for me? The
Humming-bird is a spark-ling sight, Like a dia - mond flashing in
sun-shine bright ; But a - way she whirrs with a murmuring hum, While her
8va.....
glim-mer - ing, gild - ed throat is dumb.
.....loco.

2.

The gay *Macaw* may flaunt her plumes
In groves of India's rich perfumes;
But what are her tints of green and gold,
With a voice that can only scream and scold?
The *Bird-of-Paradise*, gleaming bright
As if dyed in the rainbow's liquid light,
Would seem to us mortals half divine,
Were her song as sweet as her feathers are fine.

3.

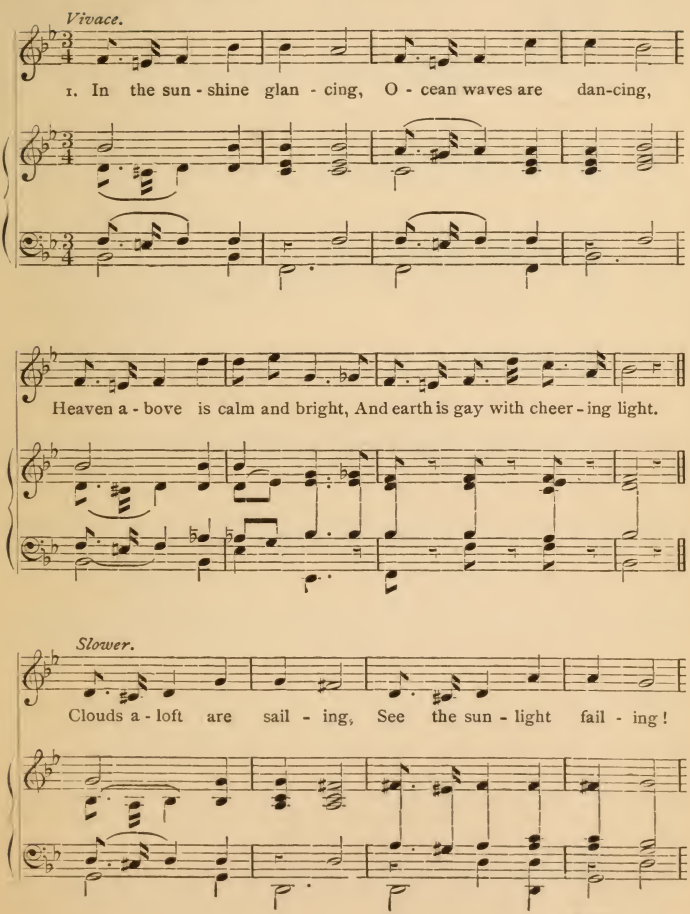
But in homely russet brown, the *Thrush*
Makes music from the hawthorn bush;
The *Lark*, that "high at heaven's gate sings,"
Soars aloft at morn on modest wings;
And the *Nightingale*—so lovers say—
Though clothed in dull and dusky gray,
Pours forth a gushing stream of song,
And trills to her dear love all night long.

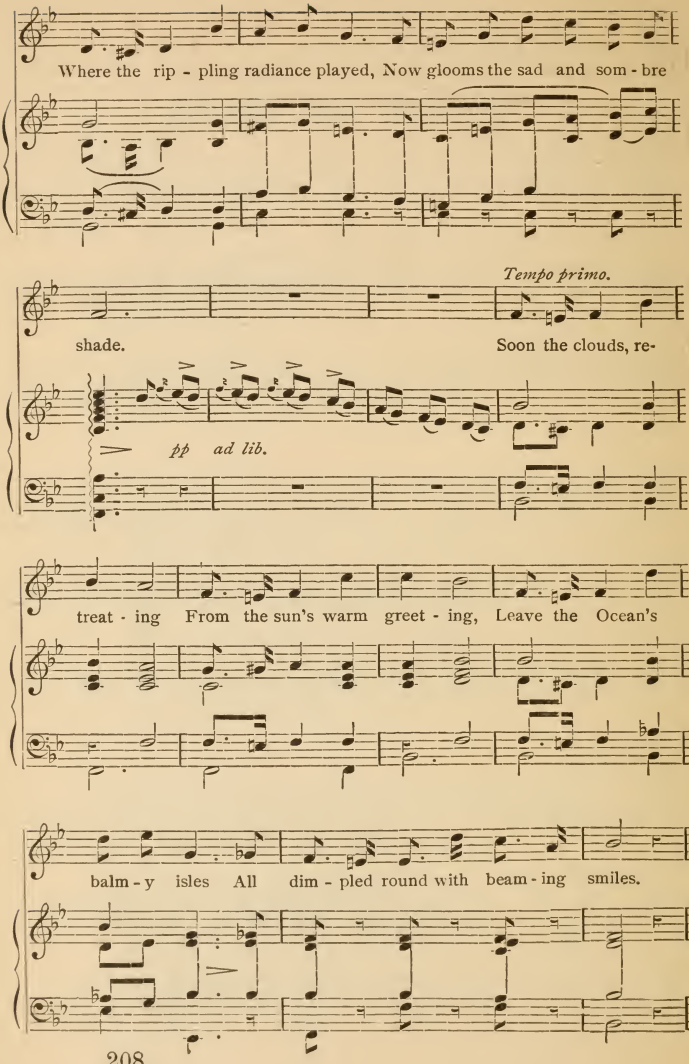
4.

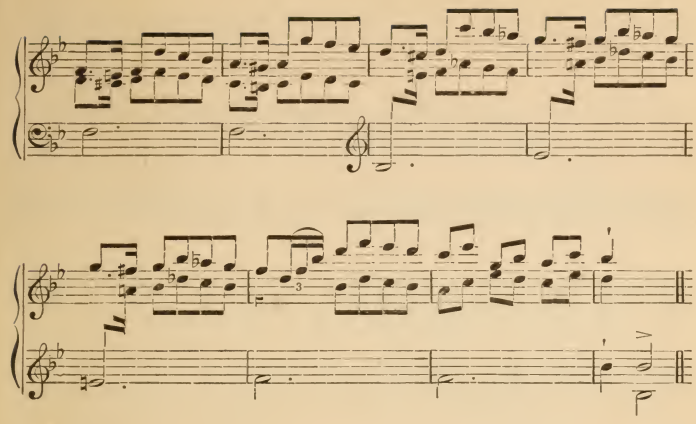
So away with your fluttering, flaunting things,
With their glittering charms and their glancing wings,
And give me a mate of a modest hue,
Whose song shall warble the whole night through.
A right warm heart shall be her nest;
Her perch a fond and faithful breast;
Her cage two loving arms shall be:
Who then would sigh for liberty?

1847.

Sunshine and Shadow.




Where the rip - pling radiance played, Now glooms the sad and som - bre
Tempo primo.
shade.
Soon the clouds, re-
pp ad lib.
treat - ing From the sun's warm greet - ing, Leave the Ocean's
balm - y isles All dim - pled round with beam - ing smiles.



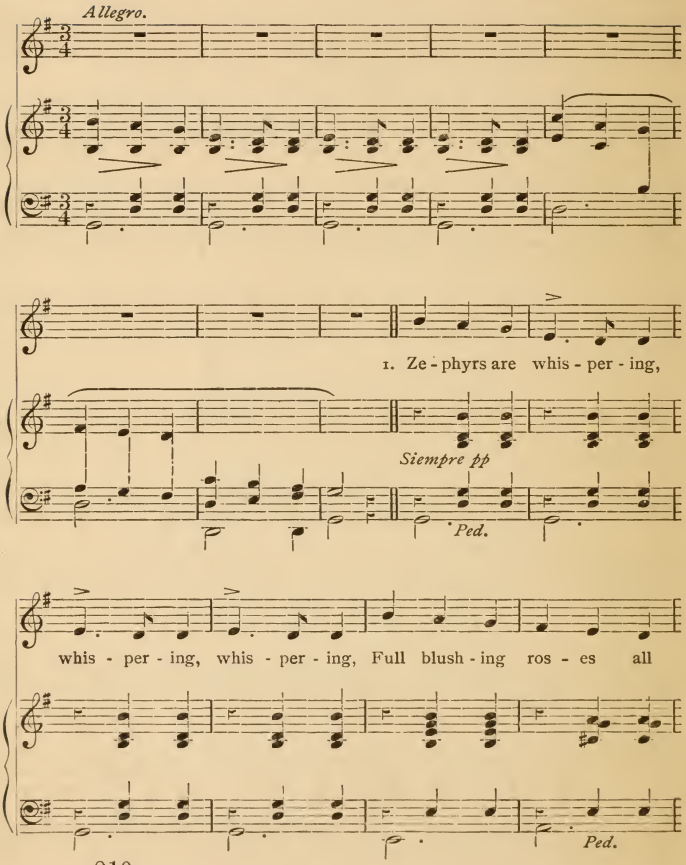
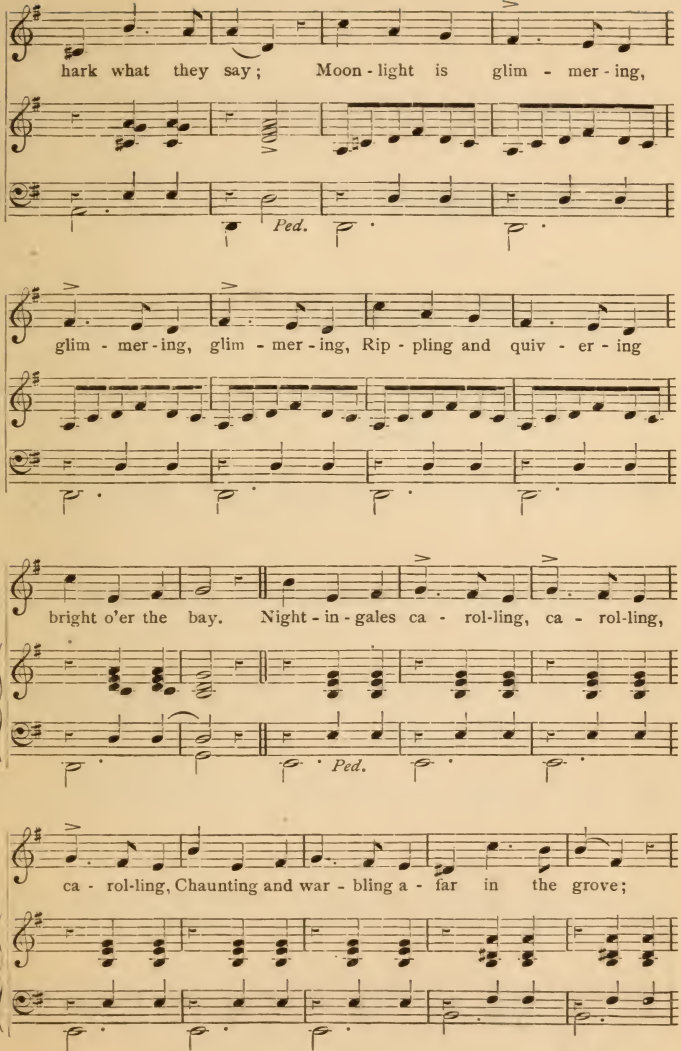
2.

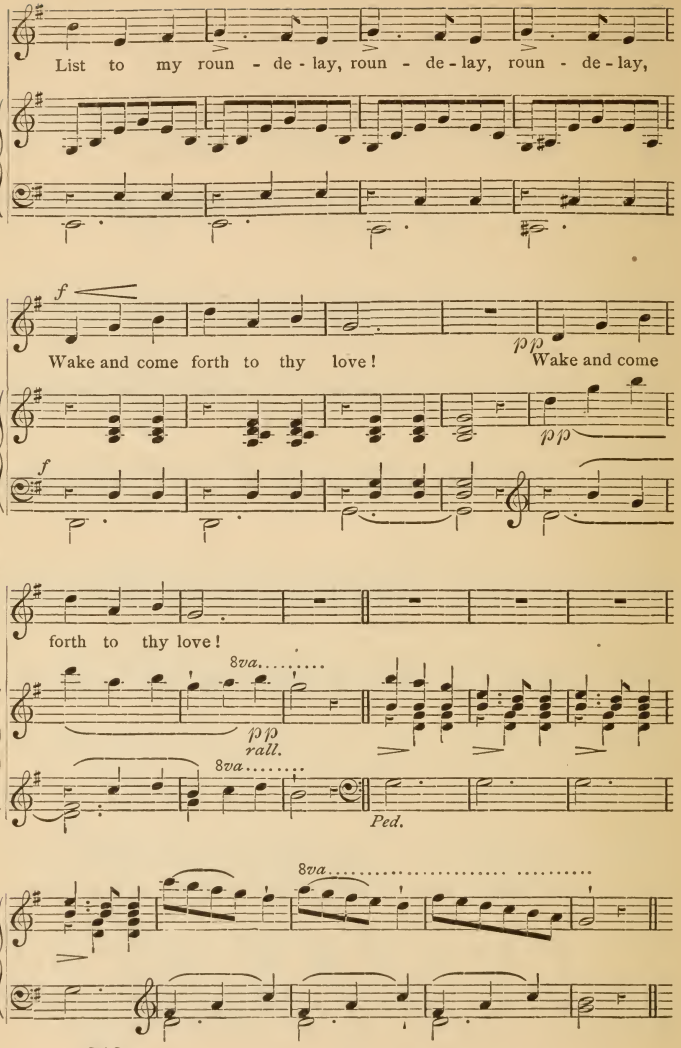
Cheering in their lightness,
Sparkling in their brightness,
Joyous eyes, like thine, impart
The sunlight of a loving heart.

Yet the shades, oft stealing
From the fount of feeling,
O'er thy brow their gloom diffuse,
And dim thine eye with gathering dews.

Dash away thy tears, love!
Peace to all thy fears, love!
Be the sunshine on my sea,
And smile for evermore on me!

1849.

The Lullaby Serenade.


hark what they say; Moon - light is glim - mer - ing,
Ped.
glim - mer - ing, glim - mer - ing, Rip - pling and quiv - er - ing
bright o'er the bay. Night - in - gales ca - rol-ling, ca - rol-ling,
Ped.
ca - rol-ling, Chaunting and war - bling a - far in the grove;


List to my roun - de - lay, roun - de - lay, roun - de - lay,
f
Wake and come forth to thy love!
pp
Wake and come
pp
f
forth to thy love!
8va.....
pp
rall.
8va.....
Ped.
8va.....

2.

Sighing and lingering, lingering, lingering,
Steal the soft breezes o'er jessamine bowers;
Thence blowing balmily, balmily, balmily,
Waft all the dew-dropping perfume of flowers.
Blue mountains dreamily, dreamily, dreamily,
Sleep on the silvery breast of the sea;
While I am longingly, longingly, longingly,
Singing and waiting for thee!

3.

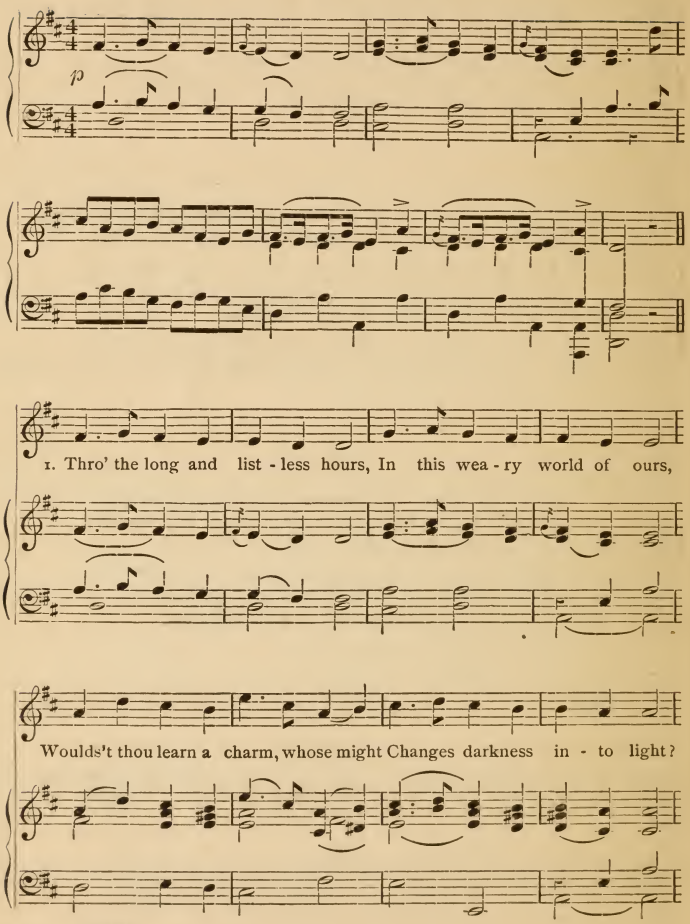
Streams, love, are murmuring, murmuring, murmuring;
Wake ere the swift-winged hours take their flight;
Nature is calling thee, calling thee, calling thee,
Love bids thee wake to the music of night!
O'er the vale heavily, heavily, heavily,
Booms the dull sound of the deep midnight bell;
Hear its tones echoing, echoing, echoing,
Down in the dark shady dell!

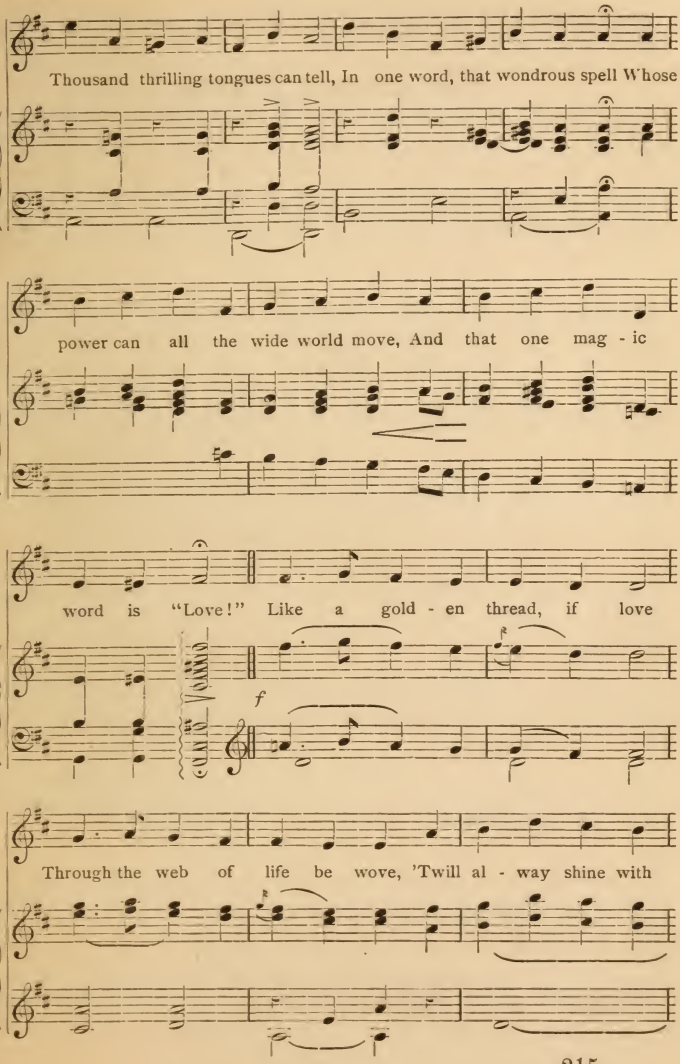
4.

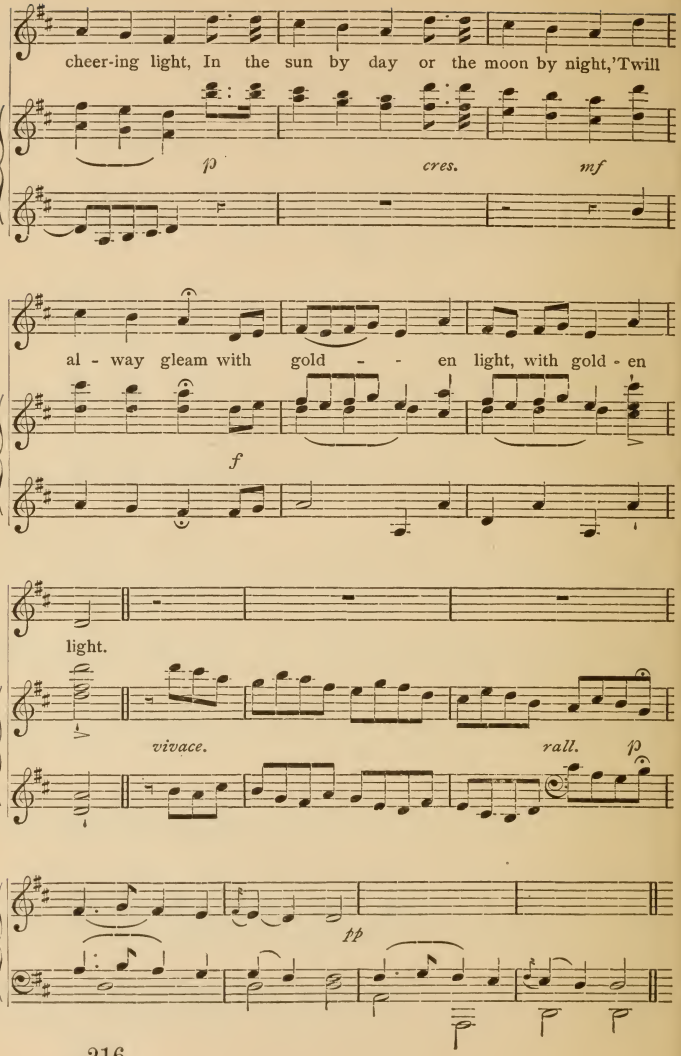
Still art thou slumbering, slumbering, slumbering?
Hush'd be the song that would break thy repose!
May it a lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Breathe o'er thy dream like the breath of the rose.
Angels watch over thee, over thee, over thee,
Until the bright Star of Love, coming on,
Rising up rosily, rosily, rosily,
Open the gate of the dawn!

1847.

The Golden Thread.




Thousand thrilling tongues can tell, In one word, that wondrous spell Whose
power can all the wide world move, And that one mag - ic
word is "Love!" Like a gold - en thread, if love
f
Through the web of life be wove, 'Twill al - way shine with


cheer-ing light, In the sun by day or the moon by night,'Twill
p
cres.
mf
al - way gleam with gold - - en light, with gold - en
f
light.
vivace.
rall.
p
pp

2.

Hast thou sought the world around,
Vainly sought, and never found
That one heart, wherein alone
Thou may'st lose, to find, thine own?
Close thou not the fount of bliss!
Look for lesser loves than this:
If no great sum thou'rt bound to pay,
Thou hast the more to *give away.*
Like a golden thread, &c.

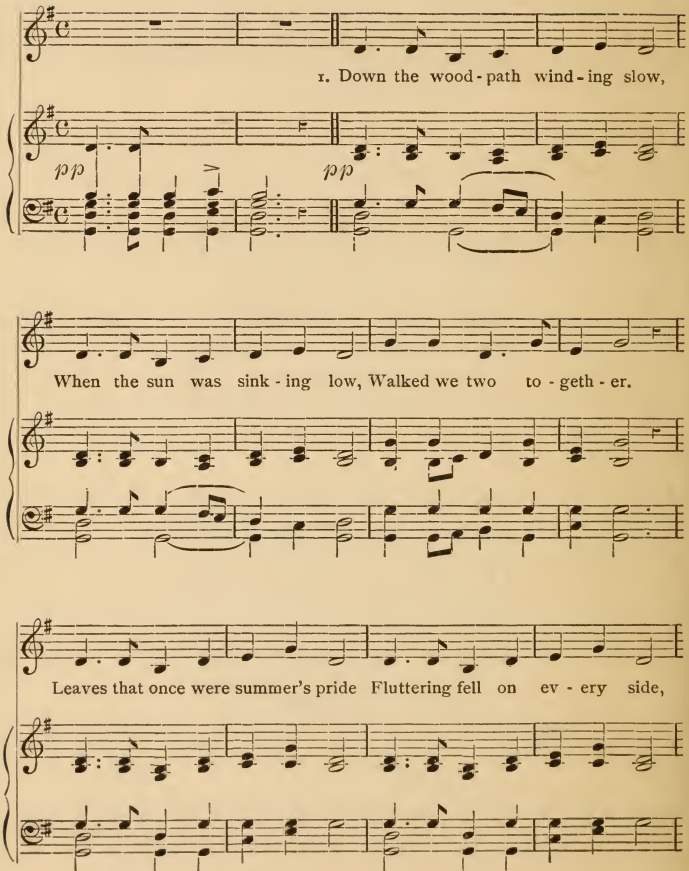
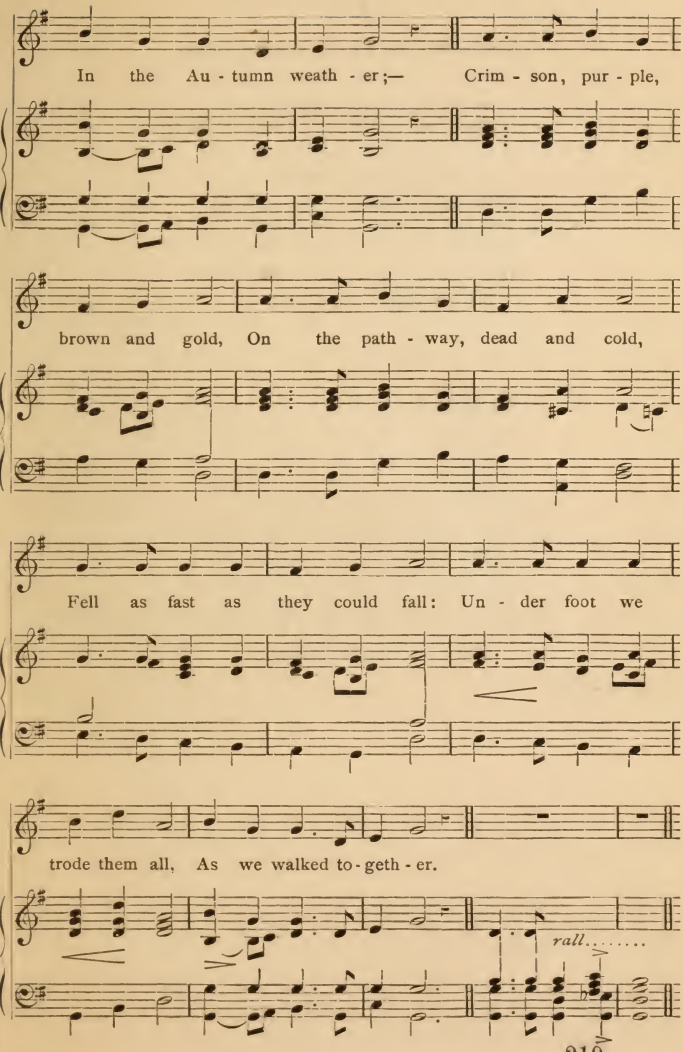
3.

When the web of life is worn,
Old and fretted, frayed and torn,—
When 'tis fit, the world would say,
Only to be thrown away:
Till the parting hour be past,
Brightly shining to the last,
The latest shred to lose its hold
Will be that gleaming thread of gold.
Like a golden thread, &c.

4.

Reaching onward o'er the tomb,
Beaming cheerly through its gloom,
'Tis the hallowed thread of love
Leads thee to the world above.
There that thread, so bright and true,
Angel fingers weave anew;
And round thy loving brow 'tis rolled,
A shining, glowing *crown* of gold!
Like a golden thread, &c.

1847.

Down the Wood-path.

In the Au - tumn weath - er;— Crim - son, pur - ple,
brown and gold, On the path - way, dead and cold,
Fell as fast as they could fall: Un - der foot we
trode them all, As we walked to - geth - er.
rall.

2.

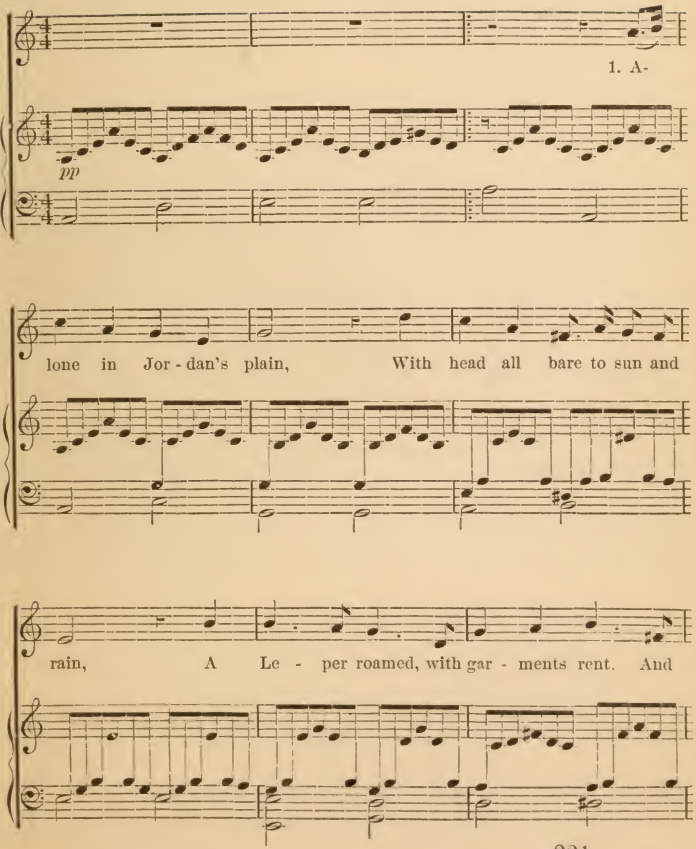
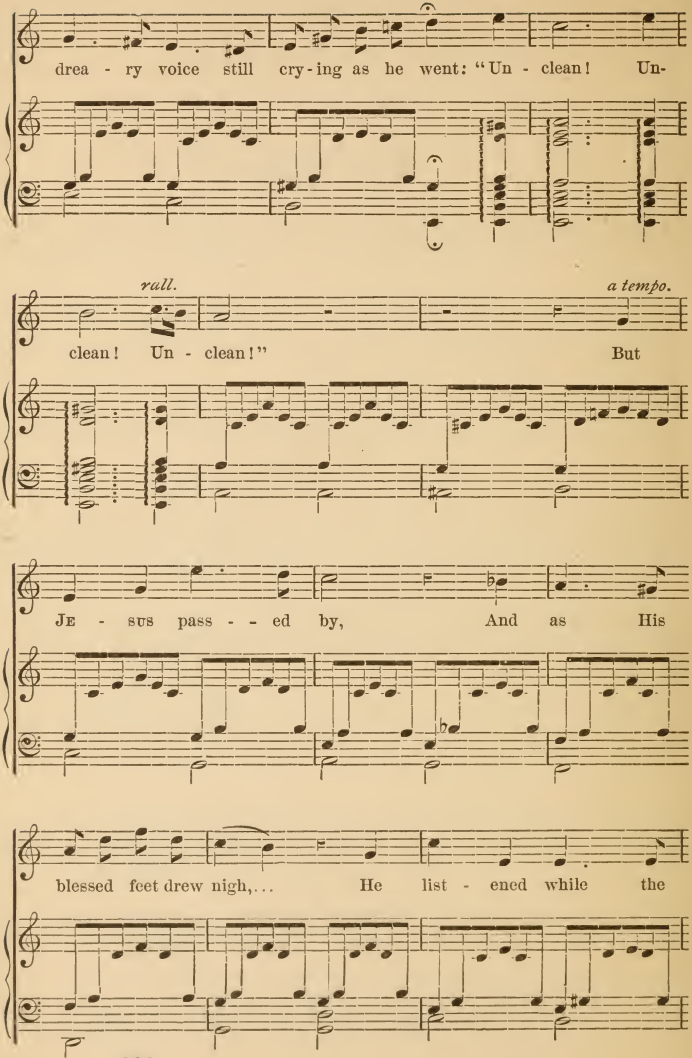
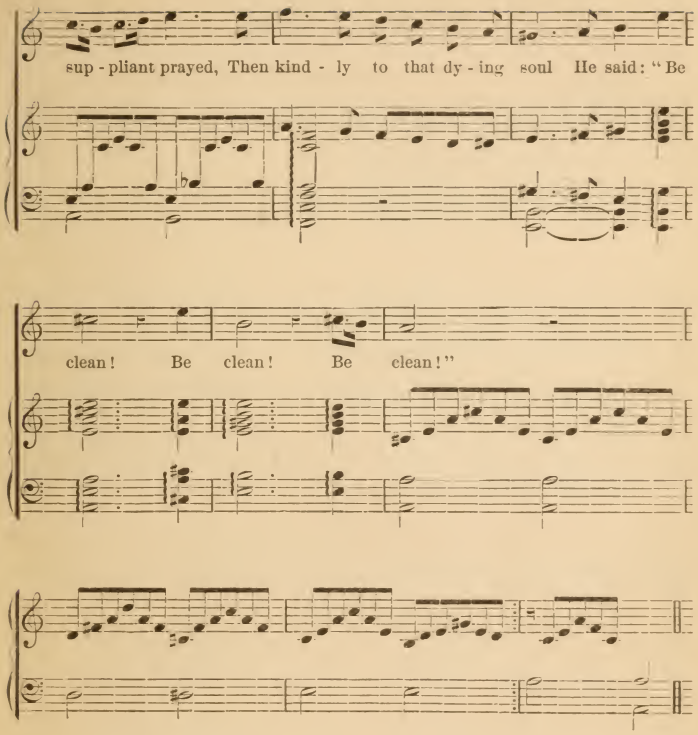
Down the wood-path, winding slow,
When the sun was sinking low,
  Walked we two together.
Hopes that once had kissed the sky,
All were fluttering down, to die
  In the Autumn weather.
Thine were falling, too, as fast;
Yet we chatted as we passed:
Not one heart-word either said,
Of the dreams thus dry and dead,
  As we walked together.

3.

Sunlight dimly died away;
Changed the stream from gold to gray,
  As we walked together.
Twilight fell, in cloud and chill,
Ere we clomb the open hill,
  In the Autumn weather.
Gone is Summer's glorious blaze;
Gone the sober Autumn days;
Dreary Winter now is nigh:
And for ever thou and I
  Walk no more together.

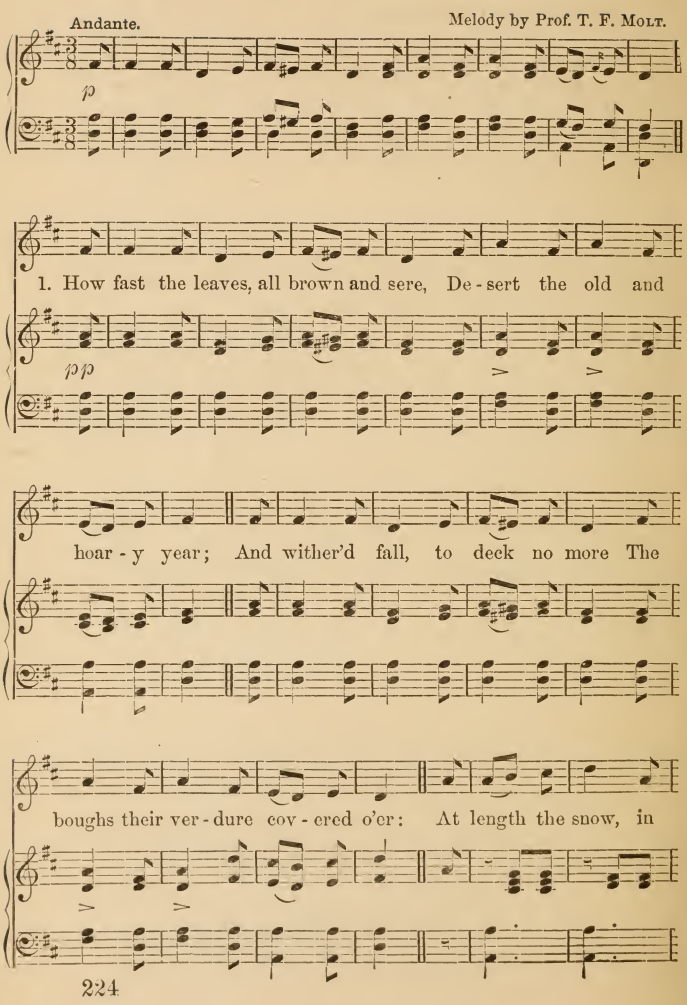
1866.

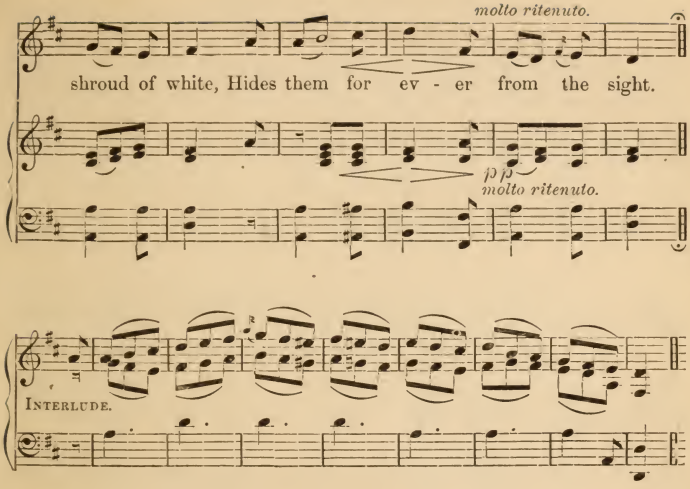
The Leper.


1. A-
pp
lone in Jor - dan's plain, With head all bare to sun and
rain, A Le - per roamed, with gar - ments rent. And

drea - ry voice still cry-ing as he went: "Un - clean! Un-
rall.
a tempo.
clean! Un - clean!" But
Je - sus pass - - ed by, And as His
blessed feet drew nigh,... He list - ened while the

2.

By sin thus tainted sore,
I roam Earth's barren desert o'er;
My head is bare to storms of woe,
My wailing voice still crying as I go:
"Unclean! Unclean! Unclean!"
O THOU Who, on the Tree
Of agony, once died for me,
With pitying mercy hear my cry,
And kindly to my guilty soul reply:
"Be clean! Be clean! Be clean!"

Falling Leaves.





2.

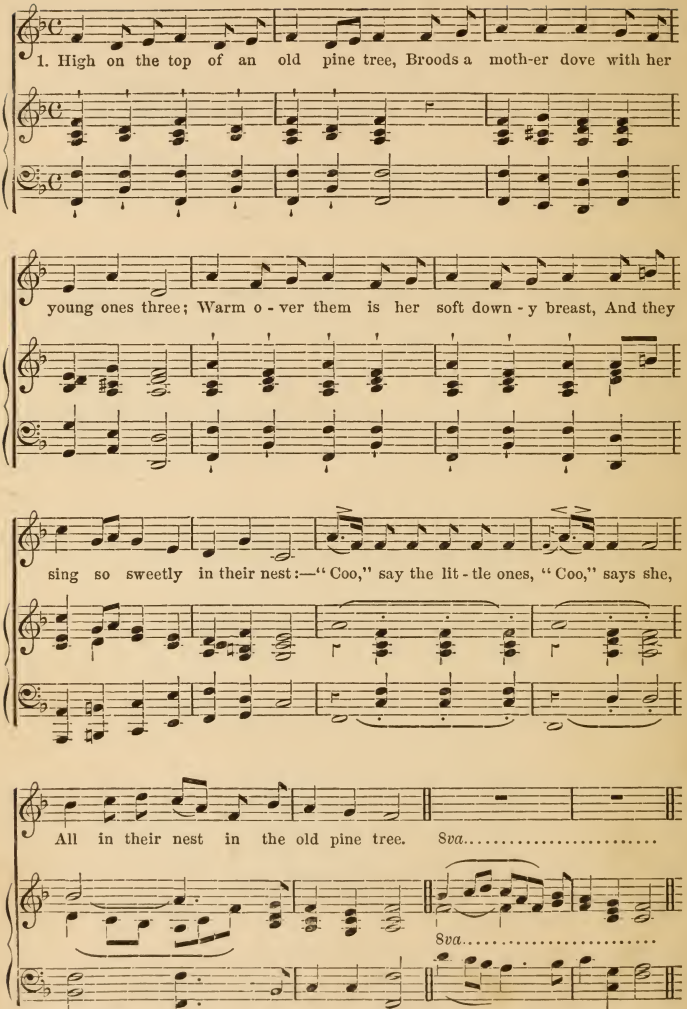
Thus, from our Tree of Life, each year,
The withered leaves shall disappear;
And, on the wings of winter's blast,
Haste from the Present to the Past:
At length the shroud, in snowy white,
Hides us for ever from the sight.

3.

But far beyond this vale of tears
Another Tree of Life appears;
Its verdure, in those realms of day,
Shall never fall, nor fade away:
And God shall clothe in robes of snow,
The blessed souls that thither go.

1840.

The little Doves.



2.

Soundly they sleep through the moonshiny night,
Each young one cover'd and tuck'd in tight;
Morn wakes them up with the first blush of light,
And they sing to each other with all their might,—
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine tree.

3.

When in the nest they are all left alone,
While their mother far for their dinner has flown,
Quiet and gentle they all remain,
Till their mother they see come home again:
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine tree.

4.

When they are fed by their tender mother,
One never will push nor crowd another;
Each opens widely his own little bill,
And he patiently waits, and gets his fill:
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine tree.

5.

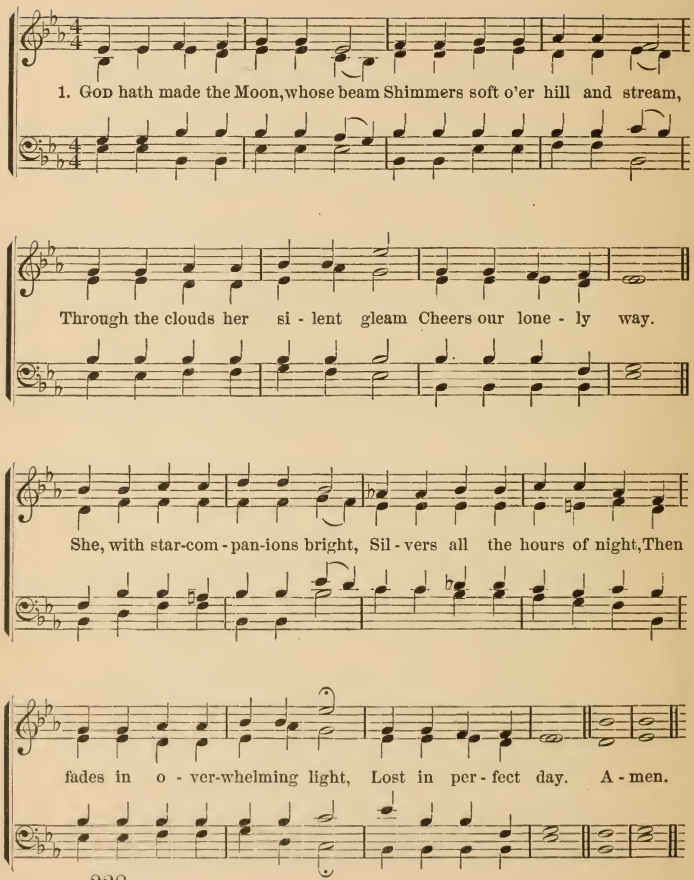
Wisely the mother begins, by and bye,
To make her young ones learn to fly;
Just for a little way over the brink,
Then back to the nest as quick as wink:
And "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine tree.

6.

Fast grow the young ones, day and night,
Till their wings are plumed for a longer flight;
Till unto them at the last draws nigh
The time when they all must say good bye:
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
And away they fly from the old pine tree!

1860.

The Two Lights.



1.

God hath made the Moon, whose beam
Shimmers soft o'er hill and stream,
Through the clouds her silent gleam
Cheers our lonely way.
She, with star-companions bright,
Silvers all the hours of night,
Then fades in overwhelming light,
Lost in perfect day.

2.

God hath made the glorious Sun,
Through his daily course to run;
From the dawn till day is done
Brightly shineth he.
When his circling round is o'er,
And we see him here no more,
He rises on a brighter shore,
Far beyond the sea.

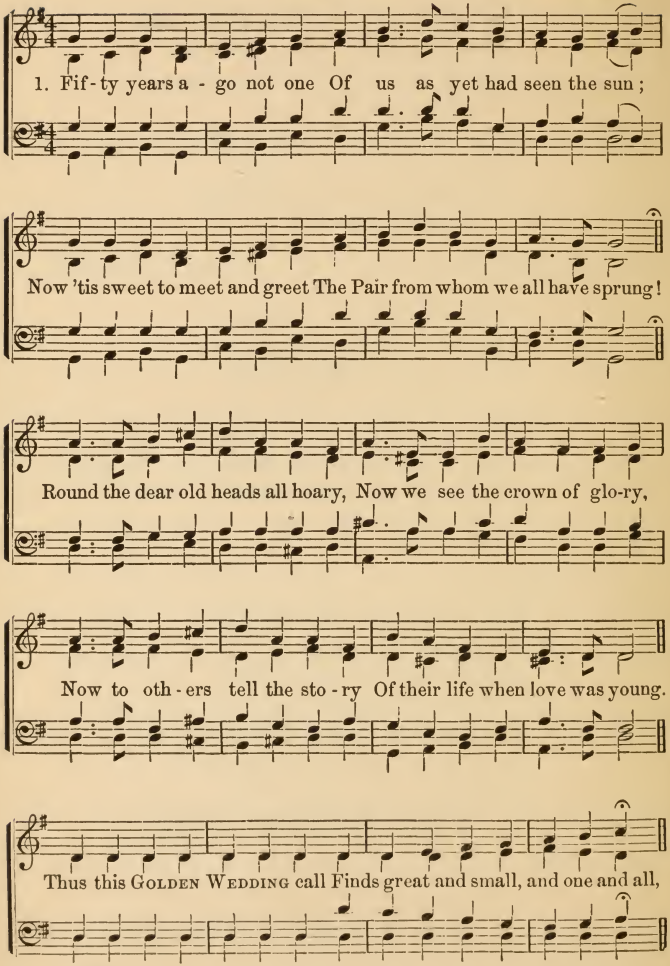
3.

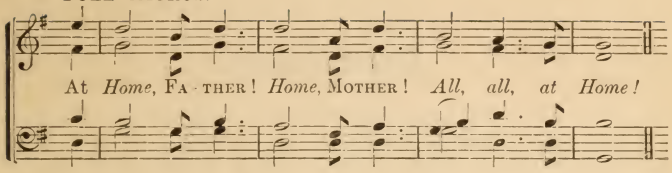
God hath sent me here below,
In my daily life to show
Constant love to friend and foe,
As He showed for me.
When we here have closed our eyes,
Sunk where death's dark ocean lies,
To worlds of glory may we rise,
Lighted, Lord, by Thee! Amen.

1840.

Golden Wedding Song.

Words and Music by the First-born Son.

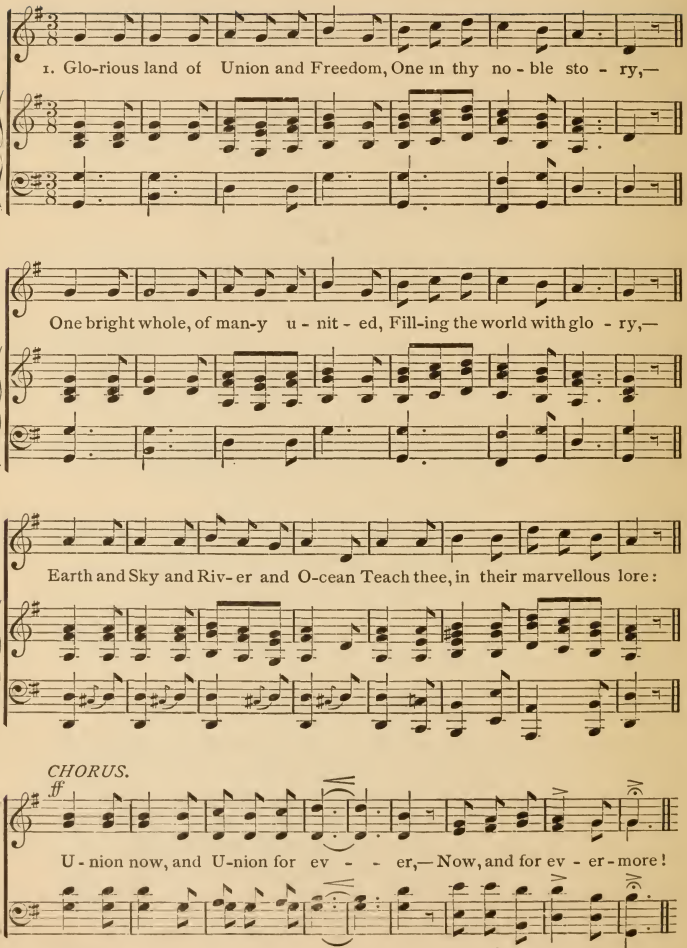


FULL CHORUS.

2. In the Vale of Ligonier
The first love-blossom did appear ;
Pittsburgh smoke and fair Killbuck
Beheld our growing company :
Cambridge next, in briefest measure ;
Then Vermont, whose scenes of pleasure,
Mountains Green and Lake of azure,
Close us round right royally.
Here this Golden Wedding call
Finds great and small, and one and all,
At *Home*, Father ! *Home*, Mother !
All, all, at Home !

3. All we children gathered here
Have drawn the life of Parents dear,—
Toils, and cares, and tears, and prayers,
Till their unceasing task was done.
Cares but drew their love-knot tighter ;
Toils but wore their love-chain brighter ;
Love made every burden lighter
As the tide of Time rolled on.
Now this Golden Wedding call
Finds great and small, and one and all,
At *Home*, Father ! *Home*, Mother !
All, all, at Home !

4. *Not* all here ! Some, far away,
Yet join in heart with us to-day ;
Others four are on that Shore
Where parting shall no more be known.
There, with all thus gone before us,
Clustering round The Twain that bore us,
There alone our *perfect* chorus
Shall resound before the Throne ;—
There the Lamb's high Marriage-Call
Find great and small, and one and all,
At *Home*, Father ! *Home*, Mother !
All, all, at Home !

Union Song.


1. Glo-rious land of Union and Freedom, One in thy no - ble sto - ry,—
One bright whole, of man-y u - nit - ed, Fill-ing the world with glo - ry,—
Earth and Sky and Riv-er and O-cean Teach thee, in their marvellous lore:
CHORUS.
ff
U - nion now, and U-nion for ev - - er,—Now, and for ev - er - more!

2 North to South the towering Mountains
Run, in their banded ranges ;
Giant arms of granite eternal
Clasp, and defy all changes.
From their peaks the gathering chorus
Bounds, from shore to echoing shore :
Chorus.—Union now, and Union for ever,—
Now, and for evermore !

3 North to South the Rivers of waters,
Lighting the land, are going,
Thousand broad and bountiful valleys
Laugh where the streams are flowing.
Sings each rill that swelleth their volume,
Sings each sail that ever they bore :
Chorus.—Union now, and Union for ever,—
Now, and for evermore !

4 Ocean blue in majesty rolling,
Showeth a mightier token,—
Countless in his myriad billows,
One in his depth unbroken.
Every calm reflects in its beauty,
Every storm repeats in its roar :
Chorus.—Union now, and Union for ever,—
Now, and for evermore !

5 Shades of Warrior-Statesmen and Heroes,
Banners of Union bearing,—
Camp and council, battle and triumph,
Brother with brother sharing,—
From the clouds your voices are calling,
Calling loudly, o'er and o'er :
Chorus.—Union now, and Union for ever,—
Now, and for evermore !

6 Glorious land of Union and Freedom,
Rocked in the lap of Ocean,
Woven in one by River and Mountain,
One in thy sons' devotion ;
False the heart that faileth to love thee,
Traitor he that singeth no more :
Chorus.—Union now, and Union for ever,—
Now, and for evermore !

Appendix.

FURTHER NOTE ON THE CORNISH CAROL.

[*See page* 37.]

I HAVE never been fortunate enough to find this quaint Carol in any collection that I have seen. But since it was first printed, I have received, from friends, two other versions of it.

One was taken down, at the lips of a rustic singer, at a Harvest-home supper in Somersetshire, in the year 1868, by a niece of Mr. HENRY ANSTICE, of New York, and retains strong traces of the Somersetshire dialect:—

1st Voice. Come and I will zing you.
2d Voice. What will you zing me?
1st Voice. I will zing you one-O.
2d Voice. What may your one-O be?
CHORUS. ONE and One is all alone, and evermore shall be zo.

Two of them were lily-white Babes, a-clothed all in green-O.
One and One is all alone, &c.

DREE of them were Thrivers,
Two of them were lily-white Babes, &c.

VAUR are the Gospel Preachers,
Dree of them, &c.

VIVE are the Nimble Waiters,
Vaur are the Gospel Preachers, &c.

ZIX are the Plumboys under the bowl,
Vive are the Nimble Waiters, &c.

ZEBEN are the Zeben Stars in the sky,
Zix are the Plumboys, &c.

EIGHT are the Gable Angels,
Zeben are the Zeben Stars, &c.

NINE are the Nine so bright to shine,
Eight are the Gable Angels, &c.

TEN are the Ten Commandments,
Nine are the Nine, &c.

Lebenty leben de car us to Heav'n,
Ten are the Ten Commandments, &c.

Twelve are the Twelve Apossels,
Lebenty leben, &c.

The repetitions correspond precisely with those given in the Cornish version, so that the above abbreviated transcript is sufficient.

Still later, indeed only in November, 1881, I received from another friend, Mr. Howard Fry, of Englewood, New Jersey, a Devonshire version of the same, as given him by Mrs. Fry's cousin, who is from that county. She is quite sure that the words are just the same as her nurse sang them to her fifty years ago in Devonshire. I abbreviate this version still further, and give the numbers in the order of their last and fullest repetition :—

Twelve are the Twelve Apostles.
Eleven the Eleven who went to Heaven.
Ten are the Ten Commandments.
Nine are the Nine that shine so bright.
Eight are the Guardian Angels.
Seven are the Seven Stars in the sky.
Six are the Six Broad Waiters.
Five are the Plumb-boys of the line.
Four are the Gospel Makers.
Three of them are Tryers.
Two of them are lily-white Babes, clothed all in green-O.
One is One, and all alone, and evermore shall be so.

There are some words in these versions, the meaning of which passes my power to guess at. Why the Kings of the East should be called "Thrivers" or "Tryers;" why the "Waiters" should be "nimble" or "broad;" what are the "Plumb-boys" either "under the bowl" or "of the line;"—these, with some other things, I leave to the more ingenious to explain. "Gable Angels" is probably a corruption for the Angel *Gabriel:* "Guardian" Angels does not seem so appropriate. The *five* and *six* are counterchanged in the Somerset version. "Lebenty leben they car us to Heav'n," is probably a corruption for "Eleven are the Eleven that carry us to Heav'n."

The Cornish version seems to me to be the most correct and intelligible of the three.